

**PEACEFUL PERSONALITIES AND
WARRIORS BOLD**



ARCHIBALD FORBES AND THE AUTHOR AFTER THE BATTLE OF BATAVIA

[Frontispiece.]

PEACEFUL PERSONALITIES AND WARRIORS BOLD

BY
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"PICTURES OF MANY WARS," "PORT ARTHUR : THREE MONTHS WITH
THE BESIEGERS," ETC.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS OWN SKETCHES
AND PHOTOGRAPHS*



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TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER

IN INITIO

DURING my vagrant wanderings in my capacity of War-artist-correspondent, I have met with some remarkable personalities, from emperors and princes to King Lackland of the Tziganes. These dignitaries, with the greatest soldiers, sailors, diplomats, statesmen, writers, actors, and artists of the day, have all found places in my sketch-book or have registered themselves on the sensitive film of my memory.

Some of these slight sketches are reminiscent of many who are still a part of the living kaleidoscope, and of not a few who have passed out of it into the grey and colourless shades.

I only hope, in publishing these recollections, that there will be found nothing in these pages that will, as the adage goes, "make the dead turn in their graves;" and I trust that those still living, who come across this book and find a word-presentment of themselves, will not be wrath with the artist if the sketch is not as happy as it should be.

FREDERIC VILLIERS.

February, 1907.

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PEACEFUL PERSONALITIES AND WARRIORS BOLD

I

THESE pages will not open with the proverbial beginning of most reminiscences, I mean the babyhood and youth of the author; for my early manhood and later life were so fraught with interest of a character far surpassing the petty adventures of college life and the ordinary family history, that I will not dwell, even for a moment, on these earlier recollections, but will dive at once into the thick of my later memories.

One of the first interesting personalities I came across in my vagrant career was Mr. William White, H.B.M. consul at Belgrade; a bluff, generous-hearted Englishman, who was later made a knight and minister plenipotentiary to Bucharest, and, finally, British ambassador to the Sublime Porte. He was a brusque, bull-dog type of a Britisher, and the Turks, from his first coming among them, feared and respected him. Sir William knew the Oriental down to the ground, and would not take any nonsense from the underlings of the Turkish Court. When he called at

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the palace in full official costume to present his credentials to the Sultan, he knew perfectly well the pompous, discourteous manner of the Court officials in always postponing this first interview by excusing the presence of the Sultan on the plea of indisposition ; therefore, when the chamberlain came forward with down-cast eyes and hands humbly crossed over his paunch to announce the sudden, customary illness of his august master, Sir William curtly remarked, to the utter astonishment of the sorrowing official—

“I know what you are going to say, that your master has got a bad headache ; never mind, I will call again another day.”

Whenever Sir William came to England for a holiday, I always received at some period of his vacation a short note as follows :—

“Dear Villiers, I am coming to see you. We will breakfast at nine at the club ; same as usual, fresh herring, tea, and dry toast.”

During the war between the Servians and the Turks in 1876, Sir William White was consul in Belgrade, and he was good enough to procure for me an *entrée* to the cathedral to see the christening of the baby prince who, later, became King Alexander, and was a short time ago murdered, with his consort, in his capital. He was christened to the merry peal of all the bells of the churches for miles around the old city ; but was, however, born in the throes of a great tragedy, for his country was at the time engaged in a bloody war with the Moslems,



QUEEN NATALIE OF SERBIA VISITING THE HOSPITAL, BELGRADE.

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and I remember that the joyous clang of the bells struck me as being absurdly incongruous with the ominous rumble of the artillery waggons over the cobble-paved streets, and the incessant tramp of the troops.

Queen Natalie, his mother, was a beautiful creature in those days; she had a sweet, sympathetic face, and in after years, when war was once more brought upon the country by the arrogance of King Milan, she proved her goodness of heart by devoting her time exclusively to the sick and wounded. She has but recently, in London, shown her kindly nature by interesting herself with the poor of the East End. Under the guidance of Father Vaughan, during her stay in the great city, she has spent many days visiting its slums and showing sympathy with the misery and squalor of their inmates.

Her husband was a morose, heavy type of humanity; unsympathetic, and never in touch with his people. I have seen King Milan after a battle of which he had, apparently, not even the pluck to be a spectator, ride down the main street of a town, thronged with wounded, with utter indifference to the suffering around him, while the poor, maimed fellows, lying on the sidewalks and in the gutters, were trying in spite of their agony to respectfully salute him. He had no heart for his misled troops, or stomach for the fighting; he was never at the front. Ten years later, when he saw fit to try his strength with Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, he was

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absolutely the first man of his army back to Nisch when the Bulgars crossed the frontier.

It was at Nisch at this period that I met Prince Emile Leitchenstein. He, with three other Austrian noblemen, was attached to the famous philanthropic institution of their country, The Sovereign Order of the Knights of Malta, and was assisting in running a Red Cross train sent out from Vienna at the expense of this charitable institution. The train was used between the Servian capital and the front which was practically, for the moment, the frontier town of Nisch.

This famous sportsman and well-known member of the Vienna Jockey Club, was a gentle and amiable nurse and, like his other brethren of the Order, worked night and day among the wounded. The weather was bitterly cold at the time of the advent of the train in question, and I remember that Leitchenstein wore no furs while we were nearly shivering in them. I found that he wore, day and night, a thin leather waistcoat lined with flannel, with sleeves of the same material, which kept his body at a level temperature, for it was impervious to the piercing Balkan wind which would manage in time to drive through ordinary wolf-skin fur. Since that early period in my campaigning career I have always taken out with me a leather garment and have invariably found it most comfortable and useful.

When the Bulgars drove the Servians back to their own territory and threatened Nisch, there was

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terrible commotion in the town. Able-bodied men of all nationalities were ordered to provide themselves with pick and shovel and help entrench the city. This work being uncongenial to me I resolved to get away, if possible, by the Red Cross train. I saw my friend the prince, who told me that he would secure me a passage if I assisted with the wounded, which I was glad to do. Somehow my intended departure became known to the chambermaids of the hotel at which I was staying. These four ladies rushed into my room while I was packing and threatened not to leave me till I had safely deposited them in Belgrade. They were in a genuine state of fear and could not be persuaded by me to wait for the entry of the Bulgarian troops, who, I felt sure, could not do them much harm. They, however, were absolutely beyond all argument. I tried all I knew to escape them, but they stuck to me like leeches. With the four ladies trailing behind me I appeared before Leitchenstein.

"This is rather a tall order," said he. "I have provided for you, but, hang it, I don't see why I should provide for your *harem*. So long as my chief, Prince Lichtowsky, does not set eyes on them I don't care, but he's a peppery old fellow and hates women."

The chambermaids were eventually allowed to huddle in with the train attendants and got safely to Belgrade. They were fully convinced that the prince and I were the means of saving their lives and, to our embarrassment, they demonstrated their

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gratitude in a most affectionate manner whenever after they met us on the streets of the Servian capital.

The chief of the contingent of Red Cross workers on the train was a well-known Hungarian nobleman of eccentric character. One day he was hurrying with a rather obese friend to catch a train, and on nearing the station his companion gave signs of distress. The train had arrived at the platform and was about restarting on its journey when Lichnowsky rushed into the station, immediately jumped on to the permanent way and sat down in front of the engine. The guard trumpeted and the engine whistled, but there he sat. By the time the railway officials had argued the matter out with him, his panting companion had arrived and comfortably seated himself in one of the carriages, whence he was soon joined by his ingenious friend.

Once while in Servia, in 1876, I had the unique experience of being entertained by a gipsy king and queen. War had been declared between Servia and Turkey, and the Mussulman quarter of the town of Belgrade had therefore been deserted by its inhabitants.

An Italian war correspondent, named Lazzaro, and Dick de Longlay, a Frenchman, out for the *Monde Illustré*, were living at the same hotel as myself, when one evening we received a letter which was brought to us by a cut-throat-looking individual.

The message was in a language that neither one

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of us could understand, but our Servian interpreter was able to elucidate it in this manner—

“Would the Frankish gentlemen honour the king and queen of the Tzigane with a visit, and eat with them?”

We were glad of a little adventure for we were, for the moment, kicking our heels doing nothing, waiting for the receipt of the necessary passes to permit us to journey to the front.

We, therefore, set out the next morning on horseback for the gipsy encampment. The Tziganes wished that our visit should not be known to the Servian authorities, and we were, for this reason, instructed to ride in a certain direction till a guide met us to lead us to the camp. As a precautionary measure we took our revolvers with us, for we had heard that the gipsies of the Balkan Peninsula were generally more reckless and lawless than most of their brethren.

We rode on across the smiling fields till we came to a straggling village without the sign of any inhabitants; when, suddenly, a picturesque-looking fellow in a ragged shirt, red sash and Turkish trousers, with a fiddle under his arm and a nasty-looking long knife stuck in his belt, stood before us. He took off his greasy, fur cap and bowed low. He then motioned us to dismount. Directly our feet touched the ground another individual in tatters, who seemed to have sprung from nowhere in particular, seized our horses and led them behind us down the deserted street. Presently we stopped in

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front of a two-story building, the upper rooms of which opened on to a balcony. It had evidently been the school-house of the village. Our guide looked up and down the dusty, dead-white road. There was no sign of a living soul upon it beside ourselves. Suddenly a long, low, shrill whistle broke the silence, and from every house swarmed men, women and children. The youngsters, black and stark as negroes, came tumbling about us with merry shouts of welcome. From the balcony of the school-house appeared a man and a woman, the latter in green velvet jacket and rose silk skirt with a crown of garlands round her head ; the man wore a gold embroidered blue cloth tunic, red sash, Turkish trousers and a band of shining metal round his Astrakhan cap. The crowd suddenly ceased their clamour and disappeared as mysteriously as they had come, while the two on the balcony retired into the room to which we were eventually ushered. We found them seated on two high stools, and on either side of them stood a half-dozen motley-attired fiddlers. In the centre of the room was a table on which were loaves of black bread, green pods of paprika and jars of wine ; and, after we had been presented to the chief and his wife, chairs were placed for us at the board, when a large metal dish was brought in containing a bake of fowls, tomatoes, and red paprikas. While we were eating this good fare the fiddlers retired to the balcony and commenced to play as those wild Tziganes alone can. I shall hardly forget their wonderful performance.



GIPSIES OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

[*To face p. 8.*

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The whole incident of the visit was charming ; the evident delight of the people on seeing us, and the stately courtesy of their king and queen. They were beggars all, and lived by their fiddling, yet we were not asked for largesse, and if we had offered any gratuity it would have been rejected with scorn, for we were the guests of their chief.

On our leaving there was no demonstration by the people, for the street was as deserted as when we had first arrived. The king and the queen stood alone on the balcony, but when we had mounted our nags, and were trotting up the silent thoroughfare, they also disappeared. Neither my companions nor I knew why we were thus invited to so unique a reception, and riding into the village a few days afterwards we found the wandering fiddlers had entirely disappeared.

Early in the following year I had been for a week eating alone, seated at a table by one of the corner windows of the dining-room of the Club Commercial and Maritime in the Grand Rue de Pera in Constantinople, overlooking the roofs of that city and the Sea of Marmora ; when one night a stranger took the vacant chair opposite me. We at once got into conversation and became very friendly. I found that he was an English army man, and, like many more at that time in Constantinople, had been trying to form a *gendarmarie* corps for the Turks. This officer's name was Valentine Baker, once colonel of the famous 10th Hussars. His

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face was bright and genial, but there was nothing in it to betoken the born leader of men that the coming year was to prove him to be.

As night after night we sat together, eating our dinners and watching the last rays of the sun glinting on the metal-topped minarets and domes of Stamboul, he would open his heart to me regarding the dilatory ways of the Turk, and the difficulties of coming to any definite arrangement regarding the mission on which he was bent. At last he told me one evening he was inclined to throw up the sponge in disgust. I was leaving the next morning for Malta, *en route* for England, and as he bade me good-bye he said that he thought he would join me by the following steamer, as it was useless for him to stay any longer kicking his heels in the Moslem capital.

The next time I heard of Baker was when the Russians were driving the last remnants of the Turkish Army through the Maritza valley, when a sudden check happened to overtake the Muscovite forces. The Turks rallied, and for weeks the tide of war was turned against the Russians. Their great leader, General Skobelev—with whose army I was then campaigning—laughingly said to me one morning, when news came in of a worse check than usual :—

“Look here, Villiers, there’s one of you English at the bottom of this business, damn it ; I have felt him all the way down the valley. The Turks would never stand like this unless they had a good leader.”



TURKISH REDIFS UNDER BAKER PASHA.

To face p. 10.

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"But you know, general," I retorted, "that no British officer would be allowed to do this. He would be cashiered at once."

"Ah," rejoined the general, "I know it is a fact. This man is one called Baker, his name is in the mouth of every Turkish prisoner. Why, he has absolutely infused fresh life into those nearly played-out Moslems. I should like to catch him, he is a great nuisance, ' But I will give him a good time if he comes my way. I like you English, you are such infernally good fighters."

When peace was declared on the plains of San Stephano, I, with others, arranged a meeting between the two celebrated opponents in the very club where I had first met Baker, now General Baker Pasha.

With his back to the fire the now famous pasha awaited the coming of his redoubtable enemy, Skobeleff. As I entered the room by the side of the Russian he stood still for a moment gazing at his recent antagonist; then the generals hurried toward the centre of the room and grasped each other with both hands. It was a hearty meeting, and those of us who had arranged the affair congratulated ourselves on our happy idea of bringing the two great leaders together.

It was many years after when I met Baker again. He had passed through a number of vicissitudes of a less happy and successful nature than those he experienced in the Balkan Peninsula. He was in the Khedival service, and all his wonderful personality

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and success as a leader could not bring the sweepings of Egyptian gaols, and cowardly *Fellaheen* troops to make a decent stand against the *Haidendowahs* in the Eastern Soudan, and the great Pasha's glory was almost extinguished with the disastrous battle of Tokar. It was in the square of British troops sent out to repair this disaster that I came across Valentine once more.

He was accompanying the forces in the capacity of intelligence officer. He wore the Egyptian uniform, and, for the moment, I did not recognize him in his *tarboosh* for, added to this headgear, was a towel tied round his jaws which was stained with blood. He had been wounded in the face, but not very seriously.

On walking up to him and expressing my regret he shook me by the hand, and there was a gleam of excitement in his grey eyes, which I noticed were intently watching a charge that was being made by our cavalry on the enemy, who was apparently now slowly and reluctantly retreating.

"Look, look! Villiers," said he; "see my old regiment charging!"

The troopers of the 10th; their swords gleaming in the sun from out the whirling eddy of dust, were bearing down on the scattered bodies of the Arabs.

The ruddy drops were pattering down Baker's tunic; his excitement had made the wound bleed afresh. He still held my hand and I pressed his in sympathy. To me it was a most pathetic moment. I shall always remember that clinching of his

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hand. There was the regiment of his heart's desire, the regiment that owed so much to him for its efficiency and *esprit-de-corps*. He had led it a score of times when playing at war at Aldershot—Valentine Baker and the 10th were synonymous; but here, when his troopers were in action for the first time since he held command, he was denied the privilege of leading them.

That charge of his old regiment was the last Baker saw of campaigning. A few years after I was in Paris, walking down the Avenue de l'Opera when I met him for the last time. He looked far from well, and was much changed in appearance; the energetic soul of the man seemed to have already left him. It was not long afterwards that he died from angina pectoris.

While Baker Pasha was organizing the Turkish troops in Roumelia, I met another remarkable British officer in Bulgaria, the most Quixotic, kind-hearted and plucky of soldiers, General Sir Havelock Allen. He had a firm belief that the Briton was the best brand of human being on earth, especially for courage, and that his only aim in this life should be to live up to his trade-mark.

It was a hot day in August on the road between Poradim and Plevna, during the Russo-Turkish war, when I first came across him. He rode up to me and introduced himself, and said he was "out" for the *Times*. Being also a member of Parliament, which, in those days, was a thing to conjure with

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abroad, the headquarters staff had provided him with an escort of two Cossacks. Wherever the fighting was at its hottest in that campaign* Sir Havelock was sure to be found.

The first morning he rode out he drew fire. He scrambled up on to a ridge and the Turks, evidently waiting for some sign of movement, sent a shell at him. It passed so near that Allen pulled up in astonishment; then came another and yet another. A horseman now made his appearance coming from a battery on our right and rode directly for Allen; a splinter of shell struck the horse, and in a twinkling his rider was thrown to the ground, the animal, mad with pain, careering in the direction of the Turks. Allen immediately dismounted, and hurried up to the fallen soldier. Then, amidst a hail of bursting shells, he carried the man into the battery, where he got fearfully snubbed for his pains; for the officer in charge, furiously gesticulating at the colonel, told him he had sent the man out to tell him to go away, as he was drawing the Turkish attention to his guns, which were supposed to be masked.

A few nights after this Allen was riding back to Poradim with Dobson, his colleague of the *Times*; his escort was close behind, for it was dusk. Allen had set a good pace as he wanted to gain headquarters before the dinner hour. They were galloping over a ploughed field when Dobson's horse stumbled and threw him. He was for a moment stunned and lay motionless, when he was aroused

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by a volume of abuse from his *confrère*, who stood over him.

“—— you, get up at once, can't you? You —— get up!”

Dobson staggered to his feet, and the colonel bundled him into his saddle. Then he found a steady hand at his back as Allen rode by his side.

“I hope,” said he, sweetly, “you are not much hurt. You know we must not let these confounded Russians think we can take a fall like that seriously. Buck up! Take a tot from my flask.”

One day, when Wolseley's army at Ismailia was preparing to fight its way to Cairo, I met Sir Havelock at “Bainses,” as Tommy Atkins called the Hôtel des Bains.

“Villiers,” said he, “don't, for goodness' sake, mention me in your despatches, for my wife thinks I am somewhere on the Riviera; but I could not resist coming on here to see the fun.”

The hotel was very much crowded. At normal times it had a fair complement of guests, for the proprietor catered for the French officials of the Suez Canal. These gentlemen would go through four or five courses of a dinner in the most complacent manner while British officers sat supperless, or eating any odd food brought to them from the kitchen. Sir Havelock, on seeing this, was immensely indignant. His thin, eager face twitched with emotion, and his keen blue eyes grew opalescent in their anger.

“Come, Villiers,” said he, “let us rummage in

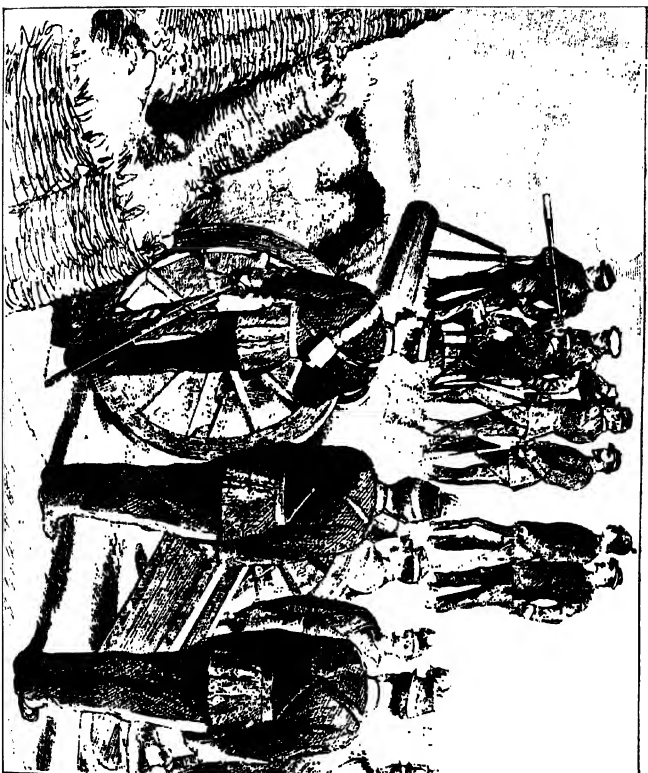
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the kitchen, and get these hungry Englishmen something to eat."

We would then make a raid on the cook, intercept a few of the Frenchmen's courses, and bring them to our tired and famished countrymen.

When the first fight took place on the Sweet Water Canal Sir Havelock was so keen to have a shot at the enemy that he would go out skirmishing, borrowing a rifle from any tired Tommy who would lend it him, and vigorously snipe away.

I shall never forget the morning he imparted to me a smart idea he had thought out during the night. He had purchased a dog-cart to carry him to Cairo, but could only find a small pony to pull it. This puny animal he found could not last long at the game; so he told me, with great glee, that he had purchased a camel, and was going to try "driving 'em tandem." This he did with fair success for the first mile, when the camel, who was leading, turned round to look at his companion. The pony, so scared by the penetrating gaze from the gazelle-like eyes looking down on him from the top of the elongated neck, commenced to buck and jump until the harness got inextricably mixed, with the result that it had to be cut adrift. Sir Havelock always felt rather sore over this break-up of his tandem scheme. Years after this experience I was lecturing up at Darlington, for which borough he was M.P. He wrote me from the House of Commons to say that he could not come up for the lecture, as he was detained on some important



PRINCE CHARLES OF ROMANIA AT KALAT.
(By permission of the publishers of the Gazette.)

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measure, but if I should speak of him in the course of the evening I was on no account to mention that camel-tandem fiasco.

King Charles of Roumania I knew when, as Prince Charles, he took command of the Roumanian army allied to the Russian forces about to invade Turkey. I was his guest for many weeks when he was inspecting the regiments preparatory to their crossing the Danube. It was an interesting tour; we were entertained by the big landowners *en route*, and the villages which we passed through were *en fête* with garlands of flowers. Hitherto, the Roumanian army had not been renowned for pluck and enterprise, but under this German prince of the house of Hohenzollern it became a very fine fighting force indeed. In the vicinity of Kalafat some new batteries had been erected to oppose the strong fortifications of Widin, the minarets of which sparkled from the opposite bank of the river. We lunched in one of the Roumanian batteries which the prince christened, after his princess the famous Carmen Sylva, now Queen of Roumania, the *Elizabeth* battery. Champagne was opened, and we drank bumpers to the success of the Roumanian arms and to the princess. Then we thought we would let the Turks know of the little function by sending a few shells into their works. Most of us were comfortably ensconced behind gabions watching the effect with our glasses; but Prince Charles, seizing a camp-stool, sprang on

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to the outer glacis and seated himself. His chief of the staff and two other officers followed suit and stood by the side of their prince, who now gave the signal to the gunners to open fire. The guns of the battery banged away, and tons of earth and stones rose up from the opposite bank, when suddenly the Turks answered, and their projectiles came skimming over our parapet. The Roumanian staff no doubt thought that their prince would step below when the answer came to his invitation. But no, there he sat, evidently enjoying himself immensely. At last one shell sent such a spurt of *débris* over us all, having missed the prince, whose range the Turks were getting to a nicety, that His Highness was at last persuaded to step into the battery. After another glass of wine we departed, leaving the Roumanian gunners to fight it out with the enemy.

The next time I met Prince Charles was at the third assault on Plevna. It was the Emperor Alexander's birthday, and a large platform had been erected before Plevna, from which elevation the Czar and his staff were able to see the attack of the Russian Imperial Guard, which was arranged that day with the possibility of capturing Osman Pasha and his gallant army. I was passing by the platform on which the Emperor and his brilliant staff stood watching the fighting when I was hailed by an officer I seemed to have met before, whom I soon discovered to be the Prince of Roumania. He asked me up on to the *dais*, and I found that



"THE KAISER'S KISS."

(By permission of the proprietors of Black and White.)

[To face p. 18.]

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champagne was once more flowing ; but this time it was the health of the Great White Czar that was being toasted. I shall never forget that event. 'To the thunder of hundreds of cannon (not a *feu-de-joie*, but a pitiless fire of shrapnel and common shell), the staff filled their glasses to their Emperor. Within the hour that platform was deserted, the Imperial Guard decimated, and the whole Russian army in retreat.

When I last 'saw Charles of Roumania he was then king, and was present at the marriage of the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and supported his nephew, the heir-presumptive to his throne, Prince Ferdinand von Hohenzollern. It was a pretty wedding, and I was one of the two favoured correspondents present at the private ceremony of marriage in the castle of Sigmaringen. After the function, the German Emperor, Wilhelm II., was the first to give the bridal kiss. He was in full English naval uniform, smothered with decorations, and the bride was dressed in a costume which could not bear much crushing. The Kaiser, one could see, was trying to avoid this trouble, and the bride was afraid, in turn, to disarrange his mass of decorations. In a moment the Emperor was seized with one of his brilliant ideas. He took the pretty, blushing bride by the right elbow, tilted her a little towards him, launched himself forward, and, bending over her, imprinted the kiss.

The Emperor William is nothing unless

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thorough, and when the bridal pair entered the coach, which was loaded with luggage, waiting to take them to catch the train for the land of their honeymoon, the Kaiser, I saw, was the first to throw the proverbial rice over the happy couple.

There were many officers, besides Verestchagin, with the Russian army invading Turkish territory in the 1877 war who could sketch and paint well; there was one excellent artist with the advance cavalry, General Arnoldi. Directly his Dragoons had cleared a section of the country of the enemy he would send for me, and we would take our camp-stools and water-colours and settle down before some picturesque cottage, surrounded by its scared inhabitants, and add to the pages of our sketch-books. Sometimes we would be far in advance of the main body and the general's commissariat. I remember one morning we were fearfully hungry, with the possibility of waiting for many hours till the ration-waggons came up. The general ordered one of his Cossack escorts to empty his pockets. In one of them was a handful of odd crusts of black bread.

"Ah," said the general, "these are what I want!" and he grabbed the evil-looking pieces. "You may now go," said he to the smiling trooper, who trotted off evidently much elated with the attention the general had paid him.

"Take a share," said the soldier-artist, as he handed the lot to me.

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"Thanks," said I, as I began to munch the crusts ; "but won't that poor devil go wanting?"

"Why," replied Arnoldi, "this is a red-letter day for him. He will tell his comrades with great glee that the general eats of the same fare as themselves, and they will be only too glad to make good to him his lost ration."

I tried to bear in mind the old adage of not looking "a gift horse in the mouth" by averting my gaze from those unpalatable-looking crusts, and then without further delay swallowed them.

Another clever artist with whom I became friendly during that campaign was Prince Alexis Dolgorouki. I came across him in a rather odd way. Forbes and I were in search of the army that was to first cross the Danube in 1877, and on the look-out for General Dragamiroff, who was in command. By night-time we found that we were with the division belonging to Prince Mirski, who befriended us and told us that he would let us know when the passage of the historic river would take place. I take my friend Forbes' account of what followed—

"Presently Prince Mirski sent a servant across to our garden to say that his little personal train was ready, and we fell in behind the waggon which contained the camp kit of His Highness. A soldier rode up to our carriage and told us, in excellent English, that he was commanded by the general to serve as our escort. Russian private soldiers are not commonly conversant with English ; yet this

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man, judging by his uniform, seemed nothing more than a simple soldier, an infantry-man of the foot regiment of the ninth division, mounted on a nice little white horse. He wore the white blouse of the private soldier with the real shoulder-straps of the regiment ; a bayonet hung from his waist-belt. His loose trousers were tucked into his long boots.

“Oh yes, he had been in England several times—merely pleasure visits. He knew a number of people there, but was not good at remembering names. Lord Carrington he had met several times. Here was a puzzling private soldier, truly. I left the carriage, mounted my horse, and joined him. We talked all the way to Piatra, and the more we talked the more I wondered to find, in a private soldier, a man who knew most of the capitals of Europe, who had seen, in Berlin, Count Seckendorff's water-colours ; who knew the details of the stampede of the troop-horses of our household cavalry from their picquet-pegs among the sand of Cove Common ; who criticized the cookery of the Café Anglais ; and whose brother was aide-de-camp of the emperor and the governor of a province.

“I am not good at asking people for their names, but as we rode down the hill into Piatra he casually mentioned that his name was Dolgorouki. I have had strange experiences in my time, but never before has it fallen to my lot to have a prince acting as the escort of my baggage waggon.”

The amiable prince, who had volunteered to serve his beloved country in her time of need as

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a private soldier, I met many times afterwards during the fighting in Bulgaria. Years passed, and one night in 1899 I was lecturing up in Aberdeenshire when I received a telegram from Alexis Dolgorouki to come and see him. He had seen my name in large letters on a hoarding in the city of Aberdeen, and though over twenty years had elapsed since we last met, he remembered me, and would not let the princess rest till she had sought me out. I found the soldier-artist prince had married an English lady and spent most of his time in Great Britain, and was still working away with his paint-brush; and excellent, vigorous work it was.

Lieut.-Colonel Count Gleichen, of the Grenadier Guards, now assistant director of military operations at the War Office, was another excellent aquarellist, with whom I became acquainted while campaigning. I remember this officer befriending me in a most unselfish way at Metemmah during the expedition for the relief of Khartum. I had been wrecked on my journey up the Nile, and had lost all my money and kit. The most serious loss of all was, however, my sketching material. After the fighting at Gubat, Count Gleichen came up to me, said that he had heard of my loss, and offered me the loan of his colour-box and sketching-blocks, which I readily accepted. This thoughtfulness on his part helped me out of a serious situation, for I had nothing but a small piece of lead pencil and

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no material in the shape of paper on which to note down the incidents of the fight.

I met Count Gleichen later in town, and dined with him at the Guards' mess at St. James's Palace, when I told him I had treasured the water-colour box and had looked forward to an opportunity of personally returning it.

"Ah," said he, "I think you had better keep it as a souvenir now."

Years afterwards I ran against him while he was hurrying to catch a train at Orange River station in South Africa, during the Boer War. It was simply a passing greeting, but I noticed that his kharki tunic was resplendent with many gay decorations, which he had won since his first campaign in 1884. As the sun caught the double row of ribbons on his breast they seemed to possess all the hues of those cakes of colour in the sketch-box he had lent me so many years ago, which, by-the-by, was still in my possession.

Next to De Neuville and Verestchagin the greatest painter of war pictures is undoubtedly Mr. Caton Woodville. The former artists had seen war in all its phases, therefore Woodville is possibly more remarkable in his productions, for he has never witnessed a shot fired in anger nor seen anything of campaigning, yet in his pictures there is all the real dash and movement of war. There is no man so rapid in his work or who works in such an unique manner. I have seen him sit down

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before a huge canvas and start in the centre of the cloth with the pivot figure of his picture and finish it straight away. Instead of (like ninety-nine out of a hundred artists) sketching in the composition and arranging and rearranging the figures, Woodville has apparently the whole composition fixed and centred in his brain, and, with wonderful rapidity, conveys it to the canvas as faithfully and directly as the lens of a camera registers a subject. When, several weeks after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Woodville came to Cairo with a letter of introduction to me from the manager of the *Graphic* I took him over the battlefield. We started exactly at the same time that Wolseley's army moved on to Arabi's famous trenches and arrived at the Egyptian works at the same hour at which the British bayonet-charge took place, so that he should get the night and early morning effect for a picture he intended to paint. He made only one rapid note, but out of that journey he produced, not the infantry charge on Tel-el-Kebir, but a wonderful canvas illustrative of the famous charge of the Household Cavalry at Kassassin. He wrote me to come and see the picture a week or two after he had started it, and, to my surprise, it was finished, an effort that would have taken another artist months to elaborate.

Another war-painter who has embellished the walls of the Royal Academy with his work is my old friend, John Charlton. He has, like Caton Woodville, finished many a rough sketch of mine

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hurriedly sent from the front, and made an excellent black-and-white drawing of it for the pages of the *Graphic*. His *métier* is that of horses, and I remember once being the innocent cause of considerable trouble to him. I had sent home a hurried sketch of the very subject of the charge of Kassassin which Woodville, as I have mentioned, eventually painted. But in my picture I had introduced some camels. These animals I had roughed in in a most indistinct manner and had written underneath them—

“These are supposed to be camels; for photos see Spooner, Strand.”

Unfortunately, Charlton had been dining late with some friends and, reaching his studio in the early hours of the morning, had discovered my sketch and a full-page block sent on to him from the *Graphic* with a request by the editor to let the boy from the office have the drawing by eight in the morning. Now Charlton had not studied the lines of the “ship of the desert,” and to get a photo of the beast at that hour from Mr. Spooner was hopeless, so he lit his pipe and then did his best.

The animal that appeared in the next number of the *Graphic* excited the palates of the *gourmets* who are supposed to be always looking out for a new animal with the flesh of which to appease their satiated appetites. One paper asked—

“What is the animal in one of the pictures of this week’s *Graphic* that the testimony of the rocks has not yet revealed to man?”

But, after all, it was only what might have been

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a cross between a mule and a camel, if such a result were possible. However, I remember that a lady artist paid a good sum for the rights of painting the subject, she was so much taken by the wonderful "go" in the artist's horses as they charged on to the Arab camel-corps.

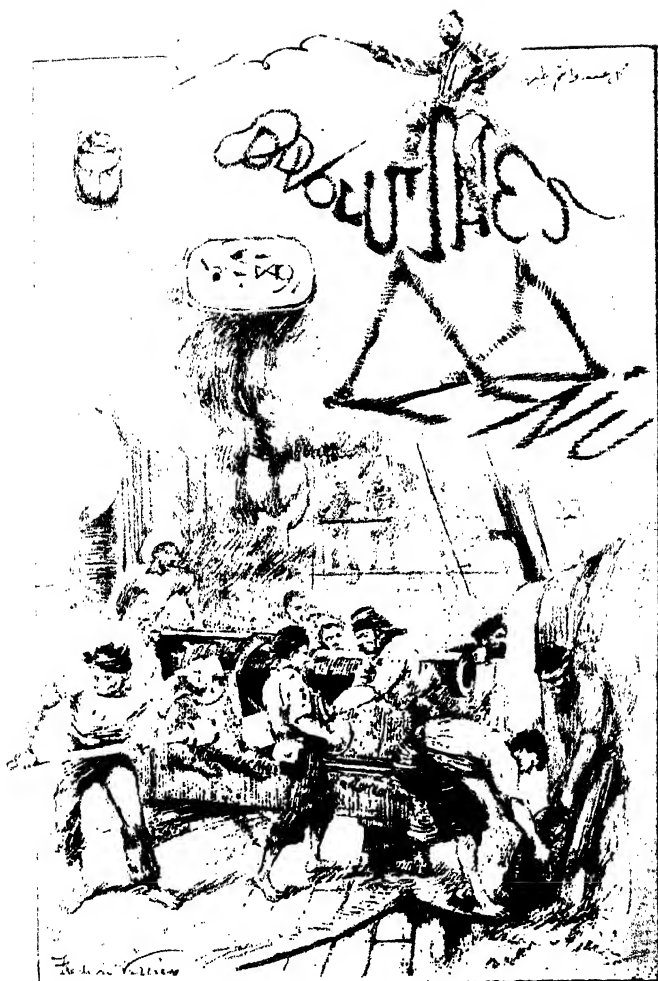
Verestchagin I met when he was campaigning with his countrymen on the Danube, where he was severely wounded early in the war. He was very plucky, and exposed himself freely to the fire of the enemy when he thought it necessary to get good subjects for his sketch-book. And, as all the art world knows, he eventually sacrificed his life in the same cause on joining the staff of the ill-fated Admiral Makaroff, and was drowned with that officer when his flag-ship, the *Petro-Pavlosk*, was sent to the bottom during the recent Russo-Jap war. Early in life Verestchagin was a naval cadet, and it is a curious coincidence that, though sharing the vicissitudes of the Russian armies in Central Asia and Turkey, he eventually met his death in the service in which he had commenced his career.

I think of all painters of war, for pure realism of the ghastliness of the horrors of a battle, one must give the palm to that great Russian painter. There was no mincing matters with him, none of the ordinary, neatly-folded, white bandage round a soldier's head, on which is the red spot denoting that the man is *hors-de-combat*; or the proverbial arm in sling, or the swathed foot. He would give

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the brutal course of a shell tearing men to pieces, and all the horrible *débris* of its track. It was the actuality of war with him. And who can ever forget that wonderful picture, *All is quiet on the Shipka*, when in the Russo-Turkish war there was, in the depth of winter, a lull in the hostilities. For weeks the newspapers were using that phrase, and all, apparently, was at peace for a time. Vassili Verestchagin's picture represented a weird shapeless cone of ice, on the peak of the pass, with a bayonet sticking out of it glinting in the moonlight; the forgotten sentry frozen to a mass of ice. I remember, well, being blocked in a train of munition waggons on the Shipka for a few hours one night during that cruel winter, and one-third of the drivers fell into that fatal sleep severe cold engenders, and their bodies, frozen rigid as boulders, were at dawn rolled down the mountain side to make way for the living.

One of the most prolific picture-painters I have known, and one of the busiest men off his own little stage, for he is a president or fellow of some eight or nine art societies, is my old friend George Haité. He is not only a good artist, but an excellent writer, speaker, and a charming *raconteur*. I never met a man who was so rapid with brush and colours in transferring an impression to his canvas. His memory is so marvellously correct that one may watch him produce, within an hour or so, a sketch of a Dutch market-place with its greyness of atmosphere, a street in Brûges with the architectural



MY MENU CARD FOR THE SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES.

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beauty of its cathedral and houses, or a suburb in Tangier with its mosques and minarets glowing in the heat against a deep purple sky, as accurate in tone and drawing as if he had been seated in front of his subject.

For the last few years painting pictures as a profession has not been a prosperous one, and my friend has suffered like the rest of his colleagues. On chatting over the general apathy of the public regarding modern art, he said with a sigh—

“My dear Fred, as for selling, why you can’t give them away. I got so sick of my unsold pictures hanging on the walls of my studio that I offered them, frames and all, to my friends, if they would take them away, but I could not get rid of them; so at last I invited a number of pals to an At Home, gave them a little music and tobacco, and offered them a pound of tea with each picture. What do you think happened?”

“Can’t guess,” said I.

“As I saw them out,” continued Haité, “each carried his pound of tea, then taking me aside, in turn, confidently asked me would it much matter if they left the picture behind.”

George Haité was a prominent member of the famous literary dining club, the “Sette of Odd Volumes” which I eventually joined. Soon after his election a newly-added Volume was requested to read a paper in connection with his profession, to the Sette. I had but lately come back from the Soudan, and the menu card which I designed for

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the dinner before the reading, was illustrative of the subject of which I was about to address the members of the club : The attack of H.M.S. *Concolor* on Fort Marabout, and the march of General Sir Herbert Stewart's column towards Khartum.

It was at one of Haité's At Homes I met William Youlten, who, in virtue of his many useful inventions, may be called the "English Edison," though, in personal appearance, he is unlike his American colleague, for he is spare in body and has a smarter, keener appearance. His face is full of quick resolve and ever restless energy, while Edison's is heavy and phlegmatic looking. Youlten is a man who is never satisfied. As a youth he passed top for a Civil Service billet, and his relatives, congratulating him, said—

"Now you are comfortably settled for life."

When, for the first time, it dawned on him that he was gilt-edged-fettered for the rest of his days, he would have none of it, but simply refused to accept the post, and went in for something else, which gave him a larger sphere for his energy and enterprise. The result was that he became an architect, and many of our principal London thoroughfares are enriched by his excellent designs.

Several of his inventions have, in the first instance, been inspired from purely philanthropic motives. Reading of the serious danger servants were subjected to by the method of cleaning windows while seated on the sill outside, he thought



Prince of Wales,

Princess of Wales,
William Ventren.

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out a plan by which they need not risk their lives, but which would enable them to do their work in safety from the interior of the room. The result was the "N.A.P." windows, which are now found in most hospitals and other public buildings throughout Great Britain. During the South African campaign he (like all Englishmen who read of the many disasters to British troops, owing to the Boer marksmanship and the way they managed to screen themselves from our troops at Colenso and Magersfontein) was full of sympathy for our men who seemed always to be needlessly exposed. To minimize the fearful losses caused by this exposure he invented the Rifle Hyposcope, a convenient little instrument that can, in a moment, be attached to the rifle, by the use of which a soldier is able to throw himself behind the scantiest cover and, while his head and body are entirely hidden, shoot down his enemy. The latest cotton-gin, which spits out the seed more expeditiously than any other, and a machine for extracting dirt from wool and cotton-waste, are a few of the useful devices which have emanated from the inventive genius of the "English Edison."

He is certainly the most sanguine and hopeful man I have ever met, and is absolutely undaunted by the most appalling set-backs. If he invents a thing, and knows it is good, he intends the world to have it and appreciate it. He smiles at all opposition, a smile in which there is a certain amount of contempt for those who are incapable, at the moment,

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of seeing the usefulness of his work, and, with a shrug of his shoulders, says—

“It will dawn upon them soon.”

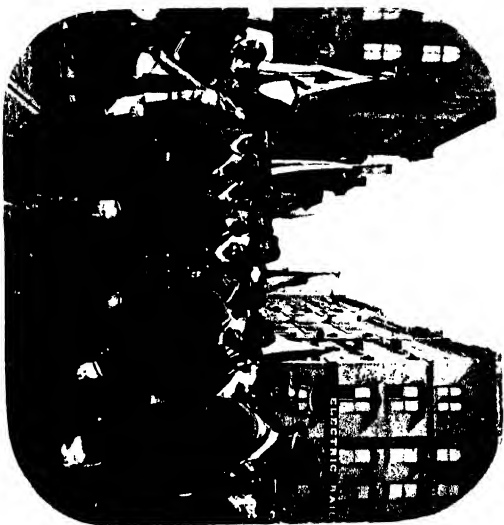
For instance, that little simple design, the Rifle Hyposcope, has had many vicissitudes from its inception three years ago. H.M. the King ; H.R.H. the Prince of Wales ; H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught ; General Sir John French ; and several British officers have seen it in practice, and all testify to its usefulness. It has been approved and passed by the Small Arms Committee of the War Office, and yet the War Office has not yet thought fit even to try the Rifle Hyposcope with our troops at any of our manœuvres. All the world knows, by what the Japs did at Port Arthur in the recent Russo-Jap campaign, that the spade to-day is, in war, as necessary to a man as his rifle. If this is the case, it means that the fighting unit must take as much cover as possible.

Still the inventor smiles, and says, “It will dawn upon them soon.”

Well, I hope that time will come before we are embroiled in another war. I remember introducing an invention to the British army, and therefore know the time it takes for the War Office to open its eyes to the utility of anything that may be useful and new. During the Russo-Turkish War when General Skobelev, with thirty thousand of the survivors of the fittest of the Russian army of Roumelia, arrived before Constantinople, the general, fearing trouble with England, immediately discarded the



RUSSIAN SOLDIER WITH
SKOBELIEFF'S STAFF.



SOME OF SHEKMAN'S VETERANS AT HIS FUNERAL.

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Kranke and Berdan rifles which his men had carried throughout the campaign, and armed them with a lighter and surer weapon, the Martini-Peabody of the Turkish Redifs, and each man carried a spade for slight entrenching when fighting in the open. This spade was a short-handled, broad implement that could be unfastened by one hand from a leather case attached to the soldier's waist-belt, and replaced and fixed by the same means. I thought it so useful that I showed my sketch of it to General Macpherson, in command of the Indian contingent, when I arrived in Malta in 1878. That officer, who was much struck with the utility of the invention, asked me to draw the exact size of it on the asphalt floor of his office, and ordered one to be immediately made from the design. This, he told me, he would introduce immediately for the British army.

Five years elapsed; I was in Egypt when, to my astonishment and delight, I saw my spade attached to the belts of the troops about landing for the purpose of fighting Arabi. I asked one of the men what it was called. He answered—

“They calls it the Roumanian spade, sir.”

I was glad and proud to be of some little service to my country, but from the day I introduced the spade to Macpherson, a quarter of a century ago, I have never received a word of acknowledgment, thanks, or appreciation from the War Office.

II

It was in the dining-room of the Old Mar Lodge on Dee Side that I first met His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, who was then Prince of Wales.

It was a characteristic house party the Duke of (then Lord) Fife had gathered together to meet the Prince. The Duke of Albany, Lord Hartington, and Lord Charles Beresford were among the men; and the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Lonsdale, and Mrs. Standish were of the ladies of the party.

The old Lodge, an odd-cornered, quaint, wooden building, was picturesquely situated overlooking a stretch of the river Dee. Round the main building was a series of chalets clinging to the bluff hillside dominating the river. The whole collection of cottages formed quite a village nestling round a charming little chapel, a window of which Lord Fife had dedicated to the memory of his mother.

The men of the party were fishing or deer-stalking all day, and the ladies would either fish or meet the stalkers at some bothy up in the hills and give them tea. After dinner there was a gathering



A SING DANCE AT OLD MAN LODGE.

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of gillies in the court-yard of the Lodge, and the slain stags were placed in a row, when, to the triumphant scree of the bagpipes, in the weird light of the flickering flare of a hundred torches and a huge fire of logs, the lucky shots would examine the antlers of their quarry, afterwards joining in a reel round the stags finishing up with a flying leap through the flaming logs. Later, a string band would play the most delightful waltz music, and the guests would foregather in the hall and dance till the small hours.

During dessert on my first night at dinner the Prince sent for me to be seated near him. He said—

“I think I have seen you before, Mr. Villiers; your face is quite familiar to me.”

The Prince's marvellous memory for faces was, I knew, proverbial. He *had* met me before at the gate leading into the paddock at Goodwood, where we both stuck for a moment. I am afraid I treated him like any ordinary person and did not immediately give way, and I remember his good-natured stare and my tardy recognition and confusion at my seeming discourtesy. I was therefore much relieved when he continued—

“Ah, yes, of course, I have seen a portrait of you taken with Mr. Archibald Forbes.”

The Prince was much interested in certain points in the Russo-Turkish war which I was able to give him, and he was very eulogistic of the brilliant service Valentine Baker had rendered to the Turks,

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regretting we had lost such an excellent cavalry leader.

Major (afterwards Sir C.) Teesdale, one of His Royal Highness' equerries, was at the table and, to his surprise, the Prince toasted him. It was the anniversary of his Victoria Cross day and the Prince had remembered it ; he always seemed to remember anything that was pleasant and agreeable.

The next morning Lord Fife and the Prince were going deer-stalking, and H.R.H. was good enough to say I might join them. I appeared ready to start when the Prince caught sight of my cap.

"I'm afraid that won't do, Mr. Villiers ; it is very picturesque, but you would startle the deer with that bonnet."

"I have no other, sir," I replied.

"Never mind, I will lend you one of mine."

Presently I was rigged up with the royal cap, of a proper tone to melt in with the rocks and heather.

I shall never forget that delightful tramp up the hills, the dodging behind rocks and crawling over the heather when the gillies, scouting in our front, made any significant sign. The Prince was never too absorbed with the sport to admire the beauty of our surroundings when the wavering mists unfolded some pocket of a valley with its dew-laden greenery and luminous, pearly burns. These sights brought the conversation round to the art of reproducing them on canvas. With master-pieces of landscape or figure-studies ; the great battle-pictures of de Neuville ; the smaller, but more finished, studies

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of Detaille and the vigorous work of Reinault, the Prince seemed to be familiar. In another moment he was making a picture himself, looking like a Highlander stalking an Afridi up in the wild hills of Afghanistan, as he dodged from rock to rock and at last took steady aim. One of a drive of grey, wraith-like figures, stealing through the dapple of purple shadow and patches of sunlight, had fallen to his gun, and we hurried up to the poor beast struggling to regain its footing and held its antlers while the Prince ended its sufferings with the *coup-de-grace*.

At mid-day we sat down near a pool of cool, bright water to eat our luncheon. I found, in the hurry to change my cap, I had left behind my parcel of sandwiches and the Prince, seeing I had none, was good enough to share his rations with me. We were seated on the top of a mount overlooking a vast confusion of hills, dales and stretches of open country, and, in reply to a question from the Prince, I understood Lord Fife to say that as far as we could see the land belonged to him. And, I thought, surely there could be no fairer domain in all Scotland.

Towards sunset the dead stags were brought down the rugged hills on ponies when they were carted to the Lodge, while we took tea in a bothy with some of the house-party who had come out to meet us.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, was staying at Abergeldie Castle, and would

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occasionally drive over to take afternoon tea at Mar Lodge. Directly I was presented to her a thrill of enthusiasm possessed me at her gentle charm of manner. She at once chatted about the campaigns I had been through and, I found, had an accurate knowledge of all the interesting phases of the, then, recent Russo-Turkish war.

The day of her visit a picnic was arranged at some picturesque spot on the Dee where the house-party camped out for the afternoon. The women fished while the men built a fire to boil the kettles; then the ladies cut bread-and-butter, improvised spits from twigs to make toast, and prepared tea; while the stately footmen took their ease at a respectful distance, not even daring to approach to assist in washing up the cups and saucers. The Royal party was, for a few minutes, living the simple life, and it struck me that if their station allowed they would have liked to live that life a little longer, for both the Prince and Princess, as well as their friends, seemed to mightily enjoy it.

Later on in the year I was invited to stay a few days at Abergeldie Castle. During my visit the coach-house, under the direction of the Prince of Wales, was transformed into a charming little theatre, and Mr. Edgar Bruce and his Company were commanded from the *Prince's* theatre, London, to perform the popular play of the *Colonel*.

Her Majesty the late Queen, came over from Balmoral to witness the performance. It was the first time since the death of the Prince Consort that



BERGELDIE CASTLE

TUESDAY, 4th October 1881.

MR EDGAR BRUCE having been honored, with the kind permission of THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, to give a Private Performance at Abergele Castle—begs to introduce the following Ladies and Gentlemen of his Company—in the Cost of

THE COLONELS

Written by Mr. E. C. Bernard.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Colonel Woodroff W. Wood. | Mr. Kinross Bruce |
| U.S. Cavalry. | |
| Robert Portester | Mr G. W. GASTROUSE |
| Lambert Streete | Mr W. F. HAYTHAM |
| Deill (Glasgow) | Mr LYONS |
| Edw. Langton | Mr J. J. LLOYD ABERGEL |
| Mullins | Mr. BERRY |
| Parker | Mr A. H. HARRIS |
| Rowall | Mr H. W. LAMBERT |
| Lady Tompkins | Miss G. GASTROUSE |
| Oliver | Miss C. GASTROUSE |
| Nelle | Miss M. HARRIS |
| Mrs. Byth | Miss H. LLOYD |
| Goodall | Miss W. LAMBERT |

Act 1—SEVERITY. At Mr. Portester's.

Act 2—LAXITY. At Mrs. Byth's—A Room on Fourth Floor.

Act 3—LIBERTY. At Mr. Portester's—Near Breckley.

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she had seen a play, and there was much joy and excitement in the Royal Household at the unusual event. Her Majesty seemed to appreciate the acting immensely. I was seated in the row immediately at the back of the royal chairs, and I could see her absolutely shake with laughter at the fun of the piece.

After the play we returned to the Castle and supped. Mr. Bruce and his Company were entertained in a specially arranged *marquéc*, and the Prince and his equerry paid them a visit to see that they lacked nothing to make them comfortable after their exertions.

The first night of my stay at the Castle I was introduced to Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, who was also a guest. He told me that he remembered two colleagues of mine, Mr. William Simpson and the explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley, who were with him in the capacity of correspondents during his command in the Abyssinian campaign. Lord Napier was a fine old soldier ; his face was indicative of a stern and resolute character, and his eyes, which were remarkably large, had a fire in them which seemed to be smouldering but, in spite of his age, might blaze out at any moment with almost youthful brightness. The night before I left the Castle I was rather late in leaving the smoking-room and it was much past midnight before I retired to rest. My bedroom was one of the few in the old grey tower, which visitors to Dee side can see standing out so plainly on the south bank of the

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river ; Lord Napier was lodged in a room just below me. As I ascended the tower a gust of wind from an open window suddenly blew out the candle. Having no matches I had to proceed in the dark. When I thought I had reached my room I boldly turned the handle of the door, stalked in, and commenced undressing. I threw my cravat on the bed and heard a suppressed yell. It had evidently struck the occupant in the face, and a voice growled out—

“What the blank—blank—blazes was that?”

Then I heard a hurried fumbling for matches. But before one could be struck I had gained the stairs ; I knew where my room was now, a flight higher. When I reached it I listened on the landing, and could hear the old field-marshal still painting the atmosphere blue, and hunting for the strange animal which had disturbed his slumbers.

Among the guests at Mar Lodge were also Lord Rowton, Mr. Horace Farquhar (now Lord Farquhar, Master of the King's Household), Lord Algy Gordon-Lennox, and Mr. George Forbes.

The Duke of Albany was a keen student of literature and art, and we had many chats about painting and pictures. He had a gentle, rather nervous demeanour, but looked remarkably handsome in the Stuart tartan when he dressed for dinner, his face and bearing reminding me of one of the famous portraits of Prince Charles Edward. He was very particular about being properly addressed. The night of the duke's arrival at the

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Lodge there was a ball. On seeing a stranger in the room he came up to the lady with whom I was chatting, and asked her to introduce me. She at once said—

“Mr. Villiers, Prince Leopold.”

The prince drew himself up with some little hauteur, then smilingly correcting her, replied—

“The Duke of Albany, if you please.”

A very different type of man is his brother, Prince Arthur of Connaught, whom I met the following year in Egypt. I doubt if there is a keener soldier or, for the matter of that, an officer who knows much more about his profession, than the Duke of Connaught. His great misfortune, from a soldier's point of view, is that he is a prince of the Royal House, and therefore his duties do not always lie in the direction of campaigning. One cannot help thinking that if he had lived in the Middle Ages, when it was the acknowledged business of princes to be foremost in every war, the duke would have taken an active part in every campaign in which his country was involved, for his heart and soul is in the fighting life of a soldier.

I first met him out in Egypt, where he was in command of the Guards' Brigade. A little engagement at El Macfar turned into rather a big affair, and Lord Wolseley was obliged to send for reinforcements. The Guards were ordered up, but before they arrived the fighting was over, and I was returning with my budget of sketches to Ismailia. As I rode over the desert by the side of the railway

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embankment I saw the Guards, their faces catching the full glow of the setting sun, marching along the permanent way, with the Duke of Connaught at their head.

As they approached I rode up the embankment, dismounted a few paces before the general, and saluted. He asked me for information, and when I told him the result of the fight and that it was all over, a look of keen disappointment came into his blue eyes, which a moment before were full of eager expectancy. As the ominous words were passed down the ranks the whole brigade seemed to lose its elasticity, the buoyant stride of the men dropped down at once into the tramp of a mournful procession as the disappointed regiments passed onwards in the gathering night.

The postal service in Egypt was in the hands of a contingent of the 24th Middlesex Volunteers, a regiment in which I had the honour of holding Her Majesty's commission. One morning a few of us at the front were under quite a considerable shell-fire for some time. The duke happened to ride into the position during the afternoon, and hearing of the incident, sent word he would like to take tea with us. It was a graceful act to show his appreciation of our services as Volunteers.

Lord Rowton was better known as Mr. Montague Corry, the famous private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield. He was lean and lithe, and had pronounced

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Hebrew features, with keen, dark, protruding eyes. After dinner we used to chat together over our coffee under the verandah of the Lodge. With much humour he told me how he first came across his chief. It was at a lady's house in London, where he had improvised some Christy minstrels for the amusement of the guests and was playing corner-man. Disraeli had sauntered in from one of the card rooms, had overheard his tomfoolery, and was evidently amused ; for, after Corry had washed his face and joined the party, Disraeli came up to him, and said—

“ Are you not the young man who made us laugh so just now ? ”

“ Glad to have amused you, sir,” returned Corry.

“ I thought it was very bright and clever,” answered the great statesman ; “ come and see me ; I should like to meet you again.”

“ I thought but little of this invitation at the time,” Lord Rowton told me, “ but some time after, I wanted employment, and thought I would call on the great man and see if he could befriend me. He received me kindly, but told me that he could offer me nothing at present. Months passed by, I heard nothing from him and thought he had entirely forgotten me ; when one morning I got a note asking me to call, and found that all the time he had been waiting to offer me a secretaryship, but opportunity had not served.”

One night Lord Rowton related to me the “ Peace with honour ” incident.

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"You know, Villiers," said he, "I was really the indirect cause of that event coming about. Lord Beaconsfield was not quite accustomed to the wily manœuvres of the great German chancellor, and got so disgusted that he told him if certain points in the negotiations were not at once conceded he would break up the conference. Of course Bismarck thought this was all diplomatic bluff, and evidently winked the other eye. I could see that a threat of this kind by my chief was useless. ' So, unknown to him, I wired to Dover for a special boat to meet a train arriving at Calais on a certain date. Bismarck took the bait. Of course he read every telegram sent home by the delegates, and thought the one I sent meant business and that Disraeli intended to return. He immediately climbed down, met my chief's views, and we eventually came back from Berlin with flying colours."

There could hardly have been a galaxy of greater beauty gathered together under one roof than represented by the lady guests at the Lodge.

The Duchess of Manchester, now Her Grace of Devonshire, was still very beautiful. She was probably the most beautiful woman in Europe a decade earlier. Lady Lonsdale was then a remarkable type of brunette loveliness ; Lady Mandeville, Mrs. Standish and Lady Charles Beresford were all types of beauty in those days.

The husband of the last lady, Lord Charles Beresford, was the life and soul of the house-party,

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and, like a boy fresh from school, was always up to some frolic.

From time immemorial the Beresfords have been proverbial for reckless dare-devilry, and Lord Charles was no exception in this respect to his ancestors; he would say and do things that other men would not dare to venture. When campaigning he was always breezy and bright, and the soul of energy. He invariably had some new idea or scheme hatching in his restless brain.

When the trouble with Arabi Pasha broke out in 1882 I found myself in Alexandria. The city was nearly deserted by Europeans and rather uncomfortable to live in. Arabi's troops were growing more insolent day by day, and they swarmed everywhere. All the hotels were being closed, or, if not actually closed, the *personnel* was leaving, and one had to pig it as best one could. Therefore, when calling on Lord Charles on board the little gunboat, the *Condor*, of which he was commander, I was more than delighted when he offered to put me up. His cabin was daintily furnished and had about it many nicknacks which gave it the appearance of a cosy drawing-room. At night the cabin was transformed, by means of two swinging cots hitched to the ceiling, into a sleeping-chamber, and a silver bath was introduced ready for our ablutions in the morning.

When I had finished my day's sketching in the hot and evil-smelling city it was sheer joy to return

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to the comfort of the little *Condor* with her smart, clean decks skimmed by a slight breeze from the sea.

The *Condor*, being of shallow draught, was moored in the inner harbour close up to the Ras-el-tin Palace, the summer residence of the Khedive, for the purpose of rendering assistance to Tewfik's wife and children if Arabi should attack the place. What with this possibility, and, looking after the refugees who had fled the city to the tramp steamers in the harbour, Beresford had plenty to occupy him while the war ships were waiting for the coming fight.

After the bombardment, within the flash of an electric spark and the time to hurry the message into the special edition of a London evening paper, Beresford suddenly leapt into fame by the exploits of the *Condor* before the giant Fort Marabout, and was known ever afterward to the blue-jacket as "Lord Charley." When we occupied the city I found that he was employed ashore as chief police constable, supreme judge, high sheriff, executioner, and Lord High Anything Else of a useful nature. As they say in America, "He was a live man."

When Lord Wolseley arrived to take command of the army and every one ashore immediately came under military control Beresford wanted to become a soldier too, inasmuch that, wishing to see the fighting, he wanted to be taken on in any capacity, and even went so far as becoming a



BERESFORD'S BLUE-JACKETS ON ONE OF GORDON'S STEAMERS.

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war-correspondent, appearing ashore one day in the usual Norfolk jacket, top boots, and riding breeches, the uniform of these gentlemen; but our "only general" at the time, would not allow officers, naval or military, to represent newspapers, so I suppose Beresford ate his heart out on his little ship while the army was making history.

During the Nile expedition of 1884 I found him in command of the bluejacket contingent. The afternoon of our march into the valley of Abu Klea I met him again. He was leading his sailors, who were mounted on camels, on a white donkey. So anxious were our men to be at the enemy that some of them were difficult to keep in hand and they were straggling all over the place. I was riding a smart, quick, little pony and Beresford on sighting me asked me to carry a message, as his mount was not fast enough, to Lord Cochrane, the officer in command of the straying men, to point out the danger of not keeping on the line of route. In the subsequent fight when the British square was rushed by the Dervishes he nearly lost his life. He was knocked down, but a camel partly fell over him and he was thus saved from the fanatical spear-men who for the moment could not stab at him.

A few days after I was able to be of service, when he fell sick, by finding a bugler down in the camel-lines by the river, when he was compelled to rally the stragglers and wounded to protect the village of Gubat, as Sir Charles Wilson had marched off with the British army to attack Metemmah.

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His naval contingent being decimated, and all the officers either killed or wounded, he called for volunteers, and I wavered whether I should join the Queen's navy. It was a brilliant opportunity lost, for I might now, with ordinary luck, have become an admiral had I not had the interests of my paper at heart and decided to serve it alone. If I had known then how woefully indifferent newspapers are to the untiring work of their war-correspondents, and what little reward one gets for the energy one expends and the risks one runs in procuring news or sketches for them, I should certainly have accepted Beresford's offer.

III

ANOTHER naval officer I met in Egyptian waters in 1882 was Sir Beauchamp Seymour. I called to pay my respects on board his flagship when the British fleet was about to bombard Alexandria. This admiral (afterwards Lord Alcester) had a sobriquet given to him by the Navy, "The Swell of the Ocean." I could never quite understand why this title was applied to him. It was certainly not in virtue of his smartness of attire, because I found him generally in his shirt-sleeves, as was the case on the morning of my call. He was perspiring in a white shirt and solar topée. The weather was exceedingly hot, and he was continually lifting his helmet and mopping his forehead with a voluminous, coloured handkerchief. After pleasantly greeting me, he said—

"Your colleague, Mr. Cameron, has also joined my fleet and is coming to dine with me this evening. Will you come too?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," I rejoined.

There was a hearty bluffness about the admiral that was irresistible. He was rather thick-set, of medium height, and he had a face that reminded one of the skipper in Millais' famous picture, *The*

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North-West Passage; strong and genial, but one that could quickly change into a sternness most imposing and emphatic. It suddenly changed in this way while I was still talking to him.

His flag-lieutenant, now Vice-Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, saluted and reported the French captain coming aboard. The genial light died out of Seymour's keen grey eyes, and as they flashed anger, he growled—

“What the devil does he want with me now?”

“He's just coming on board,” continued Lambton. “Will you receive him in your coat, sir?”

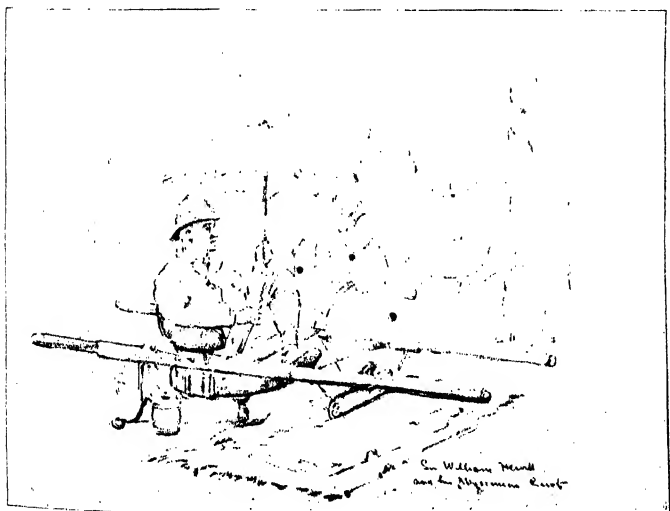
“Why hang it, yes,” flustered Seymour, who had forgotten his *negligé* attire.

In another moment he was wrestling with his dress-jacket, epaulettes, and sword, and had just time to straighten himself and wreath his face into an affable smile before the dapper little French officer approached him.

When the bombardment of the Egyptian forts took place, I saw the admiral, who had transferred his flag to the *Invincible*, because of her light draught, anchor the ship before Fort Mex and slog away at the Egyptian works with her broadsides, much after the fashion of old Nelsonian days. The “Swell of the Ocean” was sternly standing on his bridge in shirt and trousers, watching the effects of his shell-fire through a telescope, and was still mopping his head with that voluminous handkerchief.



"THE SWELL OF THE OCEAN" AND HIS FLAG-LIEUTENANT.



SIR WILLIAM HEWITT AND HIS ABYSSINIAN ESCORT.

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Sir William Hewitt was another admiral I had the gratification of knowing. He had the same bluff, hearty manner that was characteristic of Lord Alcester, but with a temper rather hasty and explosive at times. Knowing this, I was somewhat uncertain as to my reception on our first meeting. After the expedition in the Eastern Soudan against Osman Digna there was nothing much to do for the war-correspondents at Suakim. Sir William was about to pay a friendly visit to King John of Abyssinia, and Mr. Cameron of the *Standard* had been invited to accompany the admiral, much to the chagrin of his confrères, who clamoured to be taken also. This, he told them, would be impossible. There was so much ill-feeling over the matter that Sir William at last even refused to take Cameron. I had not been one of the applicants and I resolved to accompany the expedition by applying to Mason Bey, an American, who was about to join the party on behalf of the Khedival Government, and who was good enough to take me on as his private secretary. When the expedition started up country from the Port of Massowah I rode beside Mason and the Egyptian contingent. The vigilant eyes of the irascible admiral soon caught sight of me, and presently I found his A.D.C. by my side with a message from his chief to report myself. I rode up to him with much misgiving.

"How is it, Mr. Villiers," said he, "that you have managed to come with us?"

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I told him of the capacity in which I was acting for Mason Bey, the Egyptian delegate, and would not, if he wished it, do any correspondence for my paper but strictly keep to my billet as secretary for Mason. He, to my astonishment and pleasure, answered—

“Do just what you like in this matter ; but I am very glad to see an artist with the expedition, for it seemed to me a pity that so interesting a journey should not be chronicled with pen and pencil. Come to me if you want anything.”

I was very delighted with this reception, and on the journey up through the passes on to the Abyssinian tableland had many pleasant chats over my previous campaigns with him.

One afternoon, just as we were about to encamp, his A.D.C. brought a note from the admiral asking me to dine with him. I found on entering his tent that my friend Mason was the other guest. When the champagne was opened Sir William proposed my health, reminding me that it was my birthday. I was so astonished at the fact, which I had forgotten myself, that I inquired how he knew of the auspicious occasion. There was a merry twinkle in his eyes, as he said—

“You told me that the Russo-Turkish War was declared on your birthday. I know that event occurred on the twenty-third of April, and as it is now that date and St. George’s day, I thought I would celebrate both the *fête* of our patron saint and your birth.”



SIR RUDOLPH VON SLATIN.



PREPARING BREAD FOR AN ABYSSINIAN FEAST.

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After delivering his credentials and Her Majesty's presents to the king Sir William asked permission to return at once to the coast, as the rainy season was now threatening. He was, however, politely told that there was no immediate hurry. A few days later the admiral applied for permission to send an officer to the coast with despatches. This request was granted, but we found that the Negus Negusti evidently thought that there was no immediate hurry in this matter also. For day after day passed by and the necessary escort of Abyssinian soldiers was not forthcoming. There was no doubt, at this period, that the Italian consul at Mocha was using all his influence to minimize the success of our mission. One day we intercepted a letter to the Negus from an Italian who claimed to have solved the difficulty of steering balloons against the wind. The intention of the letter was to impress upon the king the superiority of the Italians over the English in the art of war.

In the meanwhile the king, courtiers, and officials attached to the palace began to show us marked coolness. The British admiral suppressed his anger at this treatment as much as he could, which was marvellous, considering his choleric disposition. However, one afternoon, as I was about to call on him, I was suddenly arrested by vigorous and emphatic expletives coming from the direction of his tent. He was pacing up and down in great dudgeon, very red in the face and evidently

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bursting with indignation. Occasionally he halted and shook his fist towards the king's palace up on the hill, when the following threats were plainly audible—

“By G—! if I only had my *Euryalus* up here I would give you, you infernal nigger, something for your insolence!”

This, I concluded, meant a few live shells into the reception-room of the king's palace.

The Negus Negusti, King of Zion, The King of Kings of Ethiopia—or “the Nigger of Niggers,” as a young wag of our mission abbreviated his long title—was rather a remarkable personality. The coming of his presence was always notified by the Court drums slowly beating out the sounds—

“*John hoi, John hoi, John,*” which interpreted meant, “I am he, John.”

The throne on which the black potentate squatted was covered with violet satin cloth, and he was supported on either side with cushions of the same rich stuff, with the Cross of Solomon worked thereon in gold. On his right hand stood a servant with a massive, silver-handled, horsehair switch which he kept slowly swaying to and fro to keep the flies from feeding off the butter on the royal head. The melting lump of grease sparkled as it trickled over his crisp, black hair, which was neatly plaited from the forehead over the cranium to the nape of the neck, where the plaits narrowed and were held together by a diamond-headed pin. Drawn up just over the tip of the nose, and totally

To the Rulers of Nations, Explorers of the Earth, and inhabitants of the Globe.

I announce to you that i have discovered the secret of navigating the air in a balloon agains the wind

I have not yet put in practice my great discovery because the means are still wanting, but long study and repeated experiments have assured me of a successful result and thas in a short time men will be able to navigate round the woold in a balloon

Now this being in many respects a delicate subject as the peace and tranquillity of the woold might be endangered by the areonaut carrying arms and bombs aecross the confines of even the most powerful states and so exciting general uneasinep, it may be readily imagined that, desirons as I am that my invention be beneficial to the woold and not hurtful, I cannot divulge my segret till I learn the views and intentions of the different governements and so avoid all un necessary susceptibility and the possible effusion of blood and treasure to the alter destruction of all peace and security.

If then my invention be thought worthy of your approbation, I await a reply before publishing my secret.

FRANCESCO MASTRODOMENICO

Castellunovo di Stabia Provincia di Salerno.

NAPLES—Printed by Ferrante Vico Tiratolo. 25

THE FIRST DIRIGIBLE BALLOON, 1884.

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covering the lower part of the face and body, was the *shemma*, or toga. The king scanned us each suspiciously over the folds of his toga as we approached the throne and bowed. He shook hands with the two envoys, this movement necessitating the partial uncovering of his body, showing the massive Order of Solomon gleaming on a gown of black silk. After a short introduction the admiral told the king the object of his mission and presented the Queen's letter, the envelope of which was at least a foot square and was encased in a rich sack of velvet embroidered with gold. The king now smiled and unbent, for he dropped the *shemma* to his shoulders, and we could see that his face wore an amiable expression. It was oval and regular, but the chin slightly receded. It was a face that suggested nothing of the cruel, sensuous type of despot that some had accredited the Ethiopian king to be.

There was nothing about the king's house to show that it was a royal residence but the throne on which he sat. The room was circular, the walls being of ochre-washed mud; the roof was of thatch, much stained by the smoke of the small fire incessantly burning in the centre of the rush-covered floor, which slowly rose towards an outlet in the roof and was supposed to effectively drive the plague of mosquitos away.

There was little ostentation about the king, or that love of finery and outward show which generally characterizes monarchs of his race and colour.

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I was once induced to dine with an Abyssinian chief. We had struck up a friendship that might have ended in a closer relationship, but that I was young and had not yet seen enough of the world to satisfy my roving spirit to settle down with an Ethiopian lady. I forget the name of my would-be father-in-law, but he was a man of some distinction in Northern Tigre, and had many miles of excellent shooting, which I shot over with much satisfaction.

One morning my friend found me taking a frugal lunch in the shadow of a huge rock. I had taken out with me some whisky-and-water in a Worcester-sauce bottle, and was regaling myself with this excellent stimulant, when my friend the chief struck such an attitude of surprise and awe that I rose to my feet in consternation.

I found that his remarkable behaviour was owing to the Worcester-sauce bottle, for he held out his hand which trembled with excitement, and examined it with intense curiosity.

The glass stopper was the greatest source of delight seemingly to him, for he held the sparkling lump of glass in his hand awhile, and then, with evident enjoyment, placed the stopper in the bottle and said—

“Honoured stranger, you must be a great chief to possess so precious a thing. Only the Negus Negusti, and his chief, the great Ras Abula, possess the glass bottle, and these have no stopper but a piece of rag on the cone of a mealy. There is



MY WOULD-BE FATHER-IN-LAW IN ABYSSINIA.

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no such thing as a glass stopper in the whole Abyssinian kingdom."

"Well," I said, "you seem to take a fancy to that bottle ; keep it ; take it away ; it is yours."

For some time he could not realize that my generosity was serious. At last he caught up the precious object, and, cautiously looking round, wrapped it in the ends of his toga. He then pressed me to come home with him ; his daughter was young and comely ; would I stay in the land ? There was meat and drink and shooting, and a wife who would make a loving helpmeet into the bargain. I told him that I must report myself in camp that night, and I would think over his generous proposal.

After promising to be present the next day at a feast he was preparing for some friends, I hurried back to Adowa and Sir William Hewitt's little encampment. The following afternoon my ever-indebted friend called for me and took me to his house, where the ladies of his household, with their Nubian slaves, were preparing cakes for the feast. His daughter was indeed a beautiful type of an Abyssinian girl, with large, lustrous, sloe-black eyes ; her lips glistening with two sharp rows of ivory teeth. Her hair was plaited in four lateral plaits across her cranium, where they narrowed to a little knot behind. A large lump of butter, which had been placed on the top of her head early in the day, had gradually thawed through the hair, and was now dripping from the knot behind and

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trailing in dark lines down the profusely embroidered gown which loosely clung to a figure the Venus de Milo might have envied. The only thing to mar her loveliness was her right ankle, swollen to twice the size of the left owing to a guinea-worm which was forcing its way up to the surface of the skin. This guinea-worm trouble is very prevalent in Abyssinia owing, some say, to the custom of eating raw flesh; others to drinking from pools of stale water.

Raw flesh is the Abyssinian *pièce de résistance*, and that was the principal dish that night. When a large number of guests are invited an ox is eaten whole, but, unlike the good old English custom, unroasted. The animal about to be consumed is driven into the compound of the house, when the invited guests can examine it if they like, to see if it is fit for human food. Abyssinians generally finish their dinner with a dish similar to the Scotch haggis, the only difference being that the ingredients are uncooked and the whole is flavoured with ox-gall and highly spiced with a red condiment, very pungent and peppery. The latter comestible was never to my taste, though the raw meat, well spiced, was not, after all, very unpleasant. The people of Abyssinia have a singular superstition regarding eating in the open. To them a fit of indigestion from over-feeding or, a bad head from over-drinking, would mean the Evil Eye. They would feel assured that some part of the performance of appeasing their appetite had not been observed. Amulets are

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carried containing prayers ; and rolls of parchment, several yards long, with pictures illustrative of the triumphs of the Good Spirit over the wicked Orb, are kept in their houses for protection.

The Worcester-sauce bottle with which I had presented my host was jealously covered over with a network of straw, and only brought out after much looking round to see if the coast was clear of evil eyes.

The tenets of the treaty with Great Britain, which was eventually signed at Adowa, John of Abyssinia honourably fulfilled to the best of his ability ; and in carrying out his obligations he eventually met his death. I was able to cable from Aden a draft of the treaty to the *Daily News*, which was published before the British Government had received notice of the signing of the document.

One of the reasons of our advent in Abyssinia was to, if possible, enlist the services of John to assist the Egyptian Government against the Dervishes, then besieging Khartum and General Gordon, while threatening all the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan. It was a curious fatality that both Egyptians and Abyssinians were defeated, and the heads of General Gordon and King John were ignominiously thrown, with many others, into a pit outside Omdurman. This information Slatin Pasha (now Sir Rudolph von Slatin) gathered when prisoner in the hands of the Madhi. I met Slatin, or Sa-latin as the natives called him, after his escape from captivity, when he acted as guide for the avenging

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army under Kitchener. He showed but little signs of, the hardships he must have suffered while in the clutches of that monster, the Mahdi's successor. But Slatin is of a bright, cheery disposition, and has a tendency to make light of things that other men would find almost intolerable. He never seemed to bear any great resentment towards his captors for the misery he must have endured, and as he stood over the dead bodies of many of the Dervish chiefs after the battle and defeat of the Khalifa's forces at Omdurman he always had a good word to say for those he had known personally while prisoner in the hands of their cruel master.

The most pleasing of all the pleasant naval personalities I have ever met was, I think, the "Little Admiral," Sir Harry Keppel. Like Lord Charles Beresford, who, by the way, was once the "Little Admiral's" flag lieutenant, he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of both his King and Queen.

This distinguished naval officer was one of a no less distinguished audience come together in a small hall beneath a famous chapel in the vicinity of Manchester Square to hear my story of Lord Wolseley's attempt in 1885 to rescue General Charles Gordon and relieve Khartum.

Though then a very old man—for he had already served under four sovereigns, receiving his first commission when George III. was king—Sir Harry was still keen of hearing, and he evidently followed

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what I had to say with the closest attention, for I heard him whisper to my chairman, Sir William Olpherts, V.C.—

“That is my son he is now talking about.”

I had little idea at that time that a decade later I should occupy a part of the residence built by him when naval commander-in-chief of Far Eastern waters. The house was a wooden bungalow erected under his direction by the bluejackets of his flagship H.M.S. *Rodney*. It stood on the Bluff in Yokohama, commanding a most comprehensive view of the whole harbour, and a path from the quaint Japanese garden led down the cliff to a landing-stage. The “Little Admiral” was, therefore, always in touch with his boats, a necessary precaution in those days, for in 1868 Japan was in a turbulent state, and there was very little love shown by the inhabitants for the “red-haired foreign devils,” as the natives designated all Americans and Europeans. When I stayed in what was once Keppel’s house, I was the guest of a charming American couple, the MacWilliams, who took the greatest pride in the old place and its beautiful garden.

When H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to Japan in 1869, he frequently came to see the admiral, and in the grounds of the bungalow are two flourishing fir-trees which, tradition has it, were planted in commemoration of a visit paid the “Little Admiral” by the duke and the Mikado, the latter then only a youth of sixteen.

IV

I WAS seated under the verandah at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, shortly after the 1882 affair. As usual in those days, before the many palatial hosteleries which now cater for the great influx of winter visitors were built, people used to congregate on the flags of the *stoep* in front of that famous old hotel to watch the passengers arrive by the evening train from Europe.

I was lazily puffing at a cheroot, stretching myself in a lounge chair and playing with two bull-dog pups belonging to Luigi Steinschneider, the excellent manager, who now owns an hotel at Cimiez, when the evening procession of carriages with their occupants arrived from the station. A rather severe-looking lady in black, slowly followed by a man, stepped out of the second carriage and hurried into the hotel. The man halted half-way up the steps to wipe the sweat from his forehead, for the weather was intensely humid just then in Cairo. As he raised his soft, Alpine hat a slant of sunlight caught the side of his face and lit up a rugged, deep-set scar which ran from below the left eye right down the jaw. The red light gave a remarkable

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hue to the wound, as if the cut had been freshly made. The whole face was stern and rather a repugnant one.

It was the face of a portrait I had, as a student, seen on the walls of the Royal Academy, which had a magnetic charm for me. I remembered it at once. The *Consul of Trieste* was the title of the study of that remarkable head, and it was painted by Sir Frederick Leighton.

I hurried up to the man still wiping his face with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Excuse me," I said, "but are you not the Consul of Trieste?"

He looked at me with almost a scowl on his strong, rugged face, as much as to say: "Who the devil are you, sir?"

"Forgive me," I continued, "but I was suddenly impelled to address you, I can't tell you why, more than I have been always impressed by a certain portrait painted by Leighton, which appeared in the Academy in my student days, called the *Consul of Trieste*. I felt certain that you were the sitter, and I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to speak to you."

There was a curious, half-amused glint in his deep-set eyes as he said—

"My name's Burton."

For the moment I felt very foolish, for my memory did not serve me further than that of the *Consul of Trieste*, but he added—

"I was consul of Trieste and you are right

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about the portrait. But don't let us stand here; come into the hotel."

Of course it all then dawned on me. This was the famous Sir Richard Burton, the great traveller and explorer, the hero of a hundred-and-one marvellous adventures which had fascinated my youth.

What a charm of manner he had when once you got behind that stern, almost repulsive exterior. On the following evening he augmented the contingent of idlers on the flags awaiting the coming of the Alexandria and Port Said trains, and we were, as usual, seated smoking when the procession of *fiacres*, with their dusty and weary occupants, arrived. A solitary figure stepped out of the last carriage. As the man mounted the steps the fierce rays of the setting sun lit up his face exactly with the same vividness as Burton's had been on the previous evening. I gave a start as the clean-cut, classic features stood out in the Rembrandt-like glow.

"Look, Sir Richard," I whispered; "this is a curious coincidence; there is the artist who painted your portrait."

And Sir Frederick Leighton, who had come to Egypt to make some studies for his Academy pictures, passed us and stepped into the hotel.

It was also in Cairo I came across Mr., now Sir Harry, Johnstone. He had just arrived at Shepherd's from one of his extraordinary wanderings in Central Africa. 'Considering the ordinary

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ravages of climate and hardships of African travel, one would expect to see a sun-baked, shrivelled-up type of individual. Instead of this a dapper, bright, lithe-looking youth, with rosy cheeks and complexion like a peach, shook me by the hand. He had been a colleague on the *Graphic*, the pages of which had been embellished with his charming work for years. Since those days he had been well known to the visitors of the Royal Academy as an exhibitor of considerable merit by pictures full of tropical colour and brilliant sunlight ; pictures before which I have often stood on a dark, dismal day, feeling that I was back again in the full flood of the light and warmth of the sunny East.

Much has been made of Egypt since 1882, when a few marines, with whom I landed, established the first occupation of the British which has never since been relaxed. Sir Edward Malet was our first diplomatic agent in Cairo, and, by his tact and amiability, did wonders in reconciling the many foreign interests adverse to our advent after the short campaign which brought the rebel Arabi to his knees. Sir Edward drove beside the Khedive when he entered his capital in state. I remember that he was good enough to ask me to do him a water-colour sketch of the event. He was a much pleasanter personality than his great successor, Sir Evelyn Baring, afterwards Lord Cromer. Rather heavy, sombre and pompous, is the first impression one has of the maker of modern Egypt. But when

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once off the diplomatic stage he is affability and geniality itself. The first reception in Cairo, when he took up his residency, was most stiff and formal, and was somewhat resented by the officers who had been the means (by hard fighting through a sweltering Egyptian summer) of creating the *raison d'être* of his office. The little finger of his right hand and a haughty smile was the treatment which many had to bear as they filed by to pay their respects. This reception was the origin of that rather weak pun on his name and conduct of "Sir Over-Bearing." But away from the footlights of office he is a different man. I remember crossing from Brindisi to Alexandria in one of the smallest and most uncomfortable of P. & O. steamers, the s.s. *Tanjore*. The sea was abominably rough and the weather was wet. Most passengers were below, and there was only one beside myself who frequented the canvassed-in portion of the deck, which served in those days for a smoking-room.

"Are you not Mr. Villiers?" said he.

"Yes," I replied.

Then I discovered that my companion of the smoking-booth was the pro-consul of Egypt. What a delightful passage, in spite of the incessant pitch and toss of the vessel, I spent on that journey out to the land of the Pharaohs, owing to the small chats in that abominable shift of a smoking-room with this clever, genial, interesting personality!

The Khedive Tewfik, whom we had thoroughly

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secured on his throne by the capture of Arabi, was an amiable, rather weak ruler, and wanted a man like Baring to take the reins. I had an interview with His Highness in the Abdin Palace, Cairo. He was good enough to send for me as he was about to decorate me with the officers' class of the Turkish Order of the *Medjidie*. I was not kept waiting in the ante-chamber more than a few minutes before I was ushered into his presence. As I entered the room he was entirely alone, and advanced towards me and shook hands. He then at once came to business, produced a morocco case, which he had held in his left hand while he shook hands with his right, and said—

“Mr. Villiers, I have much pleasure in personally handing this decoration to you.”

After I had thanked him for the great honour he had conferred on me, he took a gold cigarette-case from his pocket, and said—

“Do you smoke?”

“Yes, your Highness,” I replied.

I took the cigarette and, striking a match, offered him a light.

“I do not smoke,” said he, with a smile.

“Then I won’t,” I replied, “but will keep the cigarette as a souvenir.”

This ended the interview. I have only half of that cigarette remaining, for I kept it with some other relics in my studio; unfortunately, while I was absent one morning a friend of mine called and, hunting the place for a smoke, discovered this

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favourite Egyptian brand. Luckily, I returned in time to save a part of it, which is now safely locked in a glass case.

I met the Khedive again when he gave a fête to the British officers, after the campaign of 1882, in his beautiful palace of Ghezireh on the Nile. It was a lovely night. A full moon sparkled on the water. The Khedive's famous silver band played selections from *Aida*, while a choir of beautiful voices floated over the river from numerous craft moving to and fro below the walls of the palace. The place had been elaborately installed with electric light. The Khedive was rather proud at adopting this, the then recent acquisition to Western civilization. On seeing me he caught my arm, and walked me towards a fountain playing in one of the vestibules, and pointed with delight to the fluttering pool full of goldfish. Incandescent globes were cunningly secreted in the niches of rocks, lighting up the waters and playing on the ruddy fish. No doubt His Highness wondered at the beautiful display. It was certainly the first time I had seen globes submerged in this way, and to the Oriental mind it must have seemed the work of Magic to light lamps when under water.

While the Khedive was enjoying freedom and the wonders of civilization, his late antagonist was locked up in the barracks opposite the Abden Palace under a strong guard of British soldiers. The day after I chatted with Tewfik, I was talking with his recent enemy, awaiting his trial for life or



ACHMED ARABI PASHA.

[To face p. 68.]

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death in gaol. I called for the purpose, if possible, of getting a water-colour sketch of the famous Egyptian patriot for the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Arabi was very civil to me and posed for his portrait with calm dignity till I produced the shining, metal water-colour box from my pocket, when the prisoner gave a sudden start, and his face turned to an ashen grey. I saw that this change was caused by the fear of the metal colour-box, which he had taken for some instrument by which he was to be done to death. A private execution was quite an Oriental method of procedure with prisoners of his calibre. It saved so much trouble, and all that the outside world generally knew of the matter was that the prisoner had had some fatal seizure and had died.

I, however, reassured Arabi on this score by showing him the colours, and soon a fairly decent presentment of himself in my sketch-book, at which he showed his teeth and smiled.

After his trial, and commutation of his sentence of death to perpetual exile, he was transported to Ceylon. I happened to land a few years afterwards at Colombo when *en route* for Australia, and thought I would call to see how my old sitter was getting on. I found him inhabiting a little suburban house called "Elizabeth Villa," in the vicinity of which lived his compatriots who were sentenced and transported with him. He was not at home when I arrived, but I found him in a field near by, with his friends in exile, at evening prayer. It was a curious

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coincidence that, many years after this meeting, I arrived in Colombo the very same afternoon that Arabi and his friends, on board a mail steamer, were moving out of the harbour as free men once more, *en route* for the beloved land of their birth.

I expect that Arabi never went back to his old home, for directly he was captured and tried for his life his property was confiscated, and the Khedive handed over his house to the Viscountess Strangford, who turned it into an English hospital, and dedicated it to Her Majesty the late Queen. And an excellent, airy, little *hôtel Dieu* the Victoria hospital made. Here that estimable lady, assisted by Dr. Sieveking, looked after the sick and wounded. I remember a large black cat, with a white tail, which haunted the rooms in search of their former occupants, and would never be reconciled to the present inhabitants. He was supposed by the nurses to have the malignant spirit of Achmed Arabi in him, and of a night would wail at the top of his voice over the fallen fortunes of the House.

Poor Lady Strangford died in harness ; she was returning from a short holiday in Europe to Cairo, on hospital work, and was seized with apoplexy on board the steamer. I first met her in Bulgaria, where she was erecting shelters and hospitals for the wretched sufferers from the cruelties of the Turkish irregular troops, in 1876. It was a bitterly cold winter, nothing but snow and ice for nearly four months. The roads were execrable and almost impassable



DR. SILVER ATTENDING THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN VISCOUNTESS STRANFORD'S
HOSPITAL, CAIRO.

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with the huge drifts, yet Lady Strangford was moving about the country superintending the erection of huts, and distributing funds for the relief of the poverty-stricken and sick refugees. I met her in many a miserable hovel, tendering relief to the wretched sufferers.

It was in one of her hospitals in Turkey I met Dr. Lamson, in charge of the sick, a man very much respected by his patients, and evidently of a kindly disposition by the care he took of them. Yet this man, a few years later, committed a most cruel and cold-blooded murder by administering aconite to his brother-in-law, a boy at school at the time. The poison was concealed in some sweets which he gave to the lad while paying him an affectionate visit. When I think of the mild, amiable face of Lamson as he attended the sick in Lady Strangford's hospital, I can hardly reconcile the fact of the monstrous heartlessness of the murderer who, knowing the terrible sufferings his victim must be passing through before death came to his release, calmly spent the evening of the crime, with his wife, at the theatre.

The day before he was condemned to death I was disturbed in my studio about nine in the evening by a man who told me that he was Lamson's solicitor. He came from the prisoner to ask me to testify as to his character when I knew him in Turkey. I pointed out to his messenger that I was ready to do so, but did he not think that at this point of the trial it would look like the "last straw" to bear witness

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of that kind? He went away, and I heard no more from him.

Lady Strangford, when in London, lived at 3, Upper Brook Street, and I used to meet many interesting and famous people at her house. One evening she invited me to meet the explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley. There was only one other guest at the table, Prince Ghika, the Roumanian minister, so I practically took possession of the explorer, and therefore spent a most delightful evening, for he was unusually talkative and affable. I found him still very bitter against the Press and the British public for doubting the sincerity of his achievements during his early days in Central Africa.

"Mr. Villiers," said he, and his fine lustrous eyes glowed with anger, "I was a young man in those days, and filled with the ambition of youth; and, do you know, I felt that it was rather a big thing to be the discoverer of the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone. I thought I had done something. When I came to this country the people received my tale with incredulity, and the Press attacked me most persistently. I shall never forget it, and can never forgive them. I am older now, and less sensitive about what the world says of me; but you, as a young man, can possibly understand my resentment."

Many years after I met him again—when honours had come thick upon him, and he had been knighted by the King—at the Everett House in New York. He had been recently

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married to that charming artist, the delineator of London waifs and strays and gamins of the streets, Miss Dorothy Tennant. This lady I knew as an art-student, and I used to go to her mother's receptions at Richmond Terrace. It was at one of these At Homes I met that incomparable French comedian, Coquelin aîné; an actor with the most remarkably mobile face I think I have ever come across. A face that suggested to me the lines of Shakespeare—"a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

It was while Stanley was in quest of Emin Pasha, and there was much speculation as to the safety of the relief party, for it had not been heard of for over two years, that I wrote a letter to the *Times* stating that I thought a certain white man, who had been reported seen in the country of the Bahr Gazelle, might be the long-absent explorer. I was dining that night at the Tennants, and took Miss Dorothy down to dinner. She showed much interest in the suggestion I had made regarding the whereabouts of Stanley, and seemed very pleased that I thought he was still alive and likely to turn up safely with the pasha. That he was not the man to let the world know of his movements till they had been crowned with success I knew by what he had told me of his previous methods of exploration.

I had no idea at the time that Stanley had already proposed marriage to her, and that I was sitting next to the woman who was probably

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always in his thoughts as he pushed his weary way through the Dark Continent, and that she was to be his prize if ever he saw the light of day again.

On his return to England, after his relief of Emin Pasha, Stanley told the story of the behaviour of his rearguard. All England was aflame with indignation against him for his severe criticism on the action of many of its members. Knowing the type of man Stanley was, and knowing also three of the prominent members of that rearguard—especially one of them, who was the very last man in the whole world to have dealings with natives—I felt that Stanley was perfectly correct in his accusation, and therefore sympathized with him. There was only one man of the rearguard contingent who was worth a row of pins in the position in which that guard found itself, and that was Reginald Ward, who was, unfortunately, overruled by the others. I was behind the scenes at that little drama of the rearguard, and I think no body of white men could have behaved quite so badly in any responsible position as those who composed it. Still the public had gone mad on the supposed unfair criticisms of Stanley, and not five per cent. of people I met in those days would listen to any argument to the contrary.

I again met the great explorer in New York on his honeymoon, and remember well his look of wonder when I began to congratulate him on his safe return, and said—

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"Do you know the best thing you have ever done in your life, Mr. Stanley? I will tell you. It was when you returned alone over that ghastly route to try to find out what had become of the rearguard. That lonely march over stale ground, strewn with the *débris* of deserted camps, and the remains of those who had fallen by the way; with anxiety all the time gnawing at your heart; and the mortification of losing so much valuable time required unbounded patience and determination. And when, at last, you came across the tragedy of that collapse of all your instructions and arrangements so carefully made, in the ghastly story, told by the one remaining white man, of the plight of the rearguard; with all this trouble weighing on your heart, to retrace your steps once more, knowing that the whole expedition was seriously crippled by the behaviour of those men in whom you had placed so much confidence, was certainly the best piece of work you have ever done."

A grim smile stole over Stanley's face as I came to the end of my burst of enthusiasm; and then we changed the subject, for the figure of a young Englishman, who was travelling with the party, burst into the room. He had only been in America for two days, and had been doing Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

"Stanley," cried he, "I came acwoss such a funny little bit of indiwubber in a shop window on Broadway. You see it's not like the ordinawy

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pieces of wubber. No, it was in the shape of a cartwidge, don't ch' know, and the little piece of indiwubber was the bullet end. These Amewicans are vewy clever."

He then dropped his monocle, which he rubbed with his silk handkerchief, and smiled urbanely upon us both. The sky-scrapers, the hustle and bustle of the city, the palatial stores, were to him as nothing compared to this remarkable little bit of indiarubber.

Few people know that before he began to explore Central Africa Stanley was a war-correspondent, and acted in that capacity with Lord Napier at Magdala, and with Viscount Wolseley in Ashantee. I remember reading a remarkable bit of word painting by him in his description of the British forces attacking King Theodore's stronghold during a violent thunder-storm. And Wolseley speaks of meeting him during the battle of Amoaful, in his charming book: *The Story of a Soldier's Life*, in the following words—

"A thoroughly good man, no noise, no danger ruffled his nerve, and he looked as cool and as self-possessed as if he had been at 'Target-practice.' Time after time, as I turned in his direction, I saw him go down to a kneeling position to steady his rifle as he plied the most daring of the enemy with a never-failing aim. It is nearly thirty years ago, and I can still see before me the close shut lips and determined expression of his manly face,

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which when he looked in my direction told plainly I had near me an Englishman in plain clothes whom no danger could appal. Had I felt inclined to run away, the cool, firm, unflinching manliness of that face would have given me fresh courage."

I think Wolseley must have mentally excluded Stanley, at least, from the charge he made against war-correspondents, in his *Soldiers' Pocket Book*, where he speaks of them as "drones of the army."

V

WHEN in America, Stanley was lecturing on "Darkest Africa," under the auspices of that famous American impresario, the late Major J. B. Pond. The major was one of America's remarkable type of men who have worked their way from nothing to the highest pinnacle of their profession. He was the son of one of the first settlers in Wisconsin, then the frontier of civilized America, and he told me that his father was a red-hot abolitionist, and that many a night he had slept out on the prairie with runaway slaves, while his father and a few neighbours stood over them to protect them from recapture by the United States marshal. So keen was he as a lad on the slave question that he joined old John Brown of "sour apple tree fame," and carried a Sharp's rifle, or, as he humorously called it, a "Beecher Bible."

From a printer's devil he rose to an important billet on the *Salt Lake Tribune*, when he soon afterwards "struck oil."

The railroad had just reached the centre of the Mormon settlement in Utah, and with this advance of progress and civilization came many gentiles to Zion. Among these was a Methodist preacher and his wife, who happened to take lodgings in a house owned by Ann• Eliza, the nineteenth and

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last wife of Brigham Young. Soon this one of many wives, owing to the influence of the Methodists, began to fall away from the Mormon Church and embrace the ways of Methodism. She one night told the story of her life with the great polygamist, and so startled her audience assembled at the Walker House Hotel that her experiences were taken up by the Press and wired all over the world. Pond seized the situation, and invited her to travel through the States on a lecture tour, and in one season made over five thousand pounds.

Her main object for lecturing—to enlist the sympathy of the Congress for the oppressed in Utah—was also achieved, for the famous Poland Bill, which was the thin end of the wedge to smash up Mormonism, was passed.

However, Ann Eliza was looked on by Mrs. Susa Gates—one of the daughters of Brigham by his sixth or seventh wife, Lucy—as an unscrupulous, jealous, untruthful woman, who had treated her dear father—one of the purest and most unselfish of men, as well as one of the greatest—in, as she thought, the most scandalous manner. This lady the cute major urged to give her version of the so-called oppressed of Utah, but the negotiations came to nothing. I have often pointed out to Pond what a show he had missed in not having both the ladies on the platform together.

Ann Eliza was the first rung of the ladder for the major, and ever after he was more or less in smooth waters. He had a great frankness of

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manner, and when one could persuade him to talk of his early life it was really a delight to listen to him. His speech was full of those old Americanisms which sparkle with wit and good-humour.

He was sometimes slow at catching on to a joke against himself.

When Mrs. Pond presented him with a fine boy one morning, I met him during the day, and in congratulating him on the joyous event, said—

“My dear Pond, and how is the puddle?”

He stared for a moment, and then with a sad, sympathetic look at me he seized me by the arm, and replied—

“Villiers, I guess, you must feel kinder mean this morning. Come into the Everett House and take a cocktail.”

The major was a genial, generous-hearted companion, and possibly there is not a man more universally missed in any profession than he, for his clients hailed from the four quarters of the earth. I have come across some of the most interesting personalities in his little office by the side of the Everett House on Union Square, where the portraits of all the prominent platform-talkers hung on its walls. I met there, for the first time, the Very Rev. Dean' Hole. He was, with his wife, staying at the Everett House. Pond, with an eye to the business-end of things, and his quaint gallery of celebrities, arranged that Sarony (who was christened the Emperor of Photographers, more for his remarkable likeness to the late Napoleon III.

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than his art, though few could excel him in portraiture) should take the dean's picture. When he arrived at the studio with his lecture star, Sarony ran forward and caught the dean's hand.

"Major," cried he, as he gazed amazed at the stalwart proportions of the parson, "you have at last brought me a subject I can enjoy. I'd just like to hug you, sir," said the artist.

"I have not the slightest objection," the dean replied. And Sarony tried to encircle the big man with his arms.

It was always the major's rule to arrange, if possible, with the famous Lotos Club to give a dinner to any of his great stars as the puff preliminary for future business. One morning when I called on him he was full of the success the dean had made at the dinner, and his humorous speech.

"His towering figure and genial face riveted attention at once, and he caught them in his grip directly he spoke," said the delighted major. "'I can assure you, gentlemen,' said the dean, 'that when I received your invitation, having heard so much of the literary, artistic, and social amenities of your famous club, I could have quoted the words of the mate in Hood's *Up the Rhine*, when, during a storm at sea, a titled lady sent for him and asked him if he could swim. 'Yes, my lady,' says he, 'like a duck.' 'That being the case,' says she, 'I shall condescend to lay hold of your arm all night.' 'Too great an honour for the likes of me,' says the mate.'"

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While the dean was in New York, he and his wife were practically smothered with roses by his numerous Manhattan friends and admirers who knew that the Very Rev. Dean was a horticulturist of some considerable merit and a famous grower of roses.

When I was in Rochester, England, many years after, the dean invited me to stay the night with him, and took the chair at my lecture. I had not visited the place since Charles Dickens lay dead in his home by the high-road near Gad's Hill, when as a youth I walked from London the day after his death, and wept as I gazed up at the house where lay the remains of one who had done so much to cheer my boyhood. I had only met Dickens once, when I was quite a little fellow, and I remember his rather gay-coloured suit, bright green tie, ruddy, lean face, and keen, restless eyes; but he was one of my idols when a boy. His great contemporary and rival in popularity I learnt to love when my youth was passing into manhood, and I always feel a delight, when I look back, that I met William Makepeace Thackeray one morning in my uncle's office in Danes Inn, where he had come for some law reference. His broad kindly face, his wide expanse of white waistcoat, loose grey coat and check trousers, always loom up before me when my wife, of a winter's evening, reads to me from his, for all time, precious writings.

My first visit to New York was in the time when the Brevoort House and the Fifth Avenue were the hotels at which to stay. I had just

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arrived from 'Frisco, and a heavy, cumbersome hackney-coach was lazily crawling with me and my baggage over the, then, atrociously paved streets to the latter house, when I chanced to see an old campaigning friend, J. P. Jackson of the *New York Herald*, crossing Broadway. I was so delighted to find a friend in a city where I knew absolutely no one that I opened the door of the carriage, slipping out while it was still in motion, and rushed at him. The last time I had seen Jackson was before Plevna with the Russian army. Whenever he had a day off from war duties he went on with his writing of the libretto to Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* for the Carl Rosa Company, in a Bulgarian hovel, to the accompaniment of the blast of the siege guns. He told me that the growling rumbling of the cannon inspired him in his work.

The happy greeting over, I remembered the cab. It had, of course, continued its lazy way to its destination, and when we arrived at the hotel we found the coachman in a terrible state of anxiety regarding his fare. On arriving at the Fifth Avenue he had discovered that I had vanished, and was now explaining his dilemma to a couple of policemen, thinking that I had been spirited away by one of the many "bunco-steerers."

New York was in those days the most depressing city on earth. Overhead was a labyrinth of telegraph wires, and the streets were a sea of masts. In front of every house or store were boxes or barrels placed on the curb where all refuse was

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shot. When the wind was high the dust and cinders from the overladen barrels were whirled into the air, while the litter of paper and rags clinging to the overhead wires made the streets the most dismal and slovenly thoroughfares I have ever traversed. On passing through the remarkable city of to-day one can hardly realize the state bordering on the chaotic in which its inhabitants lived a quarter of a century ago.

I used to frequent the Brunswick restaurant, which stood opposite the famous Delmonico's. It is now pulled down, but it was an excellent hostelry, quite as good in its way as the more fashionable one across the street but never so well patronized. I used to watch the overflowing crowds of New York's fashionable "four hundred" waiting in the doorway, and, in fact, on the pavement, for vacant seats at the smart restaurant, and wondered why some of them didn't cross the road and enjoy a luncheon, quite as good as Delmonico's, in peace and quietude, instead of attempting to eat in the noise and bustle of an overcrowded room. It is curious what New Yorkers will pay and suffer to be considered in the fashion.

It was in the saloon of the Brunswick that I heard my first Yankee horse story. I hope it is not a horse chestnut. A man was talking to one or two interested loafers about a fast mare he possessed, and his listeners were rather sceptical. Said he—

"Guess I never came across sich a fast animal. Why, she would walk faster than some horses run.

**FROM THE LABORATORY OF
T. A. EDISON
MENLO PARK N. J.
U. S. A.**



EDISON'S FIRST FILAMENT FOR
INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

[To face p. 84.]

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Her pace was just terrific, and nothing could stop it. She was fairly wearing herself out, and I was getting kinder rattled about it, when a vet friend put me up to a trick which was real good. He told me to tie a rag round her near fore-leg."

"How's that?" replied the astonished listeners.

"Wal, that mare was a cute cuss. When she spotted the bandage wound round her leg she came to the conclusion that she must have kinder strained herself, and shut down to ordinary speed at once."

At this period Edison was experimenting with his incandescent lamp, and my friend Jackson introduced me to the great inventor. I found him at a place called Menlo Park, an out-of-the-way suburb in New Jersey. It was dusk when I arrived, and I shall never forget my wonder on first coming across the incandescent electric lamp, now the common light in most parts of the world. On approaching Edison's little estate I found the grounds lighted, apparently, by a number of large glow-worms, which were not always glowing, but turning to a deep yellow, then red, and then provokingly fading away altogether.

Edison greeted me in a genial manner, but I could see he was much worried, so I let him alone, and put my questions to some of his subordinates. I was told by one of them that the inventor had not been to bed for eight days, but had dozed in his clothes on a couch in the laboratory to be always on the alert when these

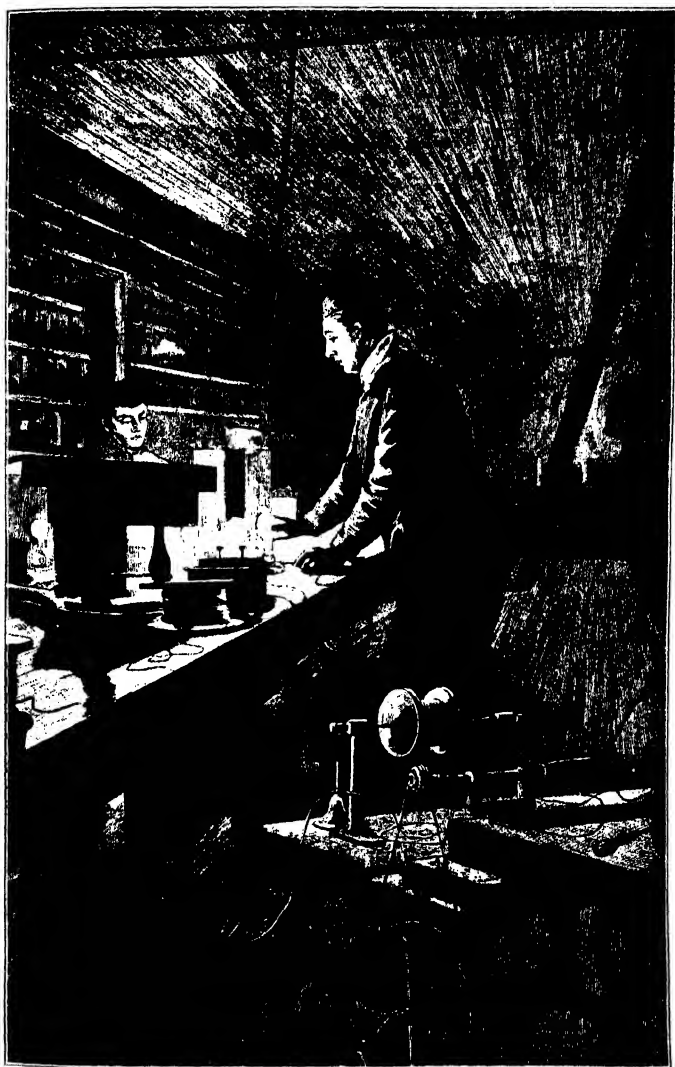
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little lamps, which were also strung across the workshops, showed any signs of a change in the quality of their light.

Edison looked puffy and unkempt, like a man who had been watching beside a sick-bed. He sat in deep thought, his strong, heavy face sunk in his shoulders. Now and again he would give a sigh of annoyance when a globe suddenly lost its glow and changed colour. I understood that it was a question of the carbon filament, or the efficacy of the glass vacuum, which in those early days of the great discovery of the incandescent light puzzled the inventor. I still possess a horse-shoe shaped filament used in the first globes, with which Edison presented me on that memorable evening. During my visit I was able to make a drawing of the inventor in Rembrandt effect, the light of his creation illuminating one side of his powerful, square face and the rest in deep shadow. This was published in the *Graphic*, and was afterwards bought for the Adelaide Art Gallery in South Australia.

Before I returned to England Edison had solved the difficulty, and found a better medium for the light, which became almost as permanent as it is to-day.

When I visited New York a decade later the streets were not much improved, but club life had developed, and I enjoyed the hospitality of the Lotos, Union, Players, and many others, whose



THOMAS EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY AT MENLO PARK.

(By permission of the proprietors of the Graphic.)

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portals were always open to distinguished Englishmen visiting the city. During all my after visits I invariably stopped at the clubs instead of the hotels. The Fifth Avenue Hotel was now almost eclipsed by more palatial hostelries, but still it was well patronized. Mrs. Kendal, who was acting in New York, was staying there, and also another actress, Mrs. Langtry. There was evidently a coolness between the rival ladies, which the vigilant New York press' reporter soon discovered, for one morning the *Herald* came out with the following interesting news in inch-letter headlines, taking up at least one-third of the column :—

MRS. KENDAL IS AT OUTS WITH MRS. LANGTRY AND PASSES HER ON THE STAIR.

I was staying at the Players in Gramercy Park, the famous house built by Booth the actor, who had a suite of apartments on the upper story. I always managed to return to dine about the hour when the grand old man came into the room, and to have a few words with him. He was one of the stately type of actor who was never "off the stage." To see him descend the stairs to the

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dining-room took one back to the theatre at once. There was the grand air of a *Richelieu* or the mien of a *Wolsey* in his measured steps.

Between the smoking and dining rooms was a narrow passage, in whose walls were deep-windowed recesses, behind which was a collection of the actor's more special stage properties. Booth would occasionally come to a halt before this little museum, and it was rather pathetic to see him wistfully gaze on crown and sceptre which he would never wear or wield again.

The Players was not exclusively an actor's club. Most of its members were authors, journalists, and artists—without the letter E. I met here Charles Dana Gibson, who used frequently to dine opposite me. He was a young man with clean-shaven face and athletic figure, and was already famous for his remarkable pen-and-ink work, but had never crossed the Atlantic. I urged him to do so, pointing out the enormous field for his type of art that lay waiting his magic touch. It was years after that he came to Europe. His fame had, however, preceded him, and he was as well known in England as in his own country. There is no man in the annals of art who has so captivated the world by the creation of a special type of beauty and who has set the fashion for all civilized womanhood throughout the globe. Indeed, I have seen black, yellow, and red, as well as white, women affect the fashion of head-gear that Gibson created in his ravishing pen-and-ink studies.

VI

ONE of the most popular Englishmen in New York at the time of my second visit was Mr. Alexander Guild. Of all the many good fellows I have met in my journeys round the world, Guild stands alone for the most perfectly unselfish hospitality. If he invited you to dinner it was his evident pleasure to watch the effect of some choice dish on his favoured guest, especially if the invited one was a new-comer to America. He would give a smile of supreme satisfaction when you had done full justice to the choicest of America's fare, terrapin, canvas-back duck, or little-neck clams.

When a consignment of pheasants, a rare bird in those days in New York, came from his son-in-law's shooting in the old country, a curt message would be sent round by him to his dearest friends to dine at the Lambs' next Sunday, and a half-dozen good fellows would also enjoy his good luck. A Sunday evening at the Lambs', especially on a "roasting" night, was full of fun. All guests were unmercifully abused and "roasted" if they attempted to return thanks to any toast or make a speech, and those who were not accustomed to the leg-pulling would sometimes lose their temper, which of course added

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to the hilarity of the members. The night Guild invited me to enjoy one of his pheasant-feasts, Wilson Barrett was the guest of some other Lambs, and after dinner, in all seriousness, not knowing the custom of the club, he had the temerity to get up and propose a scheme for a national theatre. His suggestion was continually interrupted, and was finally attacked in the most offensive and brutal manner by several clever speakers, and a well-known old stager, Mackay. Barrett turned red, then quite white, as he smarted under the scourge of their spiteful tongues. Then all at once he saw through the joke and rose to the occasion, returning the chaff in the same acrid fashion.

I was also at the Lambs' when Willard was the guest, and, to the astonishment of the members, he at once commenced to attack them. He said that he could not refrain from informing them that it was a great condescension on his part to accept their invitation that night, for he was not usually accustomed to associate with such a lot of artistic and literary refuse assembled to eat one of the worst dinners he had ever had the misfortune to partake.

A murmur of satisfactory surprise buzzed round the room, and as the English actor's abuse became even more venomous the members rose in their delight with one great cheer at the "roasting" they had received from the man whom they had intended to "roast."

Guild took me to see Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who was living, with his pretty young wife and handsome

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little son, in a pleasant flat near Madison Square. He had just returned from a long tour with his master-piece, *Rip Van Winkle*, and was now taking a holiday, which he mostly devoted to painting pictures from the many sketches he had made during his tour. He was an excellent painter, and had a direct and vigorous touch with the brush. He told me he had made his representation of *Rip* a study of years before he was satisfied with his performance and felt equal to presenting it to the public.

But so wonderfully perfect is this gem of histrionic art that it has delighted the playgoers of England and America again and again for nearly half a century, and there is a vast American audience still ready to support him whenever he appears in that character.

My friend Guild had a distant relative, an American, who had a charming estate outside Jersey City where we used to forgather for week-ends. Our host had been a galloper to Grant during the war, and was a smart, dapper, little cavalry officer who, like many of his compatriots, had gravitated after the fighting into business. He had never been to England, and, like most untravelled Americans, thought us, as a nation, "no gréat shakes." He was fond of hunting, and asked me if we went in for it to any extent in that played-out little islet over which Queen Vic. reigned?

"Oh yes," I replied, "we do hunt, in a way, in England."

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"Ah," he replied, "I guess you want a few of us boys to put you through with hunting. I have a good mind to take my gees across the Ferry and show you Britishers what we can do with horses."

"Do," said I. "You may also pick up a wrinkle or two in horseflesh from us."

The next time I visited New York Guild and I went over to his house to spend a few days. My friend told me that our host had been to England as he had promised, and I was therefore prepared for a change of front, but certainly not for one quite so remarkable. I noticed that the roads leading up to the house, which were mere tantalizing quagmires and ruts on my previous visit, were all now beautifully macadamized. We had come to breakfast, and our host smilingly advanced to meet us in an Oxford blazer of very pronounced hues. The first words he said to me were—

"Guess I have to make some apology to you regarding my previous remarks about your lovely country. I almost blush to think that I made such a cussed fool of myself. Why, sir, it's about the only place worth living in. Gosh! And I was going to teach you fellows how to ride. Well, there, shake, and let's havè a cock-tail to kinder hide my confusion. ^ My gum!" and he heaved a deep sigh, "those elegant bar-tenders in the railway restaurants!"

"You mean the barmaids?" I laughed.

"Yes, the gals in black, with snowy-white collars and cuffs. They're perfect peaches. How

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charmingly they serve you with a drink, those ghastly drinks with no ice. Guess those gals are the novellest things about your country. As you know, we have only men behind the bars in the States. I miss those gals."

Our host, to show his appreciation of his English visit, and to impress me, got into a smart scarlet hunting-coat and white kid breeches, and rode out alone for an hour to an imaginary pack of hounds, then he changed to knickers to take a walk with me before luncheon.

"See!" he said, as we passed over the new roads, "got this notion from across the Pond, but was obliged to tell my road-makers, who are all Irish, that the system comes from Germany. Bless you, I should otherwise have no macadam."

When we returned to the house he got into a morning suit; then changed later to the orthodox frock-coat for his wife's afternoon tea; then he shifted into a velvet lounge-jacket before dinner; then he dressed; and eventually wound up the evening in a sumptuous, quilted-silk smoking-jacket.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he threw himself into an easy chair. "You know how to exist in your beautiful country. Fancy thinking the people were a monotonous, played-out, stick-in-the-mud set. Why, it just makes one smile; it's a huge libel. They are always changing."

At a dinner to H. M. Stanley, at Delmonico's, in honour of his last expedition in Central Africa,

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I became acquainted with two well-known American personalities, General Sherman and Mr. Chauncy M. Depew. I sat next to the latter ; a tall, fresh-coloured, fine-figured man. He was clean shaven, but for a pair of mutton-chop whiskers, which, being nearly white, heightened the ruddy, healthy tone of his complexion. His features were sharp and clean-cut and his deep-seated, dark-blue eyes had a peculiar fire in them whenever he said a good thing. And he said many good things that night.

I watched him with considerable interest, for he was supposed to be one of America's greatest orators. I must say, in this respect, he greatly disappointed me. His style was too melodramatic, and he worked those fine eyes of his with too much of the actors' art.

As an orator he did not appeal to me as much as General Horace Porter, though both had that peculiar and entertaining trick of introducing incidents quite irrelevant to the subject of their discourse, *à propos* of nothing, which characterizes all American oratory. For instance, this is a sample from a speech delivered by Horace Porter to the members of the Lotos Club who entertained him to dinner before he left New York for France, where he had just been appointed ambassador.

"You will probably have observed that I have a cold in my throat. But it is not a 'campaign' cold. It is like one that a man had whom I met in Arkansas ; he had a sore throat, and when his wife asked how he got it, said it was due to a sudden

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change. He had been eating flannel-cakes and had suddenly changed to buckwheat. Probably the easiest thing for me to have given you to-night was one of my campaign speeches, a little altered so as to bring it up to date. That would have reminded you of the Scotsman who was riding on the railway from Perth to Inverness, and was chewing his ticket in his mouth. A friend travelling with him said, 'You are very extravagant to be chewing up a ticket that costs twelve shillings and sixpence.' 'Nay, mon,' he replied, 'it is a limited ticket, and I am only sucking off the date.'"

General Sherman was exceedingly tall and slight, and though accredited with a character of considerable sternness there was nothing in his face to show it. It was wreathed in smiles all through dinner till the band struck up *Marching through Georgia*, probably the most popular and hackneyed, but most inspiriting, tune the world has ever known; even the Japanese have now adopted it for their most popular march. Then the smile left his face, and when the guests stood up and cheered he frowned. I suppose he was thinking of that ragged band of heroes who reached the sea after that weary march, and how sweet sounded the music of the welcome roar of the ocean.

When he rose to respond to the toast for the army he laughingly referred to the newspaper reporters with his troops in Georgia, for the room was full of the fraternity taking notes.

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"They were a great trouble to me on that march, and I had much difficulty in keeping my plans from prematurely appearing in the papers. I am afraid I must have seemed a bit bearish to the 'intrepid correspondents,' and I remember that I threatened to have at least one of those zealous gentlemen shot. But," continued the general, still with a sweet smile on his face, "if I were campaigning with war-correspondents of the present day I would have all of them hanged." *

In spite of this cruel threat I had a most interesting chat with the veteran warrior who knew and loved my dear friend Forbes, of whom he spoke in most eulogistic terms. I was able to tell him, which seemed to pleased him mightily, that during the Russo-Turkish war the great Russian General Skobeleff told me that the finest feat of arms of which he knew was Sherman's march to the sea.

I was glad to have met the general and to have had this chat, for within the month he was dead.

His funeral was one of the most impressive functions at which I have been present. From all parts of the States comrades in arms, black and white, donned their old guard uniforms and became soldiers once more to swell the ranks of the vast array of mourners that followed the great American soldier to his last bivouac.

I stumbled across Richard Mansfield one afternoon and he casually asked me if I was doing



GENERAL SHERMAN OF THE U.S. ARMY.

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anything in particular that evening. Finding that I was not, he invited me to dine at Delmonico's. I found on arriving that it was a dinner given to about twenty editors and *litterateurs* of New York, and Horace Porter was one of the guests.

It was a lavish and extravagant dinner, one of Delmonico's supreme efforts. Mansfield called it the "Wake of Richard." He had been playing *Richard III.* to such indifferent houses in New York that he was compelled to close the theatre and withdraw the play, and this dinner was to celebrate its death. The banquet was served in the Old English style. The cooks, in pompous and solemn procession, brought in the meats, each guest in turn standing up and notifying his approval as the joints were taken to the carving board. Every guest had the menu infamed in huge wreaths of white or red roses, symbolical of the Houses of York and Lancaster, to, metaphorically speaking, place on the bier of the dead play. Nevertheless it was not by any means a sombre feast, for what with the eccentric utterances of Horace Porter, the wit of Max O'Rell, and the best of Delmonico's cellar, we were gay with laughter. This magnificent feast, by which the plucky actor-manager brought his disastrous season to a close, was wired all over America, and he opened in Chicago to splendid business, and fortune now smiled on him everywhere. Thus is the power of advertisement in the United States, and the admiration of its citizens for a man of resource and indomitable pluck.

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While I was in New York I became acquainted with America's greatest caricaturist, Mr. Thomas Nast. His remarkable war pictures in *Harper's Weekly* so stirred the patriotic feeling in the north during the civil war that thousands of youths, aroused to enthusiasm by these drawings, were induced to join the colours, and possibly no one in those days did more in suppressing the rebellion with pen, tongue, or sword than did Nast with his pencil. His political cartoons influenced public opinion to so great an extent that with a few strokes of his pencil he could make or mar the career of a man.

A Mr. Brown was nominated for the Vice-Presidency of St. Louis and had then signed the pledge. During his oratorical campaign in the Eastern States he is said to have drunk too much at a New Haven banquet. The *Good Templars'* Society telegraphed to some persons in New Haven to corroborate this indictment. The gist of the return wire was that they did not know whether Brown was drunk or not, but he ate butter on his water-melon. Nast came out the following week with a cartoon in which Brown, as *Bacchus*, was depicted astride of a water-melon in the act of buttering a slice.

I met the humourist, Bill Nye, and many others, at Pond's office in the Everett House. Nye was a very lanky man, with a hairless, rather ascetic face, bald head, and a very solemn demeanour. He had a remarkable following; people would

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crowd a house to hear him talk. His humour was slow, but sure. It would always come, but sometimes one would have to wait for it. I remember one night waiting fully fifteen minutes for a laugh. He was wading, with a dull, monotonous voice, through a rigmarole of a story about a young man whose father was supposed to have been lost at sea. One day he meets a man near-by his homestead, who turns out to be his long-lost father. The lad listens to the man's story of adventure and shipwreck. And the audience was listening too, wondering when the joke would come to this rather weary yarn. It came, sure enough.

"Wal," continued the man, "when the ship foundered I struck out and swam. I saw that I was the only survivor; all my comrades were lost."

"Yes, father?" replied the son.

"For many hours I struggled with the cruel waters, till at last I almost gave up all hope, when suddenly——"

"Yes?" cried the expectant boy. And the audience was also by this time waiting anxiously for the point of the story.

"I touched something hard," he continued. "It was the United States."

Max O'Rell was a great attraction in America, and held his own with most of the platform humourists there, but his fun was a little acrid and mostly at the expense of others. He was clever enough to know that most people like to laugh at

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their neighbours. He was particularly successful in playing this off with the fairer sex. When in England there was no nicer female in the wide world than the Englishwoman; when in America the women of the United States were the only women in the world for elegance, beauty, and wit. His lecture, called *Her Royal Highness Woman*, which dealt exclusively with the foibles of the fairer sex, he would change about to suit the situation. He was a man whom every one liked, and in the many countries he visited while lecturing he received the greatest hospitality. Though I knew him intimately, and we were the best of friends, I could never get away from the feeling that, though living the best part of his life in England and earning his livelihood in this country, he was still a Frenchman.

He was a very abstemious man, drank but little, and smoked less; he was very smart in picking up a good story, and would serve it up with a little of his own *sauce piquant*, which was always sure to add to its zest.

One morning I joined him at *déjeuner* at the little restaurant attached to the Everett House. He had just evolved, or heard, a good story, which he eventually embodied in one of his books.

"It's the question of a mother-in-law," said he. "A man with a delightful wife, and the proverbially unpleasant wife's mother. She falls ill, and the dutiful daughter goes to nurse her. The husband one day receives a télégram: 'Mother dead; shall

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we have her embalmed, cremated, or buried?' The husband wires back: 'Do the three; take no chance.'

"But it's not as good as Sardou's," he continued: "'If you have to choose between living with your mother-in-law or shooting yourself, do not hesitate a single moment—shoot her.'"

O'Rell had a most charming, sympathetic voice, and in his lectures the sudden change from a gay mood to a serious touch of sentiment was always most fascinating. No entertainer had a greater grip of his audience, from the moment he appeared on the platform to the fall of the curtain. He had suddenly to cut short a most successful tour in the Western States owing to an attack of illness that eventually prove fatal. Stricken with that terrible malady, cancer, for years he had suffered, his friends knowing but little of the tortures he must have endured. He always kept a brave exterior. To the end he possessed those plucky, soldierly qualities he had exhibited when he fought and bled for his beloved country in the Franco-German War; and he passed away showing a brave and cheerful demeanour. A common friend has given me permission to publish the following letter which he received a few hours before O'Rell's death:—

"9, Rue Freycinet, Champs Elysées,

"Paris, May 20.

"MY DEAR CHRISTY,

"At last the truth has had to be told me. The stricture of the bowels, for which I underwent an operation

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in New York seventeen months ago, was caused by cancer. It has come again, and now no other operating is possible.

“I may live a few months without pain. I am even so strong that I may live a year or so, but under the circumstances can I book lectures?”

“Alas, I may never again see an English audience. I loved my work. They seemed to like me so much too—and I loved them.

“I am resigned and cheerful. I have not spent an altogether useless life.

“Sincerely yours,

“PAUL BLOUET.”

I first became acquainted with George Kennan, of Siberian fame, on the lecture platform in the United States, where I saw him dressed as a Siberian convict.

In the course of the lecture he would come before his audience clad in convict costume, with manacles and chain, which gave a remarkably realistic effect to his discourse on the miseries of the Russian political exiles. His articles, appearing in the *Century Magazine*, of the horrors of the Siberian mines, and the wretched life of the prisoners, had created a sensation all over the civilized world, and my good friend, Major Pond, had at once secured George Kennan to lecture for him. The major had sporting instincts, and made a plucky offer to Kennan.

“I will give you twenty thousand dollars for two hundred lectures,” he wrote, “and pay all expenses.”

This was a clear offer of five thousand pounds

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for the lecturer, who generously sent a considerable amount of it to ameliorate the condition of the wretched sufferers of Russian misrule. The major told me that it was one of the most profitable speculations he had ever made. For Kennan, though suffering from ill-health towards the end of the tour, never missed an engagement, lecturing two hundred consecutive nights without a break. On looking at Kennan one wonders where he gets the stamina to endure all this incessant travel and exertion. He is, apparently, one of the most delicate of mortals, so thin and emaciated that one would think that a strong breeze would blow him away. I found him a charming companion when we travelled together during the recent campaign between Russia and Japan. He was received with great favour by the Japanese authorities, for he was well known, by virtue of his writings, as an antagonist of the Russian Government. While other correspondents were kicking their heels in Tokio, waiting for permission to move to the front, Kennan was allowed to go wherever he chose, and, ultimately, permitted to proceed to the army before Port Arthur. A special officer was attached to him, and his despatches were allowed to pass without censorship. Of course there was some little jealousy felt by his brethren with the 3rd Imperial Army at the exceptional facilities he enjoyed; but, after all, he was only sending magazine articles, and was not telegraphing, so he did not seriously compete with them.

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I never saw a man improve so much under the influence of cannon-fire as George Kennan. He seemed to fill out and lose his rather cadaverous appearance, and his usual silent, pre-occupied manner changed to one of absolute gaiety when under fire. We had been on the *Manchu Maru*, and had visited Corea together, and on returning to Japan went to the famous Temple of Miajama. We always avoided any hotel that might have a touch of the European about it as Kennan especially wanted to make a study of Japanese life. So after a happy day we thought we would have some dinner, before returning to the ship, in a native hostelry near the little quay. We were ravenously hungry, and when a picturesque little Jap lady came in with a lacquered tray and two small cups of colourless tea, we looked at each other with something like consternation. I suggested a faint hope that there was to be something more substantial than that insipid beverage for our meal. Kennan said—

“That’s all right. Don’t you see the girl is waiting for orders?”

She was certainly squatting on her knees, with an expectant smile on her face. How to make her understand was the burning question. We tried several tongues—French, German, Russian, and even English, but she simply giggled, and shook her head. Then we attempted the sign language, but our gymnastic efforts only seemed to amuse her the more.

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"It's no use," cried Kennan; "the only thing we can do is to try her with pictures, it always appeals to the Japanese understanding. You are better at that game than I am, so fire away."

I motioned the girl to the table, and drew a fish in my sketch-book; then an egg, at which she was somewhat puzzled till I crowed, when I observed in her eyes a glimmer of intelligence. I triumphantly followed my previous efforts with a bottle of beer. I tore out the leaf from my book, and held it before the astonished girl, while Kennan went through the motions of eating and drinking, at which she was convulsed with laughter. She took the sketch, and, still shaking with merriment, hurried downstairs.

"That'll fetch her, I think," said my friend.

We waited patiently for half an hour, almost speechless with the pangs of hunger.

"Expect she's had to go down to the quay for that fish," suggested Kennan. "Beastly hungry, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied. "If she would only hurry up with the eggs."

"Ah, here she comes!" we joyously cried. And presently the girl shuffled towards us with a couple of kiminos, bath-towels, and a cake of soap.

"Hang it!" growled my ungrateful friend. "If you can't draw a fish, an egg, and a bottle of beer so that an intelligent Jap girl won't take them for a kimino, soap, and a bath-towel, we shall starve if we have to depend on your pictures."

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However, after our ablutions the prototypes of my Still Life studies were fast disappearing down our throats.

My good friend Kennan became a conspicuous object in many pictures later on when a certain number of war correspondents paid a visit to Admiral Togo's Fleet during the blockade of Port Arthur. To the famous admiral, Kennan, who knew so much about Russia, was of great interest, and monopolized most of his attention. He sat chatting with him in the ward-room for some time, and whenever a correspondent attempted to take a photo of the admiral, Kennan was always in the foreground of the picture.

A curious little fraud was the outcome of this "Togo and Kennan" composition. Some months after the end of the campaign books on the war were published. One journalist asserted in the "puff preliminary" of his book that he was the only correspondent with Togo. I pointed out in the daily press that this was not true; that Kennan, myself, and others, were also with Togo at Port Arthur. The journalist in question replied, and reiterated his absurd statement. As a controversy of this kind did not interest the public I let the matter drop. But, to my astonishment, when his book appeared, I saw that he, evidently to clinch the fact in the public mind that he *was* the only correspondent with Togo, published one of these George Kennan pictures (which I had seen him take), and, by means of a brush and Chinese white, had cunningly



GEORGE KENNAN AND ADMIRAL TOGO.



*Yours sincerely,
Earl O'Reilly.*

EARL BROUGHTON O'REILLY.

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grafted his own beard and moustache on Kennan's face, and to the uninitiated there is certainly a likeness to himself in the picture ; but, unfortunately for the artist, Kennan has a rather remarkably formed head, is quite bald, and has an exceedingly thin figure. The crafty journalist, however, forgot to alter the loose folds of Kennan's coat, which hung upon his thin arms ; this, with the unmistakable shape of the back of Kennan's head cropping up through the thin coating of Chinese white, gives the whole fraud away. Here is a photo which I took at the same moment as did the author of the faked picture, which may be of interest to those who have seen the book in question, and happen to come across these pages. It is gentlemen of this kind—who are not particular about telling the truth—who do so much harm to honest correspondents who have a reputation to keep up of giving the public the authentic news they have the right to expect for their money. .

That delightful preacher and lecturer, the late Rev. Haskett Smith, was a dear friend of mine, and for many years I have come across him lecturing in odd corners of the earth. Very few travellers knew the Holy Land as well as he, for he had for many years spent most of his time in various parts of Palestine. His lectures, therefore, were intensely interesting and instructive. Like his talented colleague, the late Rev. Reginald Haweis, the famous incumbent of St. James', Marylebone (who also

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took to the lecture platform, and added to the evening's entertainment of criticizing the Old Testament by playing the fiddle), he was a great disillusionizer regarding many cherished legends of the Bible. Occasionally, in chatting with Haskett Smith over the Old Testament, he would, in his inimitable and convincing manner, wipe away for ever some treasured incident which had been accepted as "Gospel" truth from time immemorial.

I remember as a boy what an effect the story of Elijah and the Ravens had on my mind, and taking this in conjunction with the legend of the *Babes in the Wood*, I was fully convinced that birds were ordained to tender to the comfort of us humans. The pretty fantasy of the robins was wiped out as I grew older, but I still cherished the bird-story of Elijah. Haskett Smith, however, ruined it one day by explaining to me that the ravens of Elijah were not birds but Arabs, of the tribe of *Orebim* or *The Ravens*. I must say that it had always struck me that the fare of Elijah provided by those birds would naturally be the food to which they themselves were accustomed, and, as they were carrion crows, it must have been a rather nauseating diet for Elijah to tackle.

Haskett Smith was a very bulky man, weighing probably some three hundred pounds, and he used to quote with much amusement an incident that happened to him while he was lecturing in San Francisco. On visiting the Cliff House Hotel on the Pacific coast he thought that he would have a



ADMIRAL TOGO FROM LIFE.

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dip in the sea, so he plunged into the ocean from the rocks. One of the evening papers came out with this headline—

“Another Tidal Wave this Morning, Rev. Haskett Smith Takes to the Water.”

As a preacher he was most attractive. He officiated one summer at the Parish Church of Havant, near my home in Hampshire, while the rector was away for his vacation. I, of course, went to hear him, and watch the effect of his original discourse on the congregation. I think they had never heard anything quite like it before, in spite of the excellence of their own preacher, the Rev. Canon Scott. Many who seldom found time to go to church came to hear Haskett Smith, and, to my surprise, one whom I knew spent his Sunday mornings at golf gave up that ravishing game for a time to come and hear the new man.

“Why,” said he, with great enthusiasm, “I quite forgot that I was in a church, and was about to clap my hands. He’s as good as a play!”

I met his famous rival, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, also lecturing in the antipodes, under the wing of that prince of Australasian impresarios, the much-travelled Smythe. But while Haskett Smith was in Australia Haweis was touring New Zealand. He was a slight, shrivelled type of humanity, suffering grievously from rheumatism, and was almost grotesque when on the platform; vastly different in appearance to his sedate and robust

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colleague. Haweis was giving that unique lecture of his, *Music and Morals*, and when I met him in Auckland told me he thought that my war subjects were what the people wanted, for *Music and Morals* was not going very well at the time. He had seen a good deal of fighting with Garibaldi in 1860, and he thought he would lecture on his war experiences.

"How will you bring in the fiddle in a war lecture, for that is your great stand-by when the audience is a little tired of talking? If you run in the violin I must start a drum," said I.

He did eventually give his soldiering with Garibaldi, without musical accompaniment, and it made an excellent lecture. However, one could hardly realize the fact that his little body below the mild, æsthetic face, ever wore a red shirt, or shouldered a musket.

VII

OF English authors I have met, who are now living, I think Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is the most conspicuous. I was once lecturing on my war experiences at Norwood, and Sir Arthur kindly took the chair. He made a charming, complimentary speech when I had finished, and he had such an excellent, full-toned voice and fine presence that I suggested that he should lecture. The idea had evidently never before struck him; but I pointed out how interested the public was sure to be to hear anything from him on the platform, and the suggestion seemed to take ground. A short time afterwards I found him advertised to lecture on the works of George Meredith. This was hardly what I expected. I thought the discourse would be on how he evolved *Sherlock Holmes*—a subject that would have taken the lecture-platform by storm. But his choice showed the extreme modesty of the man and his shyness in talking about himself; however, I am certain that was what the public wanted. His success in America as a lecturer, when he eventually read from his own works, was remarkable, and his impresario, my friend Major Pond, told me that if he had remained in the United States, which he had to leave owing

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to the illness of his wife, he would have made quite a little fortune out of the American lecture-going public. He was greatly admired in the States, and received more social distinction than any other author; with, perhaps, the exception of Dickens and Thackeray. Pond always related with admiration Doyle's last speech in America at the Aldine Club, and sighed at the little gold-mine the author would have been to him, but for the necessity of returning to England at the zenith of his' success.

Conan Doyle had learnt the style of American speech-making, which is to amuse, whether it relates to the occasion or is *àpropos* of nothing in particular. He told them how he had that evening arrived from Boston to attend the banquet given in his honour at the Club, and found New York deficient in cabs in comparison to the former city; for when he arrived in Boston he alighted from the train almost into the arms of a dozen cabbies.

"One of them had a dog-eared book peeping out of his pocket, and I instinctively called him, saying as I got in, 'You may drive me to Young's, or Parker's, perhaps.' 'Pardon me,' said the cabbie, 'I think you'll find Major Pond waiting for you at Parker's, sir.' What could I do but stare and acquiesce by taking my seat speechlessly? We arrived, and the observant cabman was at the door. I started to pay my fare, when he said, quite respectfully, 'If it is not too great an intrusion, sir, I should greatly prefer a ticket to your lecture. If you have none of the printed ones with you, your

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agent would doubtless honour one of your visiting cards, if pencilled by yourself.' 'Come, come, I am not accustomed to be beaten at my own tricks. Tell me how you ascertained who I am, and you shall have tickets for your whole family, and such cigars as you smoke here in America, besides.' 'Of course, we all knew that you were coming on this train; that is, all of the members of the *Cabmen's Literary Guild*,' was the half-apologetic reply. 'As it happened, I am the only member on duty at this station this morning, and I had that advantage. If you will excuse other personal remarks, your coat-lapels are badly twisted downward, where they have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber; and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it in a struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Buffalo mud just under the instep; the odour of a Utica cigar hangs about your clothing; and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the sleepers through Albany. The crumbs of doughnut on the top of your bagg—pardon me, your luggage—could only have come there in Springfield; and stencilled upon the very end of the *Wellington* in fairly plain lettering is the name Conan Doyle.' Now I know where Sherlock Holmes went when he died," continued the speaker. "That leaves me free to write any more adventures

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of his that I wish, so long as I locate them in Boston."

I happened to call upon Sir Arthur in England one morning. He received me in his usual hearty and breezy manner, but I could see there was something weighing heavily upon his mind. I discovered that he had finally come to the conclusion that his old and valuable friend *Sherlock Holmes* must die. When he broke this painful news to me he was in his little study in his house at Norwood, surrounded by harpoons, models of boats, tackle and other gear necessary to the exciting and dangerous sport of whale-fishing; with a few of his uncle's (the famous artist Dicky Doyle, who designed the title-page of *Punch*) drawings hanging on the wall. It was for the loan of one of these I had called, and which he very readily lent me. He was quite perplexed as to how he should get rid of *Holmes*. His publishers wished for more of the astute detective, but he was getting tired of the gentleman, and wanted to devote his attention to war adventures. He told me that he had the spirit of the campaigner within him. Several of his relatives had seen active service, and he felt it in his blood, and longed to be free to work his will. But first of all he must settle what manner of death *Sherlock Holmes* should die.

"A man like that mustn't die of a pin-prick or influenza. His end must be violent and intensely dramatic."

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I could see that my dear friend of many happy monthly parts was doomed. The author of his being was inexorable on this point, and I left the house with a touch of sadness in my heart. However, I was somewhat comforted, for in my hand was an autographed volume of the author's first book of war fiction, *The Great Shadow*, after which those delightful adventures of *Brigadier Gerard* saw the light.

I became personally acquainted with another famous author while I was being entertained by the sister of General Sir Herbert Stewart, Mrs. Everett, the wife of the Vicar of Dorchester.

I had not quite caught the names of one or two of the guests before we sat down to dinner, and found that I was placed between my hostess and a quiet, rather pale-faced little man on my right, who was very affable, and gave me much information about the county of Dorset, whose history he seemed to have at his finger-tips. Presently he said—

"You have been campaigning for the *Graphic*, have you not?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I work for that paper occasionally," said he.

I was wondering who my little friend was, for I had never met him on the war-path, when my hostess, guessing my dilemma, whispered—

"That is Mr. Thomas Hardy, the author."

Then I remembered having read his first remarkable story published in the *Graphic*, called *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, for the weekly instalment

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of which I used to look anxiously forward when I was campaigning in the Soudan. My hostess told me that the author was born and bred not many yards from the house in which we were dining. After a sojourn in London, and a taste of the social success which his sudden fame in literature had brought him, he had returned to his old home, in the vicinity of which he appeared to find most of the local colour for his novels. Thus *The Woodlanders* and, probably the finest story he ever wrote, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, owe their beautiful settings to the county he so dearly loves, in which he was born and still lives.

It was when staying at the house of Mr. Scott, the father of Hugh S. Scott, in 1877, that I met the young student, who was to be the author of *In Kedar's Tents*, *The Last Hope*, and many other fascinating stories. He was a fair youth, with a very retiring and secretive nature. His brother and sister were great contrasts, both being extremely dark, vivacious, and agreeable. In this latter particular their brother was certainly the reverse, for he was too much wrapped up in himself. Being considered delicate, he remained much at home, absorbed in literary studies, while his brother went daily to the city. His father, feeling that it was unjust that the one should be always at work while the other was staying away under the excuse that he was writing books (but, apparently, as none were published he was simply

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frivolling at literature), spoke to him about it one evening on his return from business. He wanted to know when he was going to drop this literary folly and join his brother in the office, for he never seemed to make headway with literature.

"Now, if you could produce a book like this," he said, holding up *The Sowers*, which he had purchased at a bookstall, "you might call yourself a writer."

Even then his son did not make himself known as the author, but went on still steadily working, achieving success after success under his *nom-de-plume*, "Henry Seton Merriman." When at last his people found out that he was the most popular writer of the day, instead of being supremely proud of him, a howl of indignation went up from his family, for he had apparently been receiving big fees for his books, not letting any one know of his good fortune. They appeared to have overlooked the fact that they had more or less treated his early struggle for literary fame with little sympathy, and possibly his sensitive nature restrained him from making himself known until his success was beyond all doubt.

I remember meeting "Ouida" once at luncheon at Lady Jeune's house in Harley Street. She was a blonde, blue-eyed woman, with rather a haughty carriage, and her face wore a cold, apathetic expression. I was young and enthusiastic at the time, and the authoress of *Two Little Wooden Shoes* attracted my attention. I found her struggling

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on the stairs with a fur jacket, with which, to the best of my ability, I assisted her. This I did, thinking that she might say something, for at luncheon she had been very reserved, and I had listened hopelessly to hear what her voice was like ; but she simply gave me a cold stare with her steely blue eyes and swept downward toward her carriage. I remember some said that she was disappointed with her reception in London. She had expected great social distinction in virtue of the knowledge displayed in her books of the inner life of the Smart Set of the period. However, the members of that coterie thought that the Noble Earls, the Gallant Guardsmen, and the Frivolous Ladies in her stories were not sufficiently like them, and they rather resented her caricatures ; so she returned to Italy, in which country she has made her home for many years.

I met Robert Browning also at Lady Jeune's, and again in Sussex Place, at Mrs. Skirrow's, an old lady who used to give some interesting luncheon-parties during the season. The great poet was certainly, in appearance, the most unpoetical type of man I have ever met. There was nothing about his face suggestive of the remarkable work of which he was capable. It was a strong face, with large, calm, blue eyes ; his vigorous grey hair was long and silky, and he wore a white moustache and goatee. But the whole suggested a successful man of business instead of one allied to the Muses. He was very affable and charming of manner, and

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was a great favourite at these parties with the ladies, who stood round the little white-haired poet, listening to his talk with the greatest admiration.

One season, up at Braemar, I came across that vigorous writer of fiction, Miss Marie Corelli. She was refreshing herself in the Highlands after a severe spell of work. With the assistance of a picturesque shepherd's crook she was climbing the lovely hills of the neighbourhood, and when she returned to the hotel to luncheon she had about her the freshness and glow of the shepherdesses of poetic fancy. It has always been surprising to me the amount of work she gets through in twelve months, but Miss Corelli knows the trick of keeping herself in good condition by breaking away from her work to go hill-climbing. There is no wear or tear, or signs of burning the midnight oil, registered on her fair face, and she looks just as youthful as the published photograph in the front page of her latest book.

There were two journalists with whom I was once acquainted who were phenomenal for their capacity for imbibing stimulating liquors before their minds could be turned to the work in hand, the late George Augustus Sala and George O'Shea. Both men of remarkable talent, and constitutions that the constant libations of the most potent beverages could not, seemingly, affect. They always appeared as fresh as paint after a big night

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of it, and did most of their brilliant work when fortified by their favourite brands.

O'Shea was a dear, delightful character, full of innocent fun. I first met the generous-hearted, merry little Irishman in Malta, and he at once seemed to fill in the facetious biographical sketch I had heard of him from a colleague, that—

“He was, when an infant, found on the doorstep of the *Gaiety*, and was brought up on the milk of human kindness—with a dash of rum in it.”

He was certainly full of the milk of human kindness, and could never do too much to help any comrade.

Sometimes his baggage went astray when travelling, and he was hard up for the necessary change which the usages of polite society necessitates.

When the island of Cyprus was taken over, O'Shea was sent out to do special articles for his paper. He was invited to dine by the new British governor. O'Shea excused himself when he arrived, for he was not in evening dress. He had, however, managed to rig himself up with a pea-jacket of a dark material, a white collar, and a black tie. It was a very warm night, and O'Shea, who had been talking very brilliantly, soon found himself uncomfortably hot, so he asked the governor, as there were no ladies present, if he might sit in his shirt-sleeves.

His host smiling replied, “Certainly, Mr. O'Shea. I want all my guests to make themselves comfortable.”

O'Shea immediately took off his coat, entirely forgetting what he had beneath it, and to the

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astonishment and amusement of the table he appeared in a singlet, a "dicky," and a pair of red braces. It then dawned on him that he had forgotten his shirt and waistcoat; but, blushing as red as his braces, he soon recovered his *sang-froid*, and finished the evening at Government House in his airy and unconventional attire.

When a certain great Indian famine attracted the sympathies of the British public, Archibald Forbes was hurried out to Bengal by the astute Sir John Robinson of the *Daily News*, and soon telegrams and pathetic letters arrived of the terrible sufferings of our Asiatic brethren. O'Shea's paper, an opposition journal, immediately sent him to India to counteract the success of their contemporary by his brilliant copy. O'Shea got as far as Calcutta, and found himself so comfortable that for a time he did not go further, and was able to state that the accounts sent to England of the famine were "grossly exaggerated," for where he was there was anything but scarcity.

Forbes returned from India on one of the P. & O. steamers, and the third day out a steward came to him and said—

"Mr. Forbes, there is a man in the steerage who would like to speak with you."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"I think he's a gentleman, but very eccentric; he's come on board without his trousers. He has for that reason been in bed ever since he embarked at Calcutta."

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Forbes followed the steward and found, to his surprise O'Shea, who told him a pitiful story of how a thief had entered his room the night before sailing and had taken his trousers and all his ready cash. He had to steal on board with a blanket to hide his nakedness, and had crept into the steerage for fear of being recognized in this sorry plight. Forbes at once sent him the necessary garments and arranged to change his quarters ; and, as Forbes told me, he never regretted the wearing apparel he lent him, for his company on that voyage back to England was so amusing that it was worth more than two pairs of breeches.

George Augustus Sala was a man with a rather short temper, and at times was very much on his dignity. I remember that he was greatly affronted by the conduct of some of the Russian officials, when he represented the *Daily Telegraph* during the Coronation of the Czar, Alexander III., in Moscow. The *Telegraph* intended to make a big thing of the event, and not only the best writers on their staff were sent out, but their affable and talented manager Mr. John Merry Le Sage, was on the spot to organize this elaborate service.

Le Sage, being a lieutenant of the city of London, had brought with him his gorgeous uniform, cocked hat and plumes, and on the day of the great function drove with Sala to the Kremlin, where the stands for favoured sightseers were erected. Sala wore a more sober uniform, the Windsor Court

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costume, and with his excessively rubicund face and his podgy figure under an ill-fitting cocked hat without feathers, looked anything but a person of dignity. Le Sage happened to be the first to alight from the *fiacre* at the door of the enclosure and the obsequious officials were much overcome by the colour of his uniform and respectfully marshalled him to his seat. Whatever they took Sala's status for at the moment did not transpire, but they would not allow him to follow his chief. Sala, who could not speak the language, argued in English, got redder in the face and more and more flustered and ill-tempered. At last he seemed to have made some impression, for he was passed through one of the barriers; but, to his further mortification, he found himself in the quarters to which the "gentlemen's gentlemen" were relegated.

Sala's humiliation was great, and for days he vented his feelings over the matter in language quite untranslatable into the Russian tongue, and at one time was so disgusted that he thought of leaving the country, but Le Sage, with his usual tact in situations of this kind, was able to smooth the ruffled feelings of George Augustus and persuade him to stay.

I remember Le Sage, during the 1882 campaign in Egypt, stepping into the breach of a most unfortunate affair, the outcome of one of the over-zealous correspondents for his paper sending home some unauthenticated news of a sensational character. Le Sage took the place of the correspondent

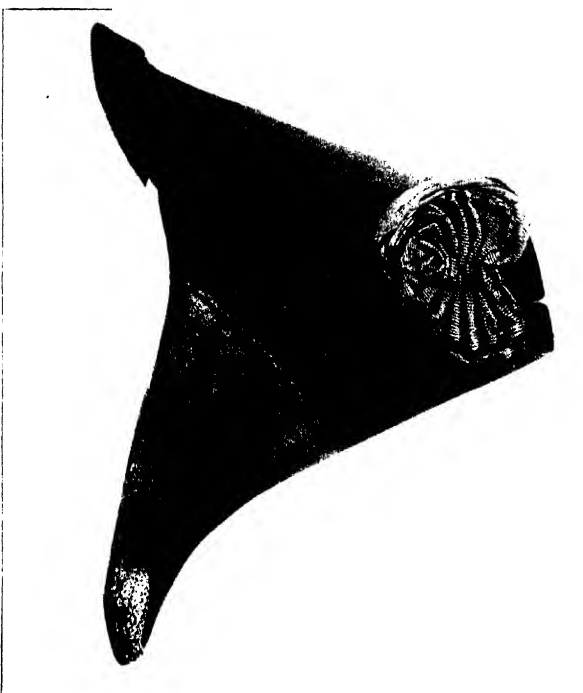
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who had been requested by the authorities to leave Egypt, and in a short time, by his adroit management, was able to reinstate his paper in the good graces of the military authorities, and to introduce another representative who has, ever since that first campaign for the *Daily Telegraph*, always enjoyed the confidence of the British army and the British public, Mr. Bennet Burleigh.

Sala could be persistently wrong-headed at times. At a sale of the studio effects of the famous battle-painter of the beginning of the last century, Mr. Jones Barker, I had bought a cocked hat with feathers. It had been thrown into a lot with about a half-dozen helmets and other military headgear, and when I got it home I discovered, to my delight, that it had belonged to the famous Iron Duke, who had sat to Jones Barker for several portraits, for in the leather lining of the hat the following legend was written by the artist—

“This hat was given me by the Duke of Wellington, May 21st, 1851. He told me it was worn by him at Waterloo. (Signed) T. J. BARKER.”

Some years after my purchase I sent the interesting relic, with many other odd things I had picked up on different battlefields, to a military exhibition held that season in town. George Augustus, in one of his articles on the show, pointed out that it could not be Wellington's hat, for that general wore no feathers at Waterloo. Later on I met Sala and explained to him how plumes could be put in and taken out of cocked hats, and, though



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HAT, AS WORN BY HIM AT WATERLOO.



*Field Marshal. The Duke of Wellington's hat
Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington*

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for certain military exigencies, Wellington's hat at Waterloo was featherless, it was, however, the same cocked hat that he wore on the day of the famous battle. I eventually lent it to Mr. George Heath, and it still adorns the famous "Hatterie" in Oxford Street.

The late Duchess Dowager of Wellington, formerly the Marchioness of Druro, daughter-in-law of the great duke, expressed her firm conviction that it was the one worn by him at Waterloo. Her Grace recognized the signature of T. Jones Barker, the portrait-painter to the duke, and it left no doubt in her mind as to its authenticity. She wrote as follows:—

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington's hat.
(Signed) ELIZABETH, Duchess of WELLINGTON."

When the Spanish king, Alfonso XIII., visited Heath's show-rooms last year he was much delighted at seeing it and expressed his interest in this relic of the Iron Duke. His Majesty took particular notice of the inscription written inside the hat which, he said, proved its genuineness beyond any doubt.

It was also exhibited by the special desire of Field-Marshal H.R.H. the late Duke of Cambridge at the last military exhibition of which His Grace was patron, and was one of its greatest attractions. I think all this evidence proves that my old friend George Augustus was wrong.

It was during the World's Fair in Chicago I became personally acquainted with the author of

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the *Garden of Sleep*, the famous theatrical critic, Mr. Clement Scott. He was at that time well past middle age, and had that fit upon him of high morality which sometimes comes upon men at that period, and which eventually brought him to an *impasse* with the theatrical profession, hardly redounding to his credit. When I met him he was making the *tour-du-mond*, and was returning *viâ* America, having passed through Japan, a country I had longed to visit, and for the people of which I had much respect and admiration.

Now, Clement Scott was publishing a series of articles on the land of the Rising Sun, entitled *Unjapanned Japan*, and, to the astonishment of every one who had hitherto heard nothing that was not pleasant about the country, Clement Scott was pitching into the charming little people unmercifully, and judging them and their morals from the standpoint of Western civilization, which was absurdly unfair, and proved his knowledge of the Japanese to be most superficial. On meeting him I could not forbear expressing my surprise at his not finding anything that was good in the country or its inhabitants. So far as I could glean from him he had, on nearing Japan, thought of his title, which was one of a very snappy and taking nature, and then on arriving in the country he had to live up to it, and was compelled to take the lacquer off everything Japanese. On visiting Japan some years later, I discovered that my surmise as to the unsoundness of Scott's strictures

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on our little allies was correct ; for I found that he mostly spent his time, while in Yokohama, within the precincts of its club, which is one of the most hospitable in the Far East, and saw absolutely nothing of the inner life of Japan ; only that artificial existence that is common to all countries, and which most tourists see on spending a few weeks in that delightful land.

One of the smartest newspaper proprietors I have known was the late Mr. Scott of the *Chicago Herald* ; while I was in the famous pork-packing city for the World's Fair he befriended me in many ways. Scott was a promoter of the Argo Club, the members of which entertained most of the Englishmen who were appointed in an official capacity to the famous Exhibition. The club was a peculiar building, and a landmark of American resourcefulness. Landmark is, probably, not quite the correct term, for in reality the Club House was the stern section of a wooden ship stranded on the shores of Lake Michigan. It was high and dry on the foreshore, propped up by baulks of timber, and access to it was made by the means of ladders. As we sat on the poop one evening, looking over the immense lake with the sunset turning its waters to molten gold my chubby little friend Scott, as he puffed at a long cigar, said—

“Fine view, Mr. Villiers?”

“Magnificent!” I responded. “Splendid idea for a club-house, out of the broil of the city here.

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I wonder you don't build a proper house; you fellows are so full of push and enterprise, a palace ought to be erected on this site."

My friend laughed softly. "You bet," said he, "we should have done it if we could. Why, millions have been offered the municipality to permit building on the foreshore. It ain't allowed, Mr. Villiers, that's why. In spite of the fiat of the municipality we intended to have our club right here. There was no law against building ships, so we started to erect this hulk, which of course was never launched, and here it has been ever since. We are a pretty live people in Chicago; come and see my newspaper office; I should like to show you round."

The next afternoon I called on my friend at the *Herald* building, and was shown up to his private apartment. It was a palatial room incased in solid mahogany, with elaborate carved wainscot. Scott was seated at a broad table of the same polished wood. On it were many telephone and telegraphic appliances.

"You see, Mr. Villiers, I am in touch with the whole world right here in this little snuggerly of mine. I just start this instrument, and can cable and get a reply from every quarter of the globe, and I can speak through these 'phones with any city in the States. Have a drink?" said he, jumping out of his chair, and pressing a button by the wall. A part of the wainscot slowly opened outward, displaying an assortment of liquors, syphons of soda-water, and a tray of glasses.

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"If ladies come here, why we can give them tea or coffee;" and he touched the opposite wall, when a panel slid open, exposing to view an elaborate service of Sèvres china.

"Now I will show you our working quarters." And we passed out of the room, and down a stair leading to the composers' room. It was a spacious place, walled with white tiles, and bright and airy.

"Here," said he, as he pointed to a series of lockers, "is where my men keep their store clothes when they don their working togs. Oh, some of them come here in frock-coats with flowers in their button-holes. Well, why not? They make their six pounds a week in your English money. After the men have finished their work they can have a hot or cold shower bath before they put on their best clothes, right here in this lavatory." Here I peeped into a room fitted with marble basins and electro taps.

"See this?" and he pointed to an electro-plated, iced-water filter, with a cup chained to it. "That mug is solid silver. It costs but a few dollars, and the men like them. I have them all over the building; it's a good 'ad.' It gets about that my fellows drink out of silver, see?"

After taking me round the machine-rooms, he said, "Now I will show you my latest triumph." We then went down below to the publishing department, the counters of which were approached by a series of narrow passages; the walls were wire screens, so that each boy could be served without being hustled by the others.

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"Some of the newsboys are little devils, and used to fight and hustle one another, and the weaker had to go to the wall ; now, by these approaches, they are all fairly and orderly served."

When we returned to his room, on my expressing my admiration for the excellent management and the appointment of the building, he told me the history of the journal.

"When I first bought this paper it was not much of a property ; I put all the money my father started me with in the concern, and began to lose steadily. The first year it was a pretty fair amount, and the circulation of the rag was steadily going down. I found that I was not losing money quickly enough, so I piled on the dollars. The second year I overdrew my account at the bankers ; I was blowing the money in as fast as I could. One evening the bank manager called to see me in this very room—it was not so nicely fitted up in those days—and said, 'I guess, Scott, that I have come for a chat about your rather big overdraft ; let's have a talk about the prospects of this paper of yours.' I told him that I felt that there must be much more money thrown into it before I felt easy about it. 'Well,' said he. 'I think I know a friend who is likely to give you what you want. I'll let you know about his decision to-morrow night.' In the meanwhile, Mr. Villiers, I spent rather an anxious four-and-twenty hours. I knew I was not losing fast enough, and I was getting in a hole. Well, the manager turned up as promised, but alone.

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I said, 'Where's your friend?' 'I guess I am the man,' he replied. With his assistance for six months I lost hand-over-fist, then we touched bottom rock and bounced up, and we have been doing mighty well ever since."

Poor little man, he did not live long to enjoy his prosperity, for he died shortly after my visit. I shall not easily forget that interview, and the heroic methods with which he bid for success and got it. It was a splendid idea. Instead of cutting down and giving the public less for their money directly he found that he was losing, he "lost more," as he, in his quaint way put it; that is, he gave the public more and more for their money, and *made* them buy the paper.

Scott's method is the only sound one. Spend money freely and fearlessly if you have any hopes of getting it back.

One of the most urbane managers of newspapers I have ever met (next to the rulers of the American Press) was Sir John Robinson, of the *Daily News*, when that paper, for war news, was the most popular journal in all Europe. Sir John was always very good to me, gave me many a roving commission for his paper, and was always very kind and considerate in sending any item of news of my whereabouts to my parents, during any campaign I happened to be in, to allay the natural anxiety felt by them regarding my safety. He had a peculiar habit, when he knew the man with whom he was dealing, of forwarding a cheque in advance and

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politely requesting him to "work it out." He was a man of precise habits, and regularly every day, rain or shine, he could be seen at lunch time wending his way on foot from Bouverie Street to the Reform Club. Knowing this habit I have many times waylaid him, either to or from his club, to have a friendly chat. It was at the Reform Club he gave his annual dinner to the *Daily News* literary staff, and I have often enjoyed the cooking of its famous *chef*, and sampled its rare old wines on these occasions as the guest of the genial Sir John.

Another famous newspaper manager I met on Lord Charles Beresford's ship, the *Condor*, when she engaged the Marabout fort off Alexandria. Mr. Moberly Bell was then the *Times* special commissioner in Egypt, and it was some time before he took up the management of that journal. He was a portly, robust type of man. When we were anchored and slogging away at the fort in the good old style, the gunners all stripped to the waist, or flannels, at a signal from the look-out at the mainmast that a shot was coming from the enemy all on deck were ordered to lie flat till the shriek of the projectile told us that it had passed. I remember when I threw myself down with the rest I found that the big figure of the *Times* commissioner was in my front, and my only anxiety for the moment was that one of the enemy's round shot might possibly strike my friend and I should be smothered with his mortal remains.

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One of the most remarkable managers I have met was the late Mr. William L. Thomas, the founder of the *Graphic*. I owe my first campaigning commission to him, and for fourteen years I found him to have always the same keen, masterly grip of what the public wanted. When once he decided on a venture to procure illustrated news he spared no expense. One was never hampered in any way in one's endeavour to be first in the field of any special enterprise. And I owe much of my success in this way to his liberal management. He was always ready with congratulations on the triumphant issue of the venture, and never withheld a word of sympathy to the artist, striving to do his utmost at the front, if a budget of precious sketches did not turn up for some special edition. He seemed to know more than any other man the trying vicissitudes the special artist was likely to pass through in the execution of his duty, and was always hearty in his appreciation of good work done. He was a tall, lean type of north-countryman, with a head and red beard somewhat like the Duke of Devonshire, and was an artist of considerable merit. This sympathy with the difficulties that the war-artist must go through I have never met with in any other editor or manager. I remember him saying, after I had had a severe attack of Danubian fever—

“I can just imagine that you must have had a bad time, lying sick in a strange land with only strange faces round you. My brother engendered

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a similar fever in Rome, which he caught by over-anxiety in doing good work for a certain journal he represented; but he received little sympathy from the people for whom he had risked his life."

It was, I believe, mainly on this account that he conceived the idea of starting a paper to oppose the journal that had so indifferently treated his brother. And the outcome of it was the *Graphic*.

The only difference I ever had with the management of the *Graphic* took place rather early in my connection with the paper. There was much excitement on the Danube in 1877, and all English papers were anxious to get news and sketches from their specials. Certain correspondents would not trust themselves further than Bucharest and, therefore, did not get actual news but many an absurd *canard* which they sent to their papers.

A certain unscrupulous artist of German extraction was sending home sketches, illustrative of these inventions, from the comfort of some hotel in the "little Paris of the East," as good Roumanians call their city. I was away at the front, roughing it with the Russian troops, striving to get authentic news and sketches, and I only received for my pains one or two letters from my irate editor extolling the bogus sketches appearing in a weekly contemporary and asking me why I did not send similar material. After the battle of Plevna, on my return to Bucharest with a large budget of exclusive copy, as the only correspondent-artist present at the memorable fight, I found

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awaiting me one of these annoying letters. I was so much vexed, after all the hardships I had recently endured, that I wrote Thomas saying that I would resign my commission and come home, but would remain on the spot till he sent another artist out. If, however, on the receipt of my Plevna material he wished me to stay, I could only be induced to do so by a fifty per cent. rise on the salary that I was then getting, and he was to wire me "yes" or "no." The telegram in due course arrived. It ran—

"Remain."

Sir William Ingram was another manager who spared no expense and had the gift of knowing exactly what the public required in illustrated journalism. Byron Webber, the author of *Some Imperial Lyrics*, the promoter and first editor of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, was another.

That talented collaborateur with his wife, Mr. C. N. Williamson, who made the running with *Black and White* in the first years of that illustrated weekly, was yet another excellent manager in the palmy days of the art of black and white, before photography became the universal means of illustration and made it possible for nearly all daily newspapers to become illustrated journals and publish pictures of current events by means of the snap-shot camera in the hands of any one who cares to purchase a Kodak and press its button.

One of the most characteristic dinners at which

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I have been present was that given in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund in May of 1885. The late Dr. Sir William Howard Russell, the "father" of war-correspondents, was in the chair. It was at this banquet I first became acquainted with Admiral Sir Harry Keppel; Lord Houghton; and Lord Russell of Killowen, then Sir Charles Russell, the Attorney-General. I was called upon, conjointly with the late Archibald Forbes, to respond for the Visitors. It was my first dinner speech and I felt very nervous till I caught the eye of the Attorney-General. There was such evident interest expressed in his face, and such a look of kindness and sympathy for me in his deep-set eyes, that I at once lost all fear. When I sat down, with that horrible feeling upon me of wonder as to whether I had made an ass of myself, which, doubtless, most young men feel when speaking in public for the first time, I was much relieved when cards were passed to me from Lord Houghton and Sir Charles Russell asking me to come and chat with them. I met Lord Russell afterwards at some of Lady Lewis' At Homes in Portland Place. It was interesting to see the great advocate and the famous King's solicitor, who was one of the first to brief him with important cases, together. The quick, dapper figure; keen, sharp features; and ever-restless, piercing eyes of Sir George Lewis were in strong contrast to the rather ponderous figure and stolid countenance of the future Lord Chief Justice.

NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.

Twenty-second Anniversary Dinner,

SATURDAY, the 16th of MAY, 1885.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.,
IN THE CHAIR.

LIST OF TOASTS.

| PROPOSED BY— | | ACKNOWLEDGED BY— |
|-----------------------------|--|---|
| 1. The Chairman . . . | { "THE QUEEN AND THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY" } | |
| AIR | "O luce di quest'anima" (<i>Linda</i>) .. MADLEE MARIE DONALDI (<i>From the French Opera</i>). | |
| AIR | "Sei vendicata assai" .. MR. ARTHUR OSWALD | Meyersbeer |
| 2. The Chairman . . . | { "THE NAVAL, MILITARY, AUXILIARY, & COLONIAL FORCES" } | |
| AIR | "Che farò" (<i>Eurydice</i>) MADLEE DESVIGNES (<i>From the Royal Italian Opera</i>). | Adml. Sir H. Keppel, G.C.B. Gen. Sir C. Dickson, V.C., G.C.B. Mr. J. F. Garrick, Q.C., Agent-Gen. for Queensland. |
| SONG | "The Village Blacksmith" SIGNOR NOVAKA (<i>From the Royal Italian Opera</i>). | Gluck |
| 3. Mr. W. R. S. Ralston . . | "THE FOREIGN MINISTERS" .. | His Excellency M. Mijatovich, the Servian Minister. |
| RECIT. & ARIA | "Casta Diva" (<i>Norma</i>). MADAME BIRD DE MARION (<i>From the Royal Italian Opera</i> and " <i>La Scala</i> ," Milan). | Belini. |
| SERENADE | "Cara Biondina" MR. BENJAMIN WILSON (SIGNOR GARDA) (<i>From the Carl Rosa Opera</i>). | Rotoli. |
| 4. The Chairman . . . | { "PROSPERITY TO THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND AND THE MEMORY OF MR. ST. LEGER HERBERT, MR. CAMERON, AND CAPT. GORDON" } | Lord Houghton. |
| 5. Lord Houghton . . . | "THE VISITORS" | Mr. F. Villiers, War Correspondent. Mr. A. Forbes |
| AIR | "On the Banks of Allan Water" .. MISS EMILY CLARKE. | |
| DUET | "Si la Stanchezza" (<i>Traviata</i>) .. MADLEE DESVIGNES & MR. B. WILSON | Verdi. |
| 6. Mr. E. L. Lawson . . | "HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT" .. | Earl of Donoughmore. The Attorney General, Q.C., M.P. |
| SONG | "Here's a health unto His Majesty" MR. FRANK BARRINGTON-FOOTE | (<i>Old English</i>) |
| 7. Captain Hozier . . . | "THE CHAIRMAN, DR. W. H. RUSSELL" | Dr. W. H. Russell. |
| 8. The Chairman . . . | { "COLONEL H. MAPLESON AND THE ARTISTES" } | Colonel H. Mapleson. |

Conductor of the Music . . . HERR WILHELM GANZ

Programme of the Music under the direction of COLONEL HENRY MAPLESON.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND TOAST LIST.

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VIII

IN the course of my career as a war-correspondent I have never looked on a type of officer less suggestive of the martial, or naval, spirit than Admiral Togo. He has the appearance of an affable, contented, retired tradesman, preferably in the "butter and cheese" line, and stands, as some of these gentlemen do when surveying their wares, with arms akimbo. He stood in this attitude at Port Arthur, watching his guns at work from his bridge. Yet this quiet little man is the Nelson of Japan. Behind that calm face is a brain always calculating, always speculating. Night or day, so it is said, he never seemed to rest for over twelve long months till the final battle was fought in the Japan Sea.

His first exploit in war—in fact, his baptism of fire—was at the commencement of the Japo-Chinese War; when I remember a thrill of horror went round the world at the news that the *Nanawa*, which Togo commanded, had sunk the transport *Kowshing*, crowded with Chinese troops *en route* to reinforce the celestial garrison in Corea before war had been officially declared. I saw the masts of the ill-fated vessel still above the waters of the Korean coast when I passed in a Japanese transport a few weeks

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later *en route* for Manchuria, in 1894. The bodies of the wretched Chinese soldiers were still being washed to and fro by the tides of the Japan Sea or lay festering on the rocky shores. Why did not the Russians remember this incident when their war with Japan was on the *tapis*? I know I did; and when the same officer who was in command of the *Nanawa* was, I found, in command of the Japanese fleet I was on the look-out for some untoward event. It came.

All Russia was surprised, and for that the world also, by Togo's audacity and, some said, his not quite legitimate game of attacking the Port Arthur Russian squadron before war was declared. The quiet little man with his arms akimbo, placid face, and the nimble brains, was playing his old trick—that every one seemed to have forgotten—when he attacked the *Kowshing*. He knew that war was inevitable, so he got in with the first blow.

Togo received me most kindly when I boarded his flagship, the *Mikasa*, and chatted to me in English remarkably well, for he had served his time as a naval cadet in British waters on board H.M.S. *Worcester*. As usual, when the Japanese wish to be civil to Europeans, the proverbial champagne was opened, but I noticed that his glass was hardly touched. He asked me whether I had seen the ten miles of booms protecting the inlets and coves of the Isles of the Elliot group, in which havens his ships could lay secure at their rendezvous from torpedo-boat attacks. Of this security he seemed very



GENERAL YAMAGI (THE DRAGON-EYED).

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proud and sanguine. But though his enemy was any but a venturesome one, he never overlooked the possibility of a sudden *coup-de-main* by the Russians. One could see this manifested everywhere, especially in the precautions taken at night. When darkness set in his ships seemed to melt into the general gloom. Not even a pipe or cigarette was allowed on deck for fear of a spark of light giving warning to the enemy. And during the night his fleet might have been at the bottom of the ocean for any sign of life it made on the surface of the waters. It was a weird sight, of a morning before the dawn, to see the phantom fleet grow into being again from out the gloaming, and then the vigilant work of the blockade of Port Arthur commenced for the day.

Field-Marshal Oyama I first of all came across in 1894, when he conducted the campaign against the Chinese. He is a podgy little man, with clean-shaven, slightly pock-marked face. Very genially and kindly he received me when I landed with the Japanese troops on the Liaotung Peninsula, and walked up to the school-house on which his flag was flying in the first village taken by the Japanese. There had been no fighting, for the inhabitants did not know that Japan was at war with their country, and they looked on the invaders with the greatest surprise. However, in a few hours they were engaged by their friends the enemy in the transport service, and reaped a large harvest in unloading rice sacks and carrying them in their farm carts to

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the front. There was no one more disgusted, when the final struggle took place at Port Arthur, by the excesses of the troops under General Yamagi, known as the "Dragon-eyed," than the humane and genial field-marshal. In the recent war between Japan and Russia Oyama was still to the fore in command of the Japanese army, and was just as youthful and chubby, apparently, as he was in the campaign a decade earlier.

Probably the most remarkable man of the war was the chief of the general staff, Lieutenant-General Baron Gentaro Kodama. Quite a different type of man to Oyama. Small and wiry, with a face quite European in feature. "The brains of the army" he was called; for it is said he used to think while others slept, and worked while others ate. His position was almost autocratic regarding the army. He was practically independent of every one, with the exception of the Mikado, to whom he communicated direct. The minister of war had no power to veto, or obstruct, or even criticize, any military measures he might deem necessary. Any plans he might formulate, if sanctioned by his August Master, were handed to the war minister for execution.

And yet Kodama was one of the few officers of distinction who had not been to Europe or had a European education. A Samuri of the famous Genshu clan, poor and with little education, he had forced his way to the top of the tree, and at the age of fifty had practically become the managing



FIELD-MARSHAL OYAMA

who commanded the Japanese forces in their campaigns against the Chinese in 1894, and against the Russians in 1904,

(From Stereograph copyright, Underwood and Underwood, London.)

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director of the army. He was here, there and everywhere. On the lines of communication one day, the next witnessing a fight, and the following *en route* to the base of operations, or to seek an audience with the Emperor. I only saw him once at Port Arthur, when, in a few hours, he had been round the positions; up in the trenches with the troops, or watching the *emplacement* of the siege guns. The same night, apparently without having had any rest, he was moving up to Oyama's front to see how things were moving there, and, as quickly as he could travel, he was down at Dalny examining rations and munitions being unloaded from the transports.

Kodama was the first to introduce meat in addition to the rice and biscuit ration of the Japanese troops. Knowing that his men were to face a meat-eating foe he reasoned that with that stimulating diet they would be, physically, better equipped to meet a European army. In the Japanese war-song the following verse humorously refers to this innovation in the soldiers' diet—

“On with Nippon, down with Russia
Is the badge of our belief;
The Son of Heaven sends us sakè
And Kodama sends us beef!”

Another officer who had rather a unique position during the war was General Baron Nogi, in command of the Third Imperial Army. The duty assigned to him was to reduce Port Arthur; this

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command was an independent one, and he did his work in his own way unfettered. Of all the Japanese generals I have known there were none quite like Nogi. I always look back with pleasure at the first meeting with this fine soldier. I expected to meet a man with a stern, stubborn countenance, the proverbial man of iron. When his eldest son was killed at Nanshan he wired to his family: "Delay the funeral rites till Holten," his second and last son, "and I return, when you can cremate all three," for Nogi intended to capture the great Russian stronghold, or, with his remaining son, die in the attempt.

Nogi was about sixty years of age and in stature above the average height of his fellow-countrymen. He wore an undress blue tunic, with the order of the Rising Sun upon his breast, rather baggy white breeches, and black riding boots. His figure was upright and lithe, and his face, thin and as brown as chocolate, was ringed with a close-cropped, iron-grey beard and moustache. His eyes were quick and searching, but with great kindness in them. The first words he uttered proved how true was that look in the eyes, for he impressed upon myself and my colleagues to be careful of our health as there was much sickness in the villages, and particularly requested us not to get into danger, but if anything should happen of a nature to place us on the list of sick or wounded we were at once to report ourselves, for he had ordered his surgeons to give us every attention. .

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"Look after your bodies," he said at parting, "for a short time ago I unfortunately had an attack of dysentery."

One of our party said: "We are of little account, general, but it is a very serious thing for a man with your responsibilities to be laid up."

The general's eyes looked rather pleased at this, and replied, "I am well now;" but with an inquiring glance at the grey hairs of our colleague, he said, "How old are you?"

When he discovered that our colleague was three years older than himself he was rather astonished. Our friend replied—

"You see, general, I'm your senior, therefore the command of this army ought to belong to me."

"Ah," replied Nogi, "then I should have to do your work, and I fear I could not do it as well as you."

Throughout the trying siege Nogi kept his eyes on us, and would send little presents of grapes or wine to supplement our rather monotonous diet. Occasionally he would ask us to dine at headquarters, when an excellent spread of European food and wines was prepared for us. On page 144 will be found a characteristic letter I had from him on the Emperor's birthday.

Nogi was in command of a brigade in the taking of Port Arthur ten years previously, when Japan fought China, but I did not know him then,

Before Lord Arthur;
Headquarters of the 3rd
Imperial Army,
Nov. 3. 1904.

Dear Sirs:

Today being His Majesty the Emperor's birthday, I promised myself the pleasure of celebrating it with you all at a banquet which it was my intention to give, but I deeply regret to say that I cannot do so, owing to the exigencies of the military situation, which demand my unremitting attention. Will you please accept the accompanying trifle, which will, I hope, help to warm your hearts for the notable occasion.

With many wishes for your success,

I am,

yours very truly

M. Nogi (General & Baron)

Commander-in-chief of the
Third Imperial Army.

FACSIMILE LETTER FROM GENERAL BARON NOGI.

NOTE.—The "accompanying trifle" was a bottle of champagne and a chicken.

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personally. The chief of his staff on that occasion, General Ichici, I had met, and, curiously enough, I met him again ten years afterward, watching the battle from a hill adjacent to the one on which we were following the movements of the Jap army of those days. To add to the coincidence I came across two other men who were with me in the previous war on the same hill: an interpreter of Chinese, and a Japanese war-correspondent.

It was while I was marking time, so to speak, waiting for permission from the War Office in Tokio to join the Third Imperial Army in Manchuria, that I paid a visit to the Land of the Morning Calm, and Court of the Emperor of Corea.

Next to King John of Abyssinia, the most curious-looking potentate I have met was Yi Huing, the Corean emperor. Unlike the Ethiopian monarch, who received me while squatting on elaborate cushions, the ruler of the Land of the Morning Calm stood bolt upright. He was dressed in mourning, in respect for the memory of his recently murdered wife, and, unlike the European custom, he wore a white cap instead of a black one, and a long shirt of the same colour. It was a very plain costume, and without any sign of jewellery about it. His face would have been as plain and as uninteresting as his costume, for it was wrinkled and yellow, but for its amiable and good-humoured expression when I stepped up

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to the dais, on which he and his heir-apparent stood to receive our party, and presented, through the Crown Prince, our cards. The royal words were few, but to the point, as he, in a gentle and kindly manner said, through the interpreter—

“I hope that you and your brethren of the Press have had a pleasant journey.”

“Tell his Imperial Majesty,” I replied, “that we have had a most delightful journey.”

The emperor then smiled upon us all. The interview was closed ; we had now nothing else to do but to back our way out of the door, bowing towards the throne at certain intervals, for which the master of the ceremonies gave us the proper cue. After our presentation we were entertained most liberally in an adjacent room by the court officials, several of whom spoke English fluently, and I must say that I never met a more charming or well-bred set of men than the officers of the Corean court.



AN IMPERIAL RECEPTION IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, SEOUL.

[*To face p. 146.*]

IX

I FIRST met Lord Roberts at Mandalay, when, as commander-in-chief of the Indian army, he accompanied the viceroy, Lord Dufferin; who had been ordered by the British Government, after the Burmese War of 1886, to officially take over King Theebaw's territories and annex them to the British Empire.

The viceroy was holding his first reception at the palace, and after being presented I joined the small crowd standing in a semicircle by the throne. Presently a very smart little man in the uniform of a general, came up to me and said—

“Mr. Villiers, I believe?”

“Yes, that is my name.”

“Well, mine's Roberts;” and for a moment there was an amused twinkle in his grey eyes.

“Oh yes,” I said, rather confused, for I then recognized the face. I had always associated the great soldier with the early-Victorian, unwarrior-like, mutton-chop whiskers and lank hair of the photographs I had seen of him. Now his hair was closely cropped, and his lean, eager face was only adorned with a grey moustache.

“You were with General Stewart during the

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Nile expedition for the relief of Khartum? I have read about you in Sir Charles Wilson's book on the campaign."

"Yes, general, you are quite right," I replied.

"Well, if you have the time, come and chat about it in a quiet corner."

We had a considerable talk about the famous march across the desert, and the fights at Abu Klea and Gubat; then the general asked me to luncheon at his quarters up at the palace the next day. I told him how I missed joining his famous march to Kandahar because my Journal had recalled me from the Afghan campaign to go to Australia.

"Ah," said the general with a grim smile, "you will probably be in the next."

"When will that be?"

"Possibly next year; and I hope, Mr. Villiers, if it comes off, that you will join my staff."

"You are very kind, general; I shall be delighted; but with whom will be the fighting?"

The commander-in-chief looked at me with real astonishment, and I felt myself squirm under his cold, grey gaze, for I thought there was a slight glint of contempt in it at my evident crass stupidity.

"Why, with the Russians, of course," he quickly replied.

Then I realized, for the first time, that the Muscovite invasion of India, at the idea of which so many of our statesmen scoffed, was a real and

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possible danger. There was no false confidence with General Roberts in the impregnability of the Passes. The ever-vigilant commander-in-chief never kept his eyes off the Afghan border.

There was no Russian campaign the following year; but, until our allies, the Japs, pricked the Great Bubble, the military authorities in India have always been expecting one, and I feel certain that those who know what the Russians really did in the way of fighting in Manchuria, and the almost superhuman difficulties they had to contend with, *re* transport and commissariat, in that recent campaign, have come to the conclusion that if they had devoted their energies to an invasion of India instead of fighting the Japanese it would have been one of the most uncertain campaigns, as to the results, the British Empire had ever undertaken.

In the early part of the Afghan War in 1877 I was with the Bazaar Relief Expedition under General Maude, uncle of the distinguished actor-manager of the same name, whom I remember meeting at dinner at a friend's house.

When chatting with him about his uncle I could see a strong resemblance in the smart alertness of the actor to the famous Indian general. There was one defect that the soldier had from which the nephew was, luckily, free: deafness. General Maude was quite deaf which, after all, I think is not a drawback to soldiers in the field, for they cannot be perturbed by the sound of the bullet,

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nor can they suffer from cannon fever, a nervous affection caused by the incessant noise of the guns.

General Maude was a sweet-tempered man. After the Bazaar Expedition we were ordered back to India. On the march my pony, which was born and bred in Peshawar, evidently scented the plains before any of the other quadrupeds of the staff, for I could not hold him in. He would insist on being ahead of every one. Now this is not according to regulations, and is a great offence against military etiquette when you are riding with the commander of the forces. I apologized to the general for the misconduct of my horse and he smilingly said—

“Never mind, go ahead, and let your pony lead the army.”

I was never in so proud a position before or since, in spite of having once guided the Guides.

The general's deafness was sometimes very apparent. One night while we were still in the valley (ah, in those days war-correspondents were always invited to join the headquarters mess) an amusing *contretemps* occurred owing to the general's defect. We had drunk the Queen's health in rations of rum or limejuice, for we were short of wines and tobacco in those days, small munitions for the army having to be fought through the passes into the valley. There was a Highland regiment with the column, and the colonel offered the services of its pipers to enliven the headquarters mess.

An A.D.C. came into the tent, and addressing the general in a loud whisper, said—

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"May the pipers play, sir?"

"What?" answered Maude, with some resentment in his voice.

In a louder tone the A.D.C. repeated the question.

"Very well, as we are out of cigarettes, I suppose we must take to pipes," testily answered the general.

The A.D.C. saw that it was useless to explain further, so we smoked our pipes while the Highlanders played theirs, and all went merrily till the Afghan snipers began to disturb us. We turned out of the mess-tent to see what was called "The Fireworks," as the flicker of the musket-fire told against the blackness of the night; then most of us went to bed. Some nights the snipers' bullets found billets, and a few of us never rose again, but slept on for ever.

There was another excellent general with the expedition, Colonel Tytler, V.C., of the Ghoorkas. He was about six foot two in his socks, while the stalwart, little men of the regiment were about four foot five. Tytler, after putting his camps in a thorough state of defence, used to walk about with me during the sniping, when night set in, with his mind perfectly happy as to the stability of his position. He would fill his pipe and chat with me about theatricals, of which he was very fond. He remembered Phelps, Macready, Charles Matthews, and many others, and would quote a passage from Shakespeare with great facility. One night, while

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he was quoting, a stray bullet whanged into a commissariat tin, forming a part of the defence. abruptly finished the passage and said—

“You had better shift out of this, Villiers.”

A moment later a burst of fire from the dark hillside sent a more than usual rattle among the commissariat cases.

“We will have more of the Immortal Bard tomorrow night, if these . . . beggars will let us; we had better go to bed now.”

The most remarkable figure of the campaign was the famous political officer, Major Sir Louis Cavagnari, attached to the Khyber Pass Column. He was a man who had an eye for a picture, and was very fond of sketching; for this reason he became very friendly with me. Whenever there was any interesting function going on he would always let me know so that I should not miss it for my sketch-book. As far as I could make out, in that campaign, political officers were the bug-bears of the military commands. Whatever the soldier did by feat of arms to improve the situation and add to British prestige, was apparently spoiled by the politicals, who seemed to do all they possibly could to minimize the results, and to, practically, play into the hands of the enemy. Sir Louis Cavagnari was not one of these.

There was nothing in the personal appearance of the major to denote the soldier. He had the ascetic, thoughtful face of the diplomatist, and wore



MAJOR CAVANARI SEALING UP THE TREATY.
(by permission of the proprietors of the Graphic.)

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glasses. But there was no more dashing, plucky man in Her Majesty's service when occasion served.

When, in 1878-79, by Cavagnari's tact and knowledge of the Afghan character he at last persuaded the Ameer Yakoub that he had not much to gain by further fighting, and that he had better come in and arrange a treaty, I was with the major at Gundamak, and was present in his tent when he and his secretary, Mr. Jenkins, sealed up the important scroll before it was sent through the Passes down to the viceroy at Simla.

Cavagnari was kneeling on the floor when I entered, melting the wax by the aid of a candle. On the tent-stool by his side were the pens with which the treaty had just been signed.

"Ah, major," said I, "these pens, so unimportant but yesterday, are now wonderfully historic."

"Do you think so?" he replied with just a faint touch of the brogue in his voice, for he was a son of the Emerald Isle, "then take the things, and put them into your museum." Then he pointed to the bed, "Do you see that silk satchel?"

"Yes," said I, with sparkling eyes.

"Take that as well, for it is the envelope in which the letter came to me to say that the Ameer would treat with us."

Needless to say, I treasured these mementoes, and they now repose in my studio.

It was a sad day for me when, after being invited by Cavagnari to join his small party of

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Englishmen on their mission to Kabul, the viceroy, Lord Lytton, wired that it was impossible for me to go; on the grounds that another white man would entail an extra escort, and for certain reasons the number of troopers was to be limited. I little thought when I said good-bye to the major at the door of his tent that it was for the last time. For, within a month, Sir Louis and his gallant followers were cut to pieces by their treacherous host in Kabul. I can see the sun on the major's spectacles, making them shine like panes of glass against the dark cavity of the tent, entirely obliterating his eyes.

"I am sorry you can't come with us, but after all it may not be worth the candle."

I suppose I have to thank the late Lord Lytton for my life, but at the time I was very much incensed with him.

When I arrived in Simla, *en route* for Bombay, the viceroy was good enough to ask me to dine. The government-house party was very bright and gay; I remember before the meal the A.D.C. coming up to me and saying—

"Whom would you like to take in to dinner?"

"I am sure I don't know," I replied.

"Let your artistic taste go free," said he, "choose the prettiest woman, and you shall take her in."

This was no easy matter, for there were several very good-looking women present. At last I settled on one I thought the most beautiful, and, when I

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sat down at table, I found that I was placed next to my hostess. So on left and right of me I had the prettiest and most entertaining of the fairer sex.

I suppose I was particularly impressed by my surroundings that evening, having but a few hours before come off a long, dusty, weary march of five or six days; passing *en route* through dreary cholera camps, where men lay cramped in agony, when the temperature by day registered 114 in the shade, and only fell to 106 at midnight. I was absolutely enthralled, therefore, by the welcome change to the comfort, sweetness, and brilliant luxury of the surroundings of a dinner at the vice-regal court, which made such a pleasant little interlude in my wanderings. Lord Lytton, so familiar to the literary world as "Owen Meredith," was exceedingly affable, and listened with considerable interest to my description of what I had seen during the campaign. When my fair neighbours left the dining-room His Excellency said—

"We will join the ladies at once; we can still smoke cigarettes in the drawing-room, and you can explain your sketches at the same time."

This was the first occasion I became acquainted with this excellent custom, and I found out afterwards that Lord Lytton had introduced the idea, with many other free-and-easy innovations, while he enjoyed office, and which some of the older, and less progressive, types of civil and military guests looked upon with much perturbation.

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A few years after, when he gave up his post of viceroy on the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry, I met him at luncheon at Lady Dorothy Nevill's. He was quite a changed man, had lost all his charm of manner, and appeared dull and morose. He seemed to be utterly broken in spirit by the vindictive attacks made upon his administration of India by the leaders of the Liberal party.

Lady Dorothy Nevill was a charming hostess, and her luncheon parties were always interesting. One invariably found the most lionized personage, for the moment, in London at these luncheons. One of H.B.M. ministers, on his vacation ; some famous general just returned from distinguishing himself in one of our petty wars ; the latest successful man of letters or music ; or some well-known actor-manager ; were to be found once or twice a week in Charles Street ; a house full of the most artistic, old-world furniture.

After luncheon the small party would retire to the little smoking snugery on the ground-floor and have coffee.

I remember meeting at one of these luncheons, Mr. (now Sir Hugh) Wyndham, H.B.M.'s envoy, who had just come over from Belgrade. I had spent one Christmas Day with him in the Servian capital, and he gave me some coffee the like of which I have never again come across. It was the colour of deep cobalt, and possessed a flavour that spoiled one's palate for all other types of coffee. Mr.

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Wyndham told me that he received a small bag of the beans from the Italian consul at Mocha, and that real Mocha coffee was rarely seen on the market. It was bought up privately, mostly by the agents of emperors, kings, and princes ; sometimes there was a leakage, and the Italian consul derived the benefit.

X

My good friend Joseph Hatton I first met in New York superintending the production of his excellent melodrama, *John Needham's Double*. Willard was playing the title rôle, and I was so deeply interested in his methods that at one rehearsal I was watching him from eight in the evening till two in the morning, going back on the principal scenes. There is no more versatile author than Joseph Hatton, and his famous *Cigarette Papers* are read throughout the world; while some of his fascinating books of adventure one finds in odd, out-of-the-way corners. I have come across them in log-huts in the backwoods of America, and in the tin shanties in the back-blocks of Australia; while at Port Arthur, during the Russo-Jap War, a Jap officer told me that he had requisitioned an English book from a Russian prisoner. I found it was one of Hatton's Nihilist novels, *By Order of the Czar*, and by its worn appearance it must have been well read.

It was in Joseph Hatton's charming residence in St. John's Wood, at an At Home, that I met Bret Harte; then a very red-faced little man, with snow-white hair. He had such a peppery appearance, owing to this redness, that one at first felt quite

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nervous in addressing him. I told him what an effect his pathetic poem *Spray of Western Pine, A Tribute to Charles Dickens*, had upon me. He smiled good-humouredly, and replied—

“We all felt his loss most keenly in the States. I was editing the *Overland Monthly* at the time, and on hearing of his death sat down about three in the afternoon to write an editorial on the great author. I wrote one and then tore it up. Then another, after much pains, was written. This did not please me, so I tore it up. I wrote yet another, and threw it into the waste-paper basket; it would not do. It was getting late, and I was now keeping the paper waiting for press. I was drumming on my desk, absolutely without another thought in my head; I had run dry. Suddenly I mechanically began to write, and the result was the thing you seem to like so much. Well, Mr. Villiers, you are not far out. I like it too.”

There were many men at that gathering who have since become prominent in their profession. One was Mr. Israel Zangwill, whom I thought had a strong resemblance in those days to Benjamin Disraeli. I remember sharing the same umbrella with him as far as the 'bus, for it was pouring in torrents of rain at the time, and that democratic vehicle was mostly used by the young and aspiring authors of those days. As I walked by the side of the young champion of Judaism I wondered how long would it be before he drove home, like Bret Harte, in a snug little brougham.

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One season in New York I met Beerbohm Tree. It was his first visit to America, and he was a great success. A breakfast was given to myself and the famous actor by a few literary and artistic friends. It was a very happy morning. I always had the greatest admiration for the actor-manager, who never spoils a play by taking to himself all the "fat" of the piece; and whose exquisite taste has given the play-going public all that is most truthful, beautiful, and artistic of the *mise en scène* of the stage. I was behind the scenes at the Haymarket one night while he was playing in *Hypatia*, and he took me to the wings to see the effect of a set designed by his friend, Sir Alma Tadema. We stood admiring the exquisite colouring, and he was just in the middle of a sentence when he said—

"Excuse me, that's my cue."

Before I was aware of his absence from my side he was on the stage playing his part of *Issacah*. The sudden change of voice and feature from the affable critic into the irate and crafty Jew was almost uncanny.

It was during this, my third, visit to New York that I was interviewed by a very charming and clever representative of a Chicago paper who was good enough to arrange a meeting with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox; the well-known American poetess, and the librettist of that delightful song, among others, the *Beautiful Land of Nod*. It was at her

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flat in New York that I first became acquainted with that most excellent of American innovations of the supper-table, the chafing-dish. We dined very early and sat over our coffee and cigars at the same table, chatting till late in the night. The company was excessively amusing and the conversation of the most entertaining character. About eleven o'clock the glittering silver dish, with a glowing spirit-lamp beneath it, was placed upon the table, and the brilliant hostess manipulated with her own hands a light supper. In was in the small hours of the morning when we left that festive board, and I think I have seldom spent a more delightful time, at one sitting, than at that house.

Some years afterwards I met Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her husband on board a Cunarder on their return journey from England, where they had been present at the solemn procession of the funeral *cortège* of our beloved Queen Victoria. The poetess had come to England for the first time for the purpose of describing the obsequies of the dead Queen for the *New York Journal*. This she did in her incomparable verse. But she did not like England, and London she declared was the most depressing city she had ever visited. She could never get warm. Our open fires were abominable to her. All the heat went up the chimneys, she assured me, and she spent most of her time in London on the hearth before the fire with the rug wrapped round her. She longed to get back to her cosy little bungalow in Connecticut. To

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those who know how American houses are warmed during the winter, each room heated to an equable temperature night and day, there was much truth in her indictment of the old-fashioned, inefficient means of warming our rooms. It struck me, while listening to her experiences in London, that that exquisite poem of hers, full of warmth and passion, *The Birth of the Opal*, and other verse of kindred nature, might never have been written if she had been compelled to live in such a chilling environment as the City of London.

My fair interviewer was also the means of my visiting the great "shilling shocker" of America, that versatile genius and prolific writer and publisher of his own works, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter; a chubby, genial man with just a slight resemblance to the late George Augustus Sala in appearance, but as keen as a knife in business matters; a thorough tradesman who knows his market and turns out his goods neatly bound with snappy, attractive titles, such as *Miss Dividends*, *Miss Nobody of Nowhere*, regularly, so many per annum, which in their tens of thousands are greedily snapped up by the American public. His books are also generally written with an eye to the making of good melodramas which he dramatizes himself, superintending their production.

Mr. Gunter seems to work, more or less, on the lines of the much-maligned pork-packing houses of Chicago, where every bit of pig is used with

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the exception of the squeak. But Mr. Gunter goes further and practically runs in the squeak, for he advertises his own wares. The result is that there is no wealthier author in the United States, or perhaps in the whole world, than Archibald Clavering Gunter. He has been chemist, mining expert, stockbroker and civil engineer, for he superintended the building of the Central Pacific Railway. But he finds writing and publishing his own books and producing his own plays the most lucrative of all his many enterprises. With the many vicissitudes through which he has passed it is not remarkable that he had such wonderful facility in accuracy of local colour in his writings. The night I dined with him at his charming flat on 14th Street I particularly inquired how he got that very accurate description in his admirable story, *Mr. Barnes of New York*, of a man watching the exploits of H.M.S. *Condor* before Fort Marabout during the bombardment of Alexandria. It was undoubtedly from Mr. Cornish, the chief engineer on the top of the Alexandria waterworks, who stuck to his post and defended the building from the Arab rabble.

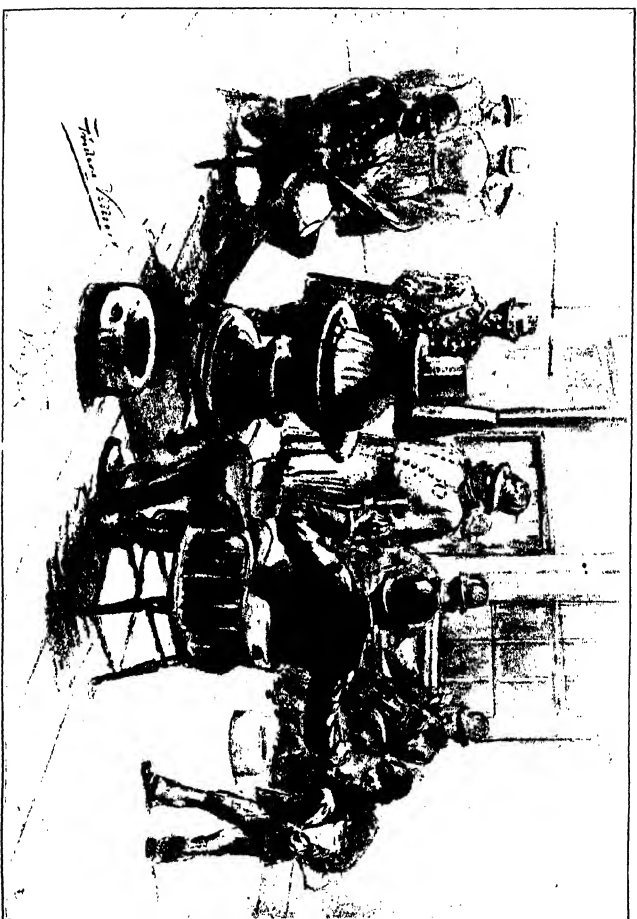
"I know it must have been," said I, "by the way you describe the position of the house, because I have been on that roof myself. From there it was possible to see the little *Condor* moving out towards her gigantic objective."

"Guess you are too kind," said the author, "in interpreting my meagre copy in this delightful way. I do get the grip of things sometimes fairly well

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I simply read the papers of those days of your Egyptian trouble and placed myself in imagination on the roof of one of the houses in Alexandria, and tried to describe what I thought might be the case, that's all; but I am glad I hit it off so well."

It was while I was "doing" the seamy side of New York life with camera and pencil, that Julian Hawthorne, the famous journalist and novelist, joined me for the purpose of writing the letter-press for my illustrations. The best detectives were placed at our service by the chief of police, and we wandered together into all the slums and dens of iniquity of New York City, from the tender-loin district, to the Chinese and Italian quarters. Hawthorne knew them all, he had worked the city through and through for material for his novels. I never met a man who was so universally liked and could move about in these places without, apparently, creating any signs of resentment from their denizens. He had such a sweet, genial, sympathetic and easy-going manner with him, but on occasions could stiffen a man out with one good stroke from the shoulder, and was capable of plugging a fellow in the exact spot where he wanted a bullet to go before one knew he had pulled trigger. After wading through the filth and unsavoury atmosphere of the slums, we would take a Turkish bath together and chat over the day's work. I never saw a man "strip" better than



A POLICE PRECINCT IN NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

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Hawthorne, or a finer model for a sculptor. In the exhilarating influence of the bath he was always full of bright schemes for the future. One day he was more than usually elated.

"Struck a bully thing this morning," said he, "and you are in it, Villiers."

"What's that?" said I.

"Come and dine at the Engineers' Club this evening, and I will introduce you to a man who's going to make both our fortunes."

I turned up at the club as appointed. When the cigars and coffee came on the table our host, a stout, well-fed, rosy type of man, said—

"Gentlemen, I have an idea that might appeal to you. It's a sound business proposition, and there's money in it for us all."

Hawthorne and I swallowed our liqueurs and looked intently on his jovial face.

"Well, it's just this. I have bought many thousand acres of plum-growing country about thirty miles from San Francisco, and I want to start a little colony to work those plums. I should like you and my friend Julian here to form a kind of nucleus. You are both popular men, and I want you to stay out there for a few years, as an inducement for others to come and settle on the land. There are two fine houses on the estate, which shall be yours; a few hundred acres of plum trees, all bearing, and all I want you to do is to live there and have a good time. Are you fond of oranges?" We both nodded assent. "Then

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you have practically nothing else to do but to sit on a pile of them, eat your way to the ground, and watch the plums grow. This may seem a fairy story, but I mean it. The plum industry is the most profitable game out there, and they realize high prices in San Francisco."

"Villiers," cried Hawthorne, "this is the softest proposition I have yet struck; what do you say?"

I did not hesitate; I wanted a rest in some pleasant climate, and I had quickly decided in my mind that this, for a few years, was just the thing.

"Right you are," I replied, "I am with you."

"Shake on it," said my host, and in another moment I took his burly fist in mine.

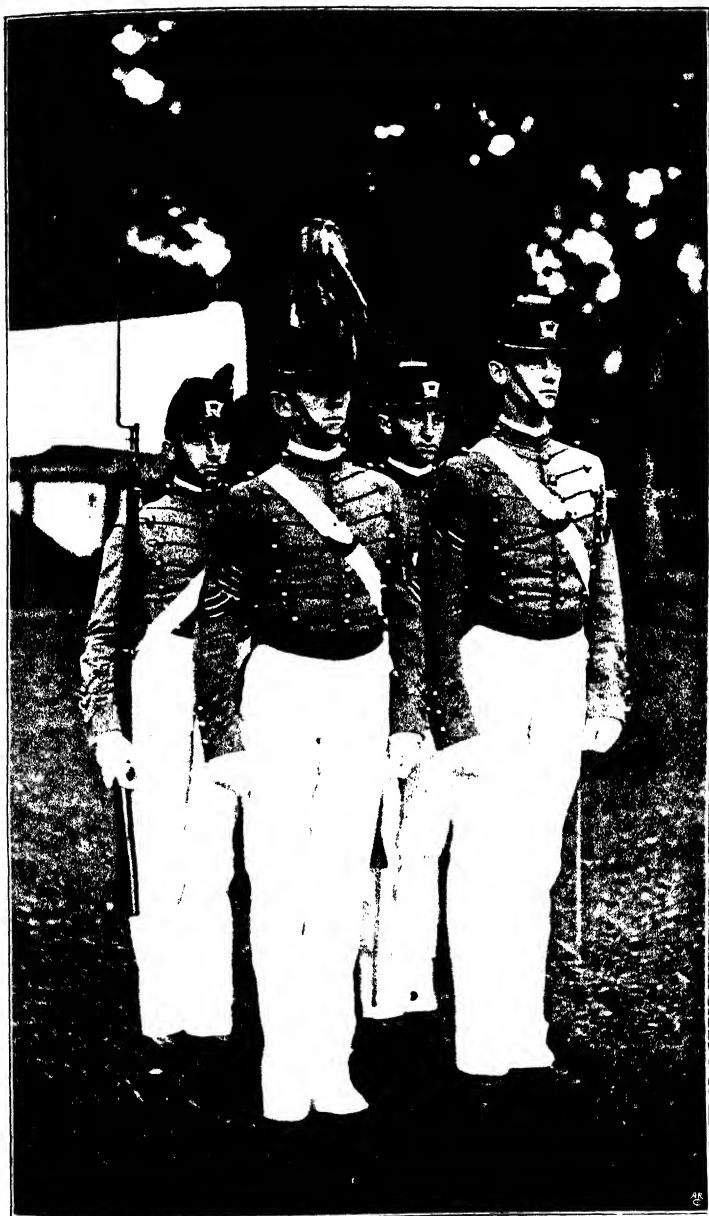
The following year I met the plum-grower in London, who told me that he expected to have everything arranged for Hawthorne and myself to go out in the fall; he was then on his way to the Argentine.

The autumn came, but there was no further news about those Californian acres.

The next year I was in Chicago for the opening of the World's Fair. One afternoon I came across Hawthorne. I asked after his charming daughter with whom he generally travelled.

"Guess, Villiers," said he, "the best part of me is right there," pointing towards a kiosk where she was purchasing flowers; "but I want to tell you about that plum proposition. It's all off."

"How's that?" I replied.



CADETS OF WEST POINT, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

[To face p. 166.]

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"My friend went bust in the Argentine, and has never come back."

During one of my visits to New York, I was invited to lecture to the cadets at West Point. There had only been one other Englishman who had entertained the students at the famous military academy, and that was Sir Henry Irving, so I appreciated the invitation as a very great compliment to my profession, and I shall never quite forget the cordial reception I met with.

The academy is situate on a delightfully picturesque spot on the Hudson River. The most rigorous discipline is enforced, the cadets practically leading the life, and doing the duties, of the private soldier. At the same time their studies are supposed to be the most arduous of any similar military academy. Many youths have broken down under the mental and physical strain necessary to the West Point system. But, as one of the masters told me, they only want the best type of material for this United States mill for making army officers, and those who cannot stand the grind, and who cannot live up to the high standard of the school, must go.

I lectured in the chapel, which was draped for the occasion with English and American flags, and I have never addressed a more intelligent, enthusiastic audience than that delightful crowd of the brightest of American youth.

XI

LORD WOLSELEY, "our only general," as the fickle British public once christened him, used to look in, occasionally, and lunch with Lady Dorothy Nevill and her friends at 49, Grosvenor Square.

I had met him several times on the war-path; and had always followed his career with the keenest interest from the time of the Red River expedition, when, as a boy, I read of that remarkable, though bloodless, campaign. Just before the Ashantee expedition Colonel Wolseley lived near Richmond, and, as a youth, when staying with an uncle at St. Margaret's, I would watch the famous officer take his constitutional along the towing-path of the river. I well remember his costume; a blue pilot jacket, light trousers, and what, in those days, was called an "Alpine" hat. It was with great delight I went up to London, after his campaign and triumphal entry to Coomassie, to welcome him as one of the ordinary crowd, which on these occasions greets the return of a public hero, at Charing Cross station. And, to my surprise, he was not in martial raiment, but still wore the pilot jacket and "Alpine" hat. I little thought then that it would shortly be my good

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fortune to know him personally, and to receive so much kindness from him when campaigning.

It was at the battle of El-Macfa that I first met him, when, during the fight, he rode up to me and, with great glee, said—

“Did you see that, Mr. Villiers?”

“What, sir?” said I.

“Why, the charge of the Horse Guards.”

“Yes, sir, I did.”

“Ah,” he gaily laughed, “it is the first time the Guards have charged since the battle of Waterloo.”

Later on, in another little fight before the decisive action of Tel-el-Kebir, I met him again, and I was very proud to be able to give him some information about the junction of the railway. There was, however, a good deal of grumbling on the part of the war-correspondents *re* their treatment by the headquarter staff, by virtue of certain necessary telegraphic restrictions, and Lord Wolseley was not much liked by them. So I dare say it was a surprise to the general when, after the campaign, I called on him in Cairo to personally thank him for what he had done for, at least, one of the fraternity.

I remember that it was rather late in the evening, and he was evidently dressing for dinner, for a staff officer met me in the corridor of the house in which the general lived, and said rather brusquely—

“I am afraid that Lord Wolseley cannot see

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you; he is dressing, and later he will be busy preparing for his journey."

"Who's that?" came a voice in pleasant tones from one of the rooms; and a partly-dressed figure peeped from behind a door. It was the general himself.

"What do you want with me, Mr. Villiers?"

I told him my mission. He thanked me with great cordiality, and said—

"I regret that I have not been able to do much for you since I have been in Egypt. But in any future campaign don't forget to let me know if I can be of service to you."

Later on I found him as good as his word.

When the father of the present Czar was crowned in Moscow Lord Wolseley represented the British army on that occasion, and I met him on the great gala night in the Kremlin. He was rather anxious to see General Skobelev's sister, who was dancing. The hall of St. George was thronged with people jostling each other, and the dancers were clearing ground for themselves by slowly waltzing in little circles in different parts of the room.

"I am told that she is over there," said the general; "but," he continued, "it's impossible to get through this crowd."

I had noticed how the guests had managed to wade through the crush, so I said to him—

"If you will come with me I will get you through."

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The general was, of course, in his full dress; there was a wonderful variety of uniforms, much more gorgeous than his, but they were not of British red. This brilliant colour was a great advantage to our movements.

"We will start now," I said.

"Very well," replied the general, as he stiffened himself to follow me.

In another moment the man in front of me received my elbow in his ribs, and his body at once gave in the direction I wanted to go. Each person standing in our way was treated in the same manner, and thus we slowly but surely advanced. There was no inward cursing or swearing on the part of those whom we disturbed, for when I gave the dig with my elbow, I always apologized with a smile; and they, in turn, on seeing the little, dapper, red figure of the general, blazing with decorations, gaining ground inch by inch, cried—

"Pardon, m'sieu!"

"Very beautiful; anything like her brother?" asked Wolseley, when we were at last on the outer rim of the circle of dancers.

"Yes, a remarkable likeness," I replied.

"Well, her brother was a great soldier; I envy you your experiences with him at Plevna. I should like to have seen him in the field. Now, how shall we get out of this?" he continued.

"The same way, sir," I replied.

"Then I will do a little of the elbowing this time."

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So the general and I fought our way out of the room through a most forgiving crowd uttering, as we dug right and left, the same apologetic expressions—

“ *Mais, pardonnez-moi, m'sieu.* ”

The absurd nonsense published in some of the English papers about the extraordinary precautions taken to protect the life of the Czar was fully illustrated by the freedom with which the Emperor moved about the Kremlin during the Coronation festivities. Most English people, led by these newspapers, imagine the Emperor a cowering, trembling being, afraid to look out of one of the palace windows because of the possibility of a shot from some lurking ruffian in the palace grounds, or reluctant to sit down at table for fear of a bomb in an entrée dish.

There was nothing of this fear on the part of Alexander III. I first met him when, as Czara-vitch during the Russo-Turkish campaign, he came to take command of the army of the Lom. I was invited to the banquet given in his honour, and was presented to him by his A.D.C., Count Shouvaloff. We stood chatting for some time, eating cold boiled eggs and caviare and drinking vodki by the sideboard, *à la Russe*, in the luncheon-tent. He spoke English remarkably well, but not so fluently as his A.D.C., and during luncheon I sat between the two. Alexander III. was a fairly good soldier, and could rough it as well as his officers. There was not that stately, regal bearing about him



A RUSSIAN CORONATION.
Nicholas II. crowning the Czarina.

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which his father possessed ; he was not so tall, and his figure was squat and thick-set ; but his face was, probably, stronger and more determined in character than that of the more amiable, and handsomer, one of Alexander II. Mr. Heath, the English tutor to the Royal children, told me while I was in Moscow that his Imperial master and the Empress took the greatest interest in the up-bringing of their children, and every evening the Czar and Czarina would be present at the bedside of their young ones while they said their prayers. And he informed me that the study in which he taught the boys was, practically, papered with my drawings from the *Graphic* of the dramatic incidents of the Russo-Turkish war.

I reminded Lord Wolseley of his promise to me the following year when I was asked by my journal to join the relief expedition for the rescue of General Charles Gordon, then besieged in Khartum. I was the last correspondent to leave England on this occasion, and when I arrived in Cairo thought that I should be much behind the others in catching up with the army. However, on my arrival I found all my colleagues still in the interesting capital having a good time. Knowing that Lord Wolseley was leaving Cairo for Asiout, where he was to take boat for Assouan, I hurried on to the former place and there awaited results. My chance soon came. I went on board the steamer awaiting the general's coming at the levee, saw Messrs. Cook's agent, who was running the show, and told him that I wanted

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to go up river with the general, and asked if he could manage the business for me.

"Mr. Villiers," he replied, "I should be delighted to do so, but it does not rest with me ; Lord Wolseley must be consulted in the matter."

"Well," I answered, "if he is agreeable can you manage to find me a berth?"

"Oh yes!"

"Very well, you may hear from me shortly," I said, and with rising spirits I hurried back to my hotel, and anticipated the general's answer by sending my gear at once on board the steamer. I found that Wolseley was expected in the small hours of the morning by special train from Cairo, so I camped out for the greater part of the night on the station. When at last, in the grey of the dawn, the special drew up at the platform, to Lord Wolseley's astonishment I was the first person to greet him. I must say he was exceedingly civil considering that he must have had a very tiresome journey.

On my asking permission to accompany him on his journey up the Nile, he said—

"I have no objection, Mr. Villiers ; it all remains with Cook's agent."

"Very well, sir," I replied, "I don't think there will be any difficulty in that quarter," and very much elated, I almost ran to the agent's offices, told Cook's man that the general had consented, and the matter was fixed.

We had not been steaming an hour up the river before Wolseley sent an A.D.C. to invite me to join

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his mess, which made me congratulate myself that I was comfortably settled for some weeks to come.

General Sir Redvers Buller was chief of Lord Wolseley's staff, and no more distinguished officer was there in those days. The previous year he had saved a British disaster at Tamai, and soon after our meeting on the Nile steamer rescued the sorely-distressed relief column, after its failure to save Khartum, from its perilous position down at the Metemmah. But, such is the gratitude of the nation, this very officer—owing to a reverse in another campaign many years after—has been abused up hill and down dale, and all his past services to the country seemingly forgotten by the very public that a few years previously hailed him as a hero.

Buller is a plain man with rather a rough brusqueness of manner, and does not love war-correspondents. I remember a little incident regarding him in the Zulu war. He had not been very civil to a certain war-artist, the late Mr. C. E. Fripp, one of the pluckiest and cleverest of all my colleagues, and while the army was on the march Fripp had, for sketching purposes, got ahead of the advance party. Buller seeing this indiscretion sent one of his *aides*, Lord William Beresford, to tell him to come back.

Lord William delivered his message but the artist insisted on remaining.

"Well," returned the amiable Bill, "I must inform the general."

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"Who's your general?" retorted the rude artist.

"There he is," pointed Beresford.

"Is that ——?" and here I am afraid Fripp said something unpleasant regarding the homeliness of his appearance. On this Beresford lost his temper.

"Look here," cried he, "don't you abuse my general. Stop it, or I will give you a thrashing."

"I will come round for it when we encamp to-night," said Fripp.

"And," Beresford told me with much laughter, some years afterward when I met him in Burmah, "the little beggar kept his word, and put up a very good fight. I did not give him a thrashing, but he nearly gave me one. However, finding that I could only use one arm, the other having been wounded, he gallantly caved in, and we eventually became very good friends."

Lord William was a dashing fighter, and he informed me that he would never have got his V.C. but for Archibald Forbes. I remember the incident well, for Forbes told me that he saw the act of dare-devil bravery, and, knowing Beresford's modesty, insisted that some notice should be taken of the courageous deed, of which he cabled the particulars in one of his despatches to the *Daily News*.

The journey with Lord Wolseley up the Nile was a pleasant and interesting one. It was the beginning of a gigantic enterprise which far surpassed, in difficulties of transport and the severity of the fighting, Kitchener's, probably better known,

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exploit of finally crushing the Dervish power at Omdurman.

Talking one night with Lord Wolseley over his many campaigns, and the fact that he had hitherto never met with a reverse, he said—

“The reason is, Mr. Villiers, that I never fight unless I know that I am certain to win.”

And though the very expedition we were engaged in was not to be a success, inasmuch that we did not save Gordon, it was not the general's fault. From the beginning there was a possibility that he would be too late. And the curious part of the business was that, in all the fights which led up to the fall of Khartum, Wolseley and his lieutenants were always successful. Even after the fall Wolseley was preparing a final campaign to crush the Mahdi, but the British Government caved in at the last moment, and would not carry out Wolseley's scheme.

I shall never forget, when dining with the general one evening in his tent down by the river at Korti how he told me to go back to Cairo for a holiday but to return in a month or two, when the fresh campaign would begin ; and shortly afterwards I heard him address the native chiefs who had befriended the expedition *en route*, and tell them that—

“It is the intention of Her Majesty's Government, cost what it may, to crush the power of the Mahdi, and avenge the death of Gordon.”

Within a week of this speech, Mr. Gladstone

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had decided otherwise. Wolseley had to eat his words, and the British army was returning down the Nile, leaving the loyal chiefs, who had assisted our advance, to the merciless wrath of the Mahdi and his followers!

H.S.H. the late Duke of Teck, who was on Wolseley's staff in 1882, had a great charm of manner, and was a man of fine presence. He looked particularly handsome in the uniform of the 24th Middlesex, of which regiment he was honorary colonel. For five years I held a commission in this regiment, which was famous for having one of the best commanding officers in the service, the late Colonel du Plat Taylor, and also for being the only Volunteer corps represented by a contingent in the Egyptian campaigns of 1882 and 1885.

The duke invariably turned up at the officers' yearly dinner, and he never forgot to bring with him a box of a special brand of cigars, which he freely distributed. It was at one of these dinners that he asked me if I had received the Egyptian medal for 1882 and 1885, during which campaigns we had often met.

"No, sir," I replied; "the military authorities do not give medals to war-correspondents."

The duke, when roused, used to give vent to his feelings in a quick and incisive manner, during which his German intonation was more pronounced.

"You tell me that you have not the medal? And you were everywhere seeing the fighting!

Peaceful Personalities and Warriors Bold

Why, they gave the skippers of tramp steamers, carrying bully-beef for the troops, the medal! You have not got it? Disgraceful! My servant who blacks my boots, he has got the medal—disgraceful! My dear Villiers," cried he, "it will be all right; I will see into the matter."

And I have no doubt that he did, but that medal never arrived.

When in Egypt I was often befriended by the good-natured duke. I remember I had been through the little affair of the first skirmish with the enemy at Kassassin, and was waiting by the railway track which lay across the scorching desert for the prospect of a lift on one of the munition trains, when a few cattle-trucks came from the other direction. They were deep-barred waggons with uncovered tops. Presently a familiar voice rang out from one of them, and an arm waved above the wall of the car—

"Villiers! Villiers! Come here!"

I hurried forward, and found, in lieu of cattle, the Duke of Teck, with Lord Wolseley and one or two more of the staff, having some luncheon.

"Come inside," cried he, "you are hungry, I can see."

In another moment he assisted me in scrambling up over the bars into the truck, when I was introduced all round and was soon dipping into a can of Chicago beef (excellent stuff it was, too, in those days) and quenching my big desert thirst with claret and soda; and then, over a cigar, I told

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them what I had seen of the fight. The duke was, certainly, one of the most hearty and spontaneous of men I have ever met.

It was rather a curious coincidence that I should meet his son, Prince Francis, also campaigning in Egypt some fifteen years afterwards, when Kitchener's expedition moved up the Nile.

He had just the same amiable, hearty manner as his father, and finding that I had lost most of my kit in the Nile he was good enough to furnish me with a flannel shirt and a tooth-brush. The brush was one of many which he had bought from a hair-dresser's in Bond Street.

"You need not be afraid of robbing me ; I have, as you see, many more ;" and he showed me them neatly packed in their celluloid cases. "It's awkward to be without a tooth-brush," he went on. "I am always amply provided, for I remember well a certain German princess who, for weeks, was reduced to one between herself and her three daughters."

Though it was hot Soudan weather I almost shivered at the idea, and gladly took the tooth-brush. I shall never forget the obsequiousness of the hotel valet when I sent the shirt to wash in Cairo, for that garment had the ducal coronet and monogram stitched in a corner, and his ultimate disgust when he found out that I was only one of those war-correspondents after all !

XII

SEVERAL years after this abandonment, for a time, of the Soudan I resolved to give a lecture on my war experiences, and I thought I would ask Lord Wolseley to take the chair. I therefore called upon him at his house in town. It was a rather foggy morning, and on reaching my destination I found that the general, who was staying outside London, had not yet arrived. I was ushered into his private sanctum and given the morning paper. It was a busy-looking little room on the ground floor. A huge map, stretched on a screen and placed on an easel, was in a corner of the room by the window; and I could see, by the various pins stuck here and there, that the general had been having, or was in the throes of, quite an extensive campaign in the vicinity of the Balkan States. I was studying the map as he came into the room.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Villiers," came the cheery greeting. "What can I do for you?"

I came to business at once, and in a few minutes he kindly consented to my request and arranged that he should take the chair at Willis's Room at a date he would give me later.

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On the night of the lecture I could see quite a large number of young officers present. In Wolseley's famous *Soldiers' Pocket-book* the general is always impressing on officers, when campaigning, to take with them the least possible kit. To emphasize this, as there were so many there who had never yet been on active service, I quoted this excellent precept, and gave an illustration by throwing the general's own shirt, which I had sketched outside his tent during the Nile expedition, on the screen. On the same clothes-line was a solitary sock which I had introduced to further point the general's maxim. I explained that the picture represented Lord Wolseley's kit when campaigning, and what an example this modest outfit was to all who might in future be called upon for active service. The general evidently carried with him only two flannel shirts. One he wore, and the other, too precious to wash, he gave an air bath, which was just as efficacious, in the manner illustrated. He had three socks. That in the picture was the one at the wash. Therefore he had always a more or less fresh pair to his feet.

The general took the joke in good part, and the last time I met him was a few years later when I was visiting Dublin. On my arrival I found a letter from him awaiting me at my agent's asking me to lunch at Kilmainham. He had aged considerably, but as we talked of the past campaigning days I noticed there was still much of the sprightliness and keen incisive manner of old. I thought



WAR ON A WHITE SHEET.

Viscount Wolseley.

(By permission of the proprietors of the Graphic.)

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at the time that if England was ever in real danger, and good men were wanted to get her out of it, General Viscount Wolseley was still the man to depend on ; in spite of her carping, uncivil, civil war-ministers and their satellites. Who has a better record of victories since Wellington, I should like to know, than "our only general"?

General Sir Herbert Stewart was one of the "Wolseley gang," as the officers who enjoyed his confidence were called by their less fortunate brethren. He knew much outside his profession, a trait with which the ordinary British officer is not usually accredited. When he was organizing the flying column of two thousand to make a dash across the desert, at the news that Gordon was in such sore straits, I was in his tent. He was telling me that it was not the fighting end of things that troubled him, but the water and food rations for his troops ; what work he could get out of the camels ; and the water capacity of the wells *en route*. And while orderlies were continually going to and fro, and officers were coming to report on the hundred and one details of the march, the home mail came in, and the general was at once busy, not with domestic letters, but with schemes and plans for the installation of electric light in numerous buildings he was interested in, and of which he was practically the architect, in the vicinity of Sloane Street and Chelsea.

"It is a little relief from the drudgery of

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campaigning, and these vital questions of how to feed man and horse, to wade through these papers and figures," said the general.

It was not many days after this conversation that he received his death-wound. He had got through the first fight all right, and a stiff fight it was, that of Abu Klea; his horse was shot under him, and while he was down three Arabs ran at him, but were disposed of by officers near. In fact, Abu Klea was a narrow shave for the whole desert-column. The same night we pushed on for the Nile. For some reason my colleagues with the column had decided to return to Korti; I was not consulted by them on this matter, and did not know of it till the general sent for me. He was flicking the dust from his boots with his whip; in spite of the dirt and state of piggery we lived in for want of water the general was always the most smartly groomed of all. I remember the picture made by his handsome figure, smiling face, and dark blue eyes, somewhat weary by want of sleep, and his smart Guards' helmet, with the distinctive pugaree of orange silk, as he looked at me and said—

"You will wait until we get through with this business, Mr. Villiers?"

"What do you mean, general?" I replied.

Then he told me that the rest of the correspondents had asked permission to go back. If I had given a thought to returning, which I had not, I don't think I could have entertained the idea for a moment after that short conversation with Stewart.

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He was standing on a commissariat box, looking through his glasses at the encircling swarm of Dervishes stealing up through the bush from Metemmah, when he received the fatal wound the next day. I was by his side a moment after, for I saw him fall. Frank Rhodes was the first to tend him before the surgeons hurried up. From that moment there was a gloom cast over our little army that was difficult to shake off; no officer was more beloved by all ranks. From the first, though the surgeons thought the wound was not mortal, Stewart knew that he was doomed. All the cheery brightness of the man had left him, and he already seemed to be on the threshold of eternity. I marched by his side the next day; and, as the bearers with loving care gently carried him over the stony desert, assisted Rhodes in keeping the sun and flies from adding to his sufferings during that ghastly sweltering march down to the Nile. The officer who had been appointed by Wolseley to take Stewart's position in case the latter was placed *hors de combat* was Colonel Fred Burnaby, and he, poor fellow, was killed in the previous fight at Abu Klea.

When I returned to Korti, Wolseley expressed to me his sorrow that his two best generals should be killed.

"I hardly expected," said he, "that fate would be so cruel as to rob me of both the officers who had my utmost confidence and knew my plan of campaign."

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Colonel Fred Burnaby, if things had gone well and Gordon had been saved, was to be commandant at Metemmah, for he, during his travels, had been there before, and knew something of the natives. Burnaby was more or less a rolling stone, and always keen on adventure. But the world knows little about him, other than his famous ride to Khiva; and the best story by which he will ever be remembered is that of the Cockle's Pills and the sick gentleman of Central Asia. Still, in the Soudan he saw much fighting before that desert march with the Camel Corps, in which he lost his life. I first of all met him at a friend's luncheon-party in the Middle Temple, when the campaign against Osman Digna was about to open in the Eastern Soudan. He was talking about going out to see the fighting, not in any official capacity, but unattached.

"Why do you do that?" said the host.

"Oh," replied Burnaby, "you know I am putting up for a constituency in the Midlands. Now there is nothing like the adventure of war to talk about to the electors; so I am going out to pick up material with which to interest them."

I was forcibly reminded of what he said at that luncheon a few months afterwards when I happened to read a Birmingham paper in which were extracts of a speech made by Burnaby to his constituents. It ran something like this—

"The widows and orphans of the Arabs who had so heroically fallen in the defence of their

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country were wringing^d their hands and tearing their hair, cursing the name of Mr. Gladstone."

And yet poor Burnaby himself made many a widow and orphan, "sniping the niggers," as Tommy Atkins says, during that visit to the Soudan. I came across him in Baker Pasha's tent the night before the relief of Tokar, in which battle he helped to make the orphans and widows in question. He, with other officers, was poring over a map which was spread on a camp table, and, by the light of a candle, checking off the route, for he had been over the country in times of peace. The evening of the next day he was back again in the tent, badly wounded, and awaiting transport to Suez, but he had quite a good enough story to tell his constituents at home. Burnaby was a very slovenly dresser, and on this campaign, not being in uniform, and wearing a sombrero, he looked like a Boer, especially about his unshaven cheeks and lank hair.

I suppose that it was not unnatural—for the home Government was always jerking at the reins of their generals in the field—that Mr. W. E. Gladstone was not loved by the majority of officers of both services in Egypt, and Burnaby was one of his fiercest opponents. After the Relief of Gordon muddle (when the army, owing to the vacillation of the Government, was sent out just in time to be of no use to relieve Khartum, and ignominiously withdrawn when, if allowed to pursue the campaign, they might have smashed up the power of the Dervishes), I was just as bitter as the others

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regarding the great Liberal leader. And yet there had never been a better friend to my profession of war-correspondent than he. For whenever he was in power there was always some trouble abroad in which my services were required. I remember, after the Gordon Relief Expedition, on my return to England, Mr. Lucy, the famous *Toby*, *M.P.*, of *Punch*, was giving a breakfast to Mr. Gladstone, and, no doubt thinking it a great honour (I suppose it was), invited me to meet the famous statesman. But I felt so keenly the disgrace of that ignominious skeedaddle from the Soudan, owing to his policy, that I declined on the plea that I was engaged elsewhere. I have much regretted it since; for I lost a good friend in my disgusted host, who ever after looked upon me, no doubt, as a very impertinent young man.

The keenest Conservative I think I have ever met was the centenarian and two, my old friend the late Signor Manuel Garçia, and, though a full-blooded Spaniard, there was no more loyal Englishman in the world. It was like a red rag to a bull to ever mention Mr. Gladstone's name to him. With a shrug, outspread of the hands, and a warning finger quickly shaken, he would sarcastically laugh.

"You English, when will you learn?"

Then, with a sneer, he would continue—

"This Gladstone, do you not know? Have you ignorant ones no idea? Then I will tell you."

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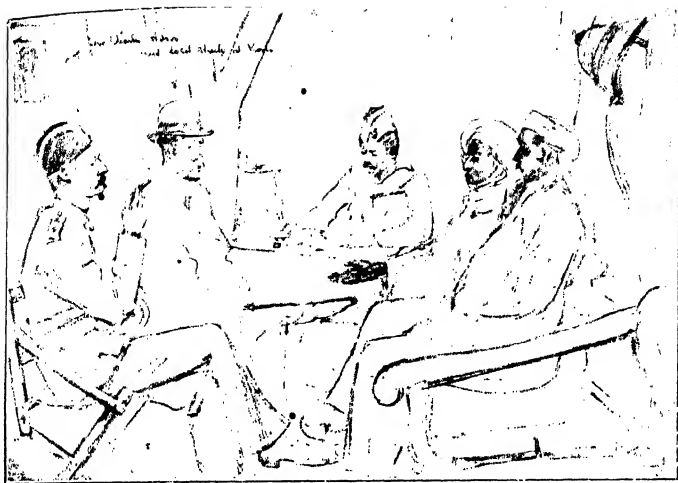
He would then come up quite close to one with a most unusual fierceness in his face, his eyes all fire, and almost hiss into one's ear the following terrible allegation—

“Why, he is in the pay of Russia!”

Garçia was a sweet, lovable old man, with all the courteous demeanour of the Spanish gentleman, but to get him on the subject of Mr. Gladstone you had him, in cowboy phraseology, “on the raw.”

XIII

To the troubles that Arabi Ahmed, the patriot, created in Egypt in 1882 may be accredited the rise of some remarkable personalities among the British officers who were relegated for service in that country. Sir Charles Wilson was one of them, an officer who had already become famous as a consul-general in Asia Minor, and was appointed chief of the Intelligence Department. He had special charge of Arabi and the other prisoners. Acting with him was Major Claude Macdonald, who is now H.M. ambassador to Japan. Sir Charles was one of the most amiable men I have ever met. He was firm, courteous and just, and Egyptians respected him. It was owing to the confidence the Arabs placed in him, and to his intimate knowledge of their language and character, that he was chosen as the principal intelligence officer by Wolseley during the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon. He eventually, and most wrongly, became the scapegoat for the failure of that unfortunate venture. Nothing could be meaner or more contemptible than the attacks after that campaign on Sir Charles Wilson's behaviour. The Press, the Public and the Government had



SIR CHARLES WILSON INTERVIEWING NATIVE CHILES.



VISCOUNT WOLSELEY AND SIR REDVERS BULLER.

Refreshments in the Temple of Cleopatra.

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to pillory some one, and he was that unlucky one. Knowing what he had done, having more or less enjoyed his confidence, I was indeed glad on arriving in Korti when he showed me the telegram from the war secretary to Lord Wolseley.

"Express warm recognition of Government of brilliant services of Sir Charles Wilson, and satisfaction of gallant rescue of his party."

I wonder if this complimentary telegram was the cause of that bitterness which existed in a certain military clique against Sir Charles. One of the absurd charges against him, after the fiasco of which, directly, he had nothing whatever to do, was the delay down at Metemmah. First of all this delay was justifiable and absolutely necessary; and, as it turned out afterwards, made no difference at all to the deplorable situation. Khartum could have been taken many days earlier by the Mahdi if he had chosen, but was held out by him as a bait to bring the flying column under Sir Herbert Stewart within closer clutch. When, however, the followers of the False Prophet were twice defeated and the British contingent gained the Nile, the Mahdi immediately closed on Khartum and then, after its fall, marched with all his available strength to smash up the discomfited few hundreds of the relieving column who were with their backs to the river down at Metemmah.

Yes, that telegram to Sir Charles from the Government, in the first hours of their gratitude

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for good service rendered, may hold good word for word for all time, in spite of the after absurd reflections on Wilson's conduct.

The British army owes a debt of deep gratitude to Arabi, Osman Digna, the Mahdi and the Khalifa. For the little differences we have had from time to time with these militant, distinguished North Africans have been the means of bringing to the front men like Kitchener, Wingate, MacDonald, Wauchope, Hunter, and Rundle.

Sir Francis Wingate is probably the most distinguished of those stars which have arisen in the Egyptian firmament of politics and war since 1884. The military regeneration of Egypt and the Soudan is mostly due to his pluck and persistent energy. I knew the sedate, white-haired sirdar when, as A.D.C. to the first sirdar, Sir Evelyn Wood, he was a raven-curly-headed youth, with a smile so affable and winning that it was always a real pleasure to come across him in sun-baked camp or on the banks of the mosquito-stricken Nile. The most remarkable of all the careers made by young Britishers out in Egypt is that of Wingate. It was through his marvellous energy and persistency, and his wonderful organization of native espionage on the doings of the Khalifa in the Soudan, that he was able to aid the escape of the many European prisoners in the clutches of that blood-thirsty fanatic. It was to his genius in glean- ing intelligence of the movements and intention of

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the Dervishes, that Kitchener's campaign was carried to a successful issue at Omdurman. And the final triumph was his of crushing the Dervish power for ever, when the year following Kitchener's campaign he hunted down the fugitive Khalifa and destroyed him and the remnant of his following.

Among the multifarious duties Wingate had to perform on Kitchener's famous advance up the Nile, was that of Press censor, at all times an unpleasant task. But I never came across, in all my campaigns, a more courteous and urbane censor. No matter at what hour he was aroused by the over-zealous correspondent with an exclusive bit of sensational news Wingate was all attention, with a sweet smile and his blue pencil ready to expunge. The correspondent would leave his tent crestfallen, with his exclusive news much shorn of its soul-stirring matter, but never any bitterness in his heart towards the censor.

"Hang it!" said one of my colleagues, after a brilliant piece of descriptive matter had been erased by the ever-smiling Wingate, who had been wakened from his beauty sleep about two o'clock in the morning; "it's the way the little beggar does it, you know."

Any one who takes his summer holidays in Scotland and chooses to wander to that charming seaside resort, Dunbar, may see a quiet, unpretentious, white-haired man, still with the flush of his prime in his face, wandering about the rock-girt shore or walking with his family on the rugged cliffs. It is

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the sirdar who, to escape the heat of the Egyptian hot season, has come to freshen himself up with the cool breezes of his native land for further energies in the service of the Khedive.

Sir Francis' co-worker in the regeneration of Egypt, and possibly a more popular officer in the hearts of the British public, Lord Kitchener, I first met in Wolseley's expedition for the relief of Khartum. He was in the centre of a group of native camel-scouts with whom he had just returned from the Jakdul Wells. There was a look of resentment in his face, for he had heard that he was not to go forward with the expedition; Lord Wolseley wanted him for some other purpose. I little thought, as I looked at his slim, gaunt figure and youthful face, that here sat the man of all others who was soon to make Europe ring with his achievements in the field. As Major Kitchener I met him the following year at dinner with a common friend at an hotel in town. With the deep tan of the Oriental sun on his face, which gleamed with youth and high spirits, he had just returned to London for a spell of enjoyment during the season.

Years passed before I met him again. His face was seamed and stern, and the peculiar cast in his right eye was more pronounced. The years of hard work in organizing the Egyptian army in preparing for the great event of his life, the smashing of the Dervish power, had considerably told upon him. He had been sleeping in the courtyard



GENERAL VISCOUNT KITCHENER.

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of a house in Berber and was seated on an *angareeb*, or native bedstead, from which he had just arisen, and was now stirring a cup of tea. I had been of some trouble to him, for being wind-bound on the Nile I was compelled to land on the west bank, which was more or less in the hands of the enemy, and a search had been made for me. Almost exhausted I had been picked up by friendly natives who had ferried me across the river, and I had come safely into the hands of the Khedival troops, and was now, at five o'clock in the morning, reporting myself to the general. He grimly returned my salute and asked me to have a cup of tea, which I gladly accepted. I hardly knew him, he had so changed. His face was fuller and stronger, and suggested a power that was never there in the early days. It seemed as if a new spirit had entered the man. I felt at once that I was in the presence of one who was going to be master of the situation; one, as they say in America, who would get "right there" whatever he intended to do. It was a hard, impenetrable face, and the cold grey eyes, by virtue of the defect in one of them, never seemed to fix their gaze. One had the impression, when he spoke, that the eyes were either looking straight over the top of one's head or piercing one below the knees. A most useful defect, I thought, when receiving some of my colleagues bent on extracting precious news; for those eyes could never belie what the lips uttered. Like most generals in command he looked upon war-correspondents as a great nuisance, and

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I must admit that if I were in command of an army I think I should hold most of them in the same light. But Kitchener, unlike many of his predecessors who have accepted the war fraternity of the Fourth Estate as a necessary evil and have become reconciled to their presence, seldom disguised his aversion and looked upon all with suspicion. Yet no officer in His Majesty's service has been treated more loyally, and I must say, at times, more leniently, by the war-correspondents under his command than Lord Kitchener.

All who were at the battle of Omdurman know what MacDonald did to ensure the final victory. I was lucky enough to see the great Dervish flank-attack develop, and know the set-back we should have had for a time but for that heroic soldier's quick and decisive movement to meet the whirlwind of fanatics. This was the first time I had seen MacDonald in action, and for a moment some of us had qualms as to the steadiness of his blacks in stemming the surging crowds of white-*gibbed* Dervishes sweeping down upon them. But MacDonald seemed to have no doubt; he was as cool and as level-headed in all this turmoil as when I first met him the preceding year at a sale of correspondents' superfluous stores at Berber, when he quietly nodded to the auctioneer to knock him down some canned peaches and a Christmas pudding. What a fine, healthy, square-set type of humanity he was. Who, having once seen him,

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can ever forget that bright, ruddy face, with the firm set of the jaws, the lively blue eyes, and the alert, upright figure, with just the touch of the drill-sergeant about it, of the most famous of all ranker commissioned officers, the late General Sir Hector MacDonald?

What a different type of soldier is the man who so ably assisted MacDonald in that gallant stand, General Sir Archibald Hunter. Dapper, smart, and dainty in attire, with nothing suggestive of the fighter about him; but he was as keen and alert as his burly Highland comrade in that day's work. Yes, Kitchener had excellent officers under him in the Soudan campaign to assist him up the ladder of fame. The ubiquitous Major-General Sir William Gatacre, almost radiomatic in his energy, was here, there, and everywhere. Up before *reveillé*, and the last to retire after *lights out*. Not a thing that he asked a man to do but that he could do as well or even better himself. If a Tommy was slow at emptying a railway truck of mealy sacks, he was up the pile himself with his coat off, showing the man what could be done if he chose. The "Back-acher" they called him, but no men bent their backs to their work more than Gatacre, and his soldiers loved him, and worked like niggers under him, for that reason. I remember coming across Gatacre on the afternoon before the battle of Omdurman; he was in command of the British brigade, and, after a long weary march, lasting from dawn till

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late in the afternoon, one of the regiments seemed to be lagging. Lord Kitchener sent his brother, Colonel Kitchener, who was the chief of the transport, with an offer to General Gatacre of a certain number of camels for those of the regiment who were over-fatigued. Gatacre was, as usual, if his men were on a long march, not riding, but on foot, showing them that he could stand the fatigue as well as they. His face was very red, and his angry eyes gleamed with indignation as he blurted out—

“Sir, tell General Kitchener it can't be done! No, by —— the men shall walk! It would be an insult to the county from which they were enlisted if they rode while the men of other regiments were on foot. No, sir, no! Tell him that it can't be done!”

Unfortunately most of this burst of indignation was lost on the transport officer, for he was almost stone deaf. But he gleaned the purpose of Gatacre's remarks by the peppery appearance of his face, and dashed back to Lord Kitchener, and the tired men walked. Though the men were sorely distressed, they bucked up on hearing the reply of their beloved leader; they felt that Gatacre was right. Their general never spared himself, and they knew it. At the battle of the Atbara he was the first to clear a breach in the enemy's *zareebah*, under a galling fire, to make it easier for his men to push through. Soldiers never forget deeds of this description, and there was no further lagging.

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I met Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, when he was conducting the first land action in the 1882 campaign in Egypt, outside Alexandria, by attacking Kafr-el-Doawr. There is no officer in His Majesty's service who has seen more varied fighting, and has been in the thick of it more than Sir Evelyn. There is something remarkably fascinating about his personal appearance; there is an alertness about his face and figure that stamp the man of action.* I remember, in 1883, when he was asked to re-organize the Egyptian forces after the defeat of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir and became the first sirdar, he affected the picturesque Bedouin Arab headgear, the *koofiyeh*, with a fillet of black goat's wool and gold thread to keep it in place, instead of wearing the plain red *tarboosh*, and became one of the most striking figures in Cairo. He may well be called the father of the Egyptian army, and must feel proud of the prowess of the young officers who were under his command in those early days of the British control in Egypt, for they have all distinguished themselves, and their names are household words. For instance, Captain Kitchener, now General Viscount Kitchener; Major Grenfell, now General the Right Honourable Lord Grenfell; Captain Archibald Hunter, now Lieut.-General and a K.C.B.; Captain Chermside, now Major-General Sir H. C. Chermside; Lieut. Rundle, now Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Rundle; Captain Holled Smith, now Major-General Sir Holled Smith; Lieut.

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Parsons, now Major-General Sir Charles Parsons ; and Lieut. Wingate, who was then A.D.C. to Sir Evelyn Wood, and who is now General Sir Francis Wingate, the present sirdar.

The second time I came across Sir Evelyn was when he was the general in command of communications during Wolseley's expedition up the Nile, and dined with him on his picturesque *dyhabîyeh* by the banks of the historic river. It was owing to his restless energy in pushing up supplies, and in assisting the steamers over the cataracts with his well-trained fellaheen troops, that Wolseley's army was never at any time during that eventful expedition delayed for want of munitions. On returning to England Sir Evelyn took command of the eastern district. I was asked to deliver a lecture on my experiences of the Egyptian campaigns at Colchester, and Sir Evelyn kindly took the chair. After the lecture I returned to his quarters, and I shall always remember the pleasant time I spent with him over a cigar, chatting about campaigning days. One of his reminiscences he related, of the time when he was a middy during the Crimean war, I have never forgotten. It was one of the many brave deeds that were done by the men of the Bluejacket Brigade before Sevastopol.

"I can see the man now," said Sir Evelyn, "with his thumb on the vent of the gun ; Michal Hardy was the fellow's name. I was in my battery facing the Malakoff. One of the gunners was

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drinking a ration of rum when a shell took off his head, and Hardy's face and neck were in an instant covered with the poor fellow's brains. We were all speechless with the horror of the thing. Without moving his right thumb from the vent, Hardy wiped the horrible mess from his face with his left hand, and contemptuously said to the rest of the gun's crew who were still staring at the ghastly corpse—

“What the hell are you looking at? Is he dead? Take the carcase away. Ain't he dead? Take him to the doctor.” Then, inquiring of the loader if he had rammed home, he gave the order, “Run out; ready!”

XIV

I HAD always looked forward to meeting Cecil Rhodes, for when I was campaigning in 1884 I became acquainted with his brother, then Captain Frank Rhodes, A.D.C. to General Stewart, on the famous march across the Bayuda Desert to try and save General Charles Gordon besieged in Khartum. I remember, when Khartum was fallen and the defeated relieving-party was wondering whether it would ever get out of the predicament it was in down by the river at Metemmah, Frank Rhodes saying to me one day—

“If ever I get out of this, Villiers, I will join my young brother who has gone to South Africa; take off my coat and, like he is doing, dig for diamonds.”

I thought this a splendid scheme, and such a nice opportunity of easily making one's fortune. A decade later I was in South Africa and found my friend Frank Rhodes, now colonel, president of the Consolidated Gold Fields Co., with a fabulous income and a nice residence in Johannesburg, where he very kindly asked me to stay. One morning I reminded him of what he had said down by the Nile in the Soudan in 1884 about his young brother.

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"Ah," he smiled, "my brother has done remarkably well since then."

It was in the autumn of 1894, and Rhodes was in the zenith of his power and success.

"Would you like to meet him?" asked Colonel Frank as I was leaving Johannesburg. "Take a letter to him from me; I am certain that he will be glad to see you."

I called at his office in the Government buildings when I arrived at Cape Town, and found him in a sparsely furnished office in an old wooden building off the main street. He had a very hearty and genial manner with him as he cordially invited me to dine the next night, which would be Christmas Eve. "At Groote Schuur," he said; "come about eight o'clock."

It was a splendid moonlight night when I got out of the train at Rondebosch and walked towards the famous old Dutch residence. I hardly think I have ever experienced more delight on seeing a scene of beauty than the one presented to me on that Christmas Eve. The extreme heat of the day was now tempered with a cool breeze from the sea. Table Mountain was a purple background to the Dutch garden that embellished the quaint old, white farmhouse which Cecil Rhodes inhabited. He was still dressing when I arrived, so I sauntered from room to room, and out on to the terraces. In the hall and in each room was a hat, either on chair or table; old hats of soft felt and exactly the same pattern and colour. This, I found out later, was

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Cecil Rhodes' one peculiarity ; whenever he left the house from the main entrance or through the numerous windows leading out on the balconies or to the verandah, there was always a hat to hand, and there was no necessity for him to go to the hall for his head-gear, or to ring the servants to fetch it. Sometimes one room or the hall would be strewn with a half-dozen hats. Then it was the special duty of one of the servants to redistribute them through the various apartments again.

The dining-room especially attracted my attention for on one wall was a remarkable piece of old Gobelins tapestry. At dinner that night I sat on the left of Cecil Rhodes, and on my right was the late Mr. Alfred Beit ; his brother and another man being opposite me. It was quite a merry repast, for my host had never been—as his private secretary, who also dined with us, said—more genial and happy.

During dinner Mr. Beit took from his pocket an ordinary letter envelope and breaking it open allowed the contents to fall on the tablecloth. Like trickling fire capered numerous diamonds in between the plates of the guests and among the greenery and flowers on the table, flashing all the hues of the rainbow, under the powerful electric rays from a centre-piece lamp. Some were as large as cherry stones ; one of these I immediately picked up and remarked—

“ Really a dinner of this sort savours of magnificent hospitality. I suppose this one is for me ? ”

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Beit smilingly took it from my fingers and replied, "After all, this is really not a very good specimen. The next time you come I will have something better. I sent these diamonds to Europe in the rough, and wanted to see how they would cut, and have just received them from Amsterdam by this mail."

"Well, what are they worth now?" I inquired.

"About three thousand," was the reply.

Over the coffee and liqueurs Cecil Rhodes was unusually communicative, so his secretary afterwards informed me, and was talking about the meanness of the Government in not meeting him half-way *re* his pet scheme of running a telegraph-line from Cape Town to Cairo. He had offered to place it if the Home Government promised to take a share in the maintenance. From that we talked of the exploration parties up country and the British officers in command of the levies in British East Africa.

"They do themselves too well, Mr. Villiers," Rhodes continued. "Three meals a day and little else but taking photographs or catching butterflies. Then, through their inactivity and overfeeding, they get fever, and are obliged to be sent home; having, practically, accomplished nothing. What the Government really want these young men to do is to go ahead and take the initiative in any dare-devil enterprise that may add something to the Empire. Of course, if they get into serious trouble they are not to bother the Government;

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but if they succeed—well, then they come to the front. There is nothing being done up there, and yet the whole country is waiting for some one to take it in hand and open it out."

Rhodes had a very weak, piping voice, which at first appeared ridiculously incongruous to his burly frame and ruddy, rough-featured face. His full, blue eyes almost danced with indignation at the idea of the laxity of the British Government in not acquiring more of this remarkable continent that was absolutely waiting to be annexed. He was certainly the ambitious Empire-builder that night, and his remarks struck me at times to be peculiarly significant and almost sinister.

In between two games of billiards, I sat by his secretary.

"I think I told you," said he, "that Rhodes is more than usually genial to-night. Something has pleased him."

"Is it true that he is a woman-hater?" I asked.

"No, nonsense; he likes 'em well enough; but I think he never intends to marry because he has so many schemes on hand that, if known before they were quite ripe, might altogether fail. He knows that so many big ventures have come to grief by the indiscretion of the fairer sex, therefore he would rather not risk matrimony, for the relations of man and wife would be too close for him. You know, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Rhodes has taken a liking to you, and will probably want to see you again. What are you doing next week?"

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"Next week? Why, I shall be on my way to England; I leave Cape Town to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" replied the secretary, in surprise. "You must not go; times are too stirring in this part of the world for you to leave South Africa. You must not go!"

"But," I replied, "I have booked my passage."

"Never mind," said he, "I will send you a note, early to-morrow probably, that will induce you to stay."

When I bade him "Good night," he again exhorted me not to go.

I found the landlady at the Royal Hotel still up, and she asked how I liked my trip to Groote Schuur. I told her how delighted I was.

"Ah," she replied, "I think Mr. Cecil Rhodes one of the nicest men I have met; we are great friends. He very often comes in here to borrow half a crown to give to some needy person in the street. He seldom carries any money in his pocket. If he did," went on his admirer, "he would probably give it all away."

On paying my bill the next morning the old lady was quite sure that I should be back in the spring.

"What for?" said I.

"The Boer business," she replied.

"Oh yes," I laughed; "we suffer from that craze in Europe; there is always to be some 'trouble in the spring.' Mostly in the Balkans. The weather then becomes possible for campaigning."

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That season tallies with your autumn. I shall, no doubt, be back then. Good night."

There was no letter or message for me next morning from Rondebosch. I waited till the last moment, fully prepared to remain if there was any great inducement. However, there was nothing, no word from the genial secretary; so I went on board, and at midday the Castle liner steamed out of the harbour. On arriving at Madeira the agent brought on up-to-date telegrams, and there was one among them that sent a thrill through every soul on board, for it curtly described Jameson's raid into the Transvaal. Then I knew that I had made one of the mistakes of my life; I ought to have remained.

The story of how the Kimberley mines were first discovered was told me by my old friend and fellow-student of the Royal Academy of Arts, George Darfarn, who knew the man who practically exploited the business; this was a lawyer in Cape Town, who, one day, was looking over some papers of a client who had recently died. Now this client had been a missionary, and had wandered a good deal over South Bechuanaland and Orange River country. Among his papers was a roughly sketched map of the Orange and Mōdder River district, and in one corner of it was written "diamonds may possibly be found here."

The lawyer pondered long over the sketch and that side note. At last he became fired with the spirit of adventure, and showed the map to young

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Cecil Rhodes, who had lately arrived in the colony for the benefit of his health, and was ready for any venture. They decided to make the journey together to the spot and search for the precious gems. Not knowing a diamond in the rough state if they saw one, they took a third party into their confidence who had this qualification. After a delightful trek up-country they came upon the ground marked in the map; it was in the centre of a dreary waste stretching for miles, only broken by one or two native mud huts and a well, from which had been dug the clay for building purposes. They pitched their tent near one of the huts, and the lawyer struck a match on its sun-dried mud wall to light his pipe. The match ignited with a snap, for it had struck a pebble hidden in the dried clay. The striker cut the little stone out of its bed with his pocket-knife. It was opaque, whitish, and odd shaped, and was nothing much to look at.

"That's a diamond safe enough," cried the third party, and the three trembled with excitement.

"There is the hole whence came the clay to build the hut; let's have a look at it," said Rhodes.

They soon had their bucket at work, and in a short period it was filled with mud and stones. The third party turned the stuff over with his hands, broke up the lumps, and a number of the same kind of pebbles was found. The three men then commenced to peg out their claims, and started on the pleasant prospect of becoming millionaires.

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It was at that time that his elder brother, Colonel Frank, told me, in the trenches at Metemmah down by the Nile, three thousand miles north of that spot, that he thought he would join his young brother who was digging at the Cape.

XV

ONE of the passengers who came aboard that Castle Liner at Madeira was Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Treves, and his wife and daughter. He had come out for a short holiday to Madeira, but, owing to his steamer breaking down and being compelled to go into Vigo for repairs, when at last he arrived was obliged to return by the next steamer to England, for his short vacation was up. He took the whole mishap as a great joke. Though he informed me that it was the first veritable holiday he had been able to take for years, he looked anything but an overworked practitioner, for his handsome face appeared to glow with good health. He seemed devoted to his daughter, a beautiful girl just out of her teens. They roamed the deck joyously together. I am sure that Sir Frederick little thought at that time that the Jameson raid (of which the bare report was food for so much thought and speculation on our journey back to England) would be the indirect cause a few years later of the distinguishment of himself in practical field-work with the British army in South Africa. Of course all England was ablaze with the news of the daring inroad of Jameson into the Transvaal, and the

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country was much divided as to the right or wrong of the action. But what amused me more than many arguments about the case was the opinion of not a few that if Dr. Jameson had succeeded the situation would have been even worse than his failure made it. As if a man like Cecil Rhodes, who was playing to win, did not know what to do with the stakes when he held them! To me it was too utterly idiotic.

I did not meet Rhodes again till the aftermath of the Jameson raid, when Kruger defied the British Empire. My friend was in Kimberley then, which was invested by the Boers, and I made it my object to be the first correspondent in that city, when it was relieved, to interview Cecil Rhodes.

He was in his bath when, a few hours after General French had entered the city with his relieving force, I arrived by the Magersfontein road. The hotel in which Rhodes lived was simply masked with sand-bags and gabions, for the Boers knew that he was there, and, when opportunity served, always dropped a shell in the direction of the hotel.

The wife of Rhodes' secretary received me, and asked me to be seated till Mr. Rhodes was out of his bath, when she would then send in my card. Though I was half famished and parched with thirst, I think I envied Rhodes that bath more than anything; for I had not washed for days, and my clothes were foul and ragged with sleeping out in the open.

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Knowing that my chat with the great man was assured, I hunted up an hotel and took a bath myself, and returned to find that Rhodes expected me. He had altered but little in personal appearance in seven years, though his voice seemed weaker and the tone pitched higher.

After a short interview, he said, "I will now devote an hour or two to taking you round the recently beleaguered city. Have you had any breakfast?"

"Only a cup of coffee," I replied.

"Come with me," he cried; and I followed him into the dining-room. One of his secretaries was seated before a stout beefsteak. Rhodes walked up to this gentleman, and said—

"This is Mr. Villiers; he is hungry, and I want him to share that steak with you."

The secretary dropped his glass from his eye; stared at me; then with a sickly smile stuttered—

"Oh, yes—er—certainly—pleasure."

Another plate was brought, and the steak was divided.

"Now, after you have finished that," added Rhodes, "I shall be ready to take you round the town."

I expressed my gratitude; swallowed the meat and found it good, for I had not tasted fresh rations for weeks. Rhodes was waiting by a smart dog-cart, which I mounted, and in another moment we were doing the town. My host said—

"I am glad you came this morning, for you will

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see the place just as it was during the siege. This afternoon the unemployed will be set to work clearing all the dug-outs and trenches, and making the town ship-shape."

By this time we arrived at the *emplacement* of the great "Cecil," a cannon that had been made during the siege and named after Rhodes. It was just as the gunners left it the day before when they hurried forward to greet their deliverers. In a pond near by Rhodes pointed out with great glee certain pieces of wood floating about in the water.

"They are the shell-buoys. I have a splendid collection of projectiles the Boers were good enough to send me. They are all at the bottom of the pond, attached by cables to the floating wood. To-morrow they will be brought up, and their contents emptied."

Rhodes had built a cold storage, and whenever the Kimberley defenders were able to raid the besiegers' cattle, they were at once slaughtered, for there was no feed for them in the beleaguered city, and their carcasses hung up in these cooling chambers. I had followed my *cicerone* into the freezing-room from a temperature of considerably over ninety in the shade, when, suddenly, I felt a sensation of intense faintness, which I hope I shall never feel again so long as I live. I turned back to the main entrance; the door was barred. I groped about in the dark, but could not find the bolt. At last I cried out, and beat frantically at the door. I was now on my knees, with an icy chill at my heart. Rhodes came

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hurrying up and forced the door, and I dragged myself into the sunlight.

"Ought to have known better," piped my friend's weak voice, "to bring you straight in here from this heat. My doctor warned me some time ago not to do it, especially as my heart is occasionally rather weak. Come, Villiers, back to the hotel; I have some special brandy. It's the only thing that will throw off the chill."

On returning I found that Rhodes' remedy was the right one, and I soon came round under the influence of that excellent cognac, which, I think, some one told me cost five guineas a bottle.

After luncheon, on chatting over the recent situation, I found that my host evidently did not get on with the military authorities. For he was rather indignant to find that Lord Methuen had never asked him to assist in repairing the railway from Modder River to Kimberley which had been destroyed by the Boers.

"The military authorities may not like me but I am willing, for the sake of the Empire, to send out hundreds of skilled workmen who could fix up the job in a day or two. Now it will be weeks before the line is repaired."

I certainly thought that Rhodes was right. It ought not to be a personal question at all. The railway had to be repaired. It was a strategical necessity; it meant a possible danger to the progress of the campaign if it were not made good at once,

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therefore it ought to have been done with the least delay, and by any means.

There is no doubt that during the siege Rhodes was over anxious, and from a military point of view Kimberley was not in such sore straits as to warrant the extreme effort Lord Methuen made to relieve it, which culminated in the disaster at Magersfontein. But it was entirely owing to the representations made to Methuen by flash-light night after night, by Cecil Rhodes, that he felt bound to make a move forward at any cost.

By-the-bye, the Magersfontein affair was, after all, a close bid for success. Shortly after the affair I met Farmer Bisset, a Scotsman, the owner of the Magersfontein estate, who was on *parole* with the Boers on the night of the attack, and he told me that some of the Highlanders were actually in the position from which the Boers were already retreating, and that he thought the whole thing was over when, suddenly, to his utter astonishment, the Highlanders went back ; and he had the mortification of seeing the Boers re-occupy their vacated trenches, and the tide turned against his countrymen.

In these circumstances why was there any blame attached to Methuen? Magersfontein was, *ipso facto*, taken. The night attack was therefore not, as some have thoughtlessly averred, a mad, rash act on the part of Lord Methuen, but a well-planned attack which, on the verge of success, was spoilt by some error of judgment on the part of those conducting the immediate assault.

XVI

THERE was no officer in the South African war better beloved by his men, and more respected and admired for his chivalrous courtesy by his foes, than Paul Sanford, General Lord Methuen. I remember, to my cost, the affection the troops had for him. I was lecturing at Albany, in Western Australia, on the war, when a troopship came in from South Africa with the returning contingent of New Zealanders. The hall was packed with soldiers and when, in the course of my lecture, I threw on the screen a portrait of Methuen, the whole house rose and yelled with delight. For some time I could not proceed for the enthusiasm, and throughout the lecture the men called continually for me to give them "Jimmy" Methuen again, a pet campaigning name by which they knew him.

I had not met Lord Methuen since the 1882 campaign in Egypt till the Magersfontein affair, when I was commissioned to carry certain despatches to him from the officer in command of Orange River station, and which I delivered to him during the engagement. His chief of the

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staff was rather brusque, and received me in a by no means courteous manner. I told my mission, and insisted on delivering the despatches to the general myself; and it was a great relief to leave this sombre and depressed officer, and to meet the soldier who, however deeply he felt the grave setback of the early morning, hid his troubles with a pleasant smile and courteous demeanour. Lord Methuen reminded me of Sir Herbert Stewart during those anxious days when crossing the Bayuda Desert for the relief of Gordon. His face never showed the deep anxiety that must have been always with him at those costly little victories over the Mahdi's followers which decimated his small force. He was always bright and cheerful to all. This was also characteristic of the great Russian General Skobelev. It was never the stern, forbidding mask which some generals affect when things go wrong, or because they are incapable of hiding their feelings; though I have seen Skobelev, when once safely inside his tent, drop the mask of cheerfulness and burst into tears at the great loss of his men in one of the bloody assaults on the green hills at Plevna.

The amiable and beloved soldier, Major-General Andrew Wauchop, who was found, riddled with bullets, in the foremost trench of the Magersfontein position, I had known for years as one of our bravest officers. He was always to the fore, and Kitchener's campaign in the Soudan was the only

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one of many in which he had not borne some testimony, in the shape of a scar, to his indomitable pluck. A short time ago a naval friend of mine told me an amusing story of this gallant officer. My friend was at the time senior lieutenant of a trooper bound, with the Black Watch, for Gibraltar. Andy Wauchope, though brevet lieutenant-colonel in the army, was, with his regiment, simply captain in command of one of the companies. Of a morning he had to report himself to the naval officer in question.

"It is rather strange," said my friend to Wauchope towards the end of the journey, "that you, though a colonel, should have to report your company to me; for you are also of equal rank with a captain in the navy."

"Well," replied Wauchope, "it may seem rather Gilbertian to a sailor-man, but so it is with our service."

When the ship arrived at her destination an officer came on board with a note for Colonel Wauchope. When he opened it he found that the general in command of the garrison had gone up country, and he, being senior officer now in Gib., was requested to take command.

"It was the funniest sight you can imagine," laughed my friend, "to see the sudden change of front, and to watch the somewhat comic face of Andy Wauchope as he very gravely received the salute of the colonel of his own regiment (who but a moment before had been bossing him as his

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commanding officer), and listened with a grim smile to his report: 'The 42nd Highlanders has safely arrived in harbour.' "

Another prominent personage to whom South Africa owed much was Lord Rosmeád. I met him first of all when he was Sir Hercules Robinson, governor of New Zealand. On hearing of my arrival at Wellington, in 1880, he asked me to stay at Government House, and I spent many weeks of the greatest enjoyment with him and his family in that old, wooden building, with its beautiful surroundings, which, I believe, still does good service in sheltering the governors-general from the blustering "southerly busters" of the windiest place on God's earth. I know the old house still existed fourteen years later, when I called on Lady Glasgow, then in possession, to afternoon tea. The building was not altered in the least, I found; even the voluminous yellow satin curtains, which adorned the drawing-room in Lady Robinson's day, were still draping the huge bow windows.

Sir Hercules was the breeziest and the brightest of men, an excellent diplomatist and keen sportsman, and was beloved by the people of New Zealand as much as he had been by the people of New South Wales, whom he had governed for many years. When I was in New Zealand there was great unrest in the King country, the district in which the Maories still lived in almost

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their original state. A native rising was threatened, and there was a talk of a small campaign; but, owing to the tact and forbearance of Sir Hercules, the little outbreak came to nothing. I, however, was prepared to go on the war-path. Everything was made ready for me to start, when, on the morning of my departure, my host said at breakfast with great glee—

“So sorry, Villiers, I can’t oblige you with this little campaign. We have settled the matter with the Maories, and I don’t think there will be any fighting. Take Lady Robinson to the dog show instead.”

Lady Robinson was a remarkably stately and big woman, and, with her two handsome daughters, did the honours of Government House in a manner which delighted every one; and this is no easy task in many of our colonial possessions.

I met Sir Hercules again when, as Lord Rosmead, he was governor of Cape Colony.

He was staying with his family at his summer retreat outside Cape Town. Directly I arrived he met me in the hall. I found he had altered little in appearance, but his manner was less buoyant.

“I wanted to see you before you go into the drawing-room to prepare you for a great change in the appearance of Lady Robinson since you met her in New Zealand. You remember what a fine woman she was? She has lost weight, and has altered so much that some of her friends would

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hardly recognize her. I thought I would tell you this, for she is very sensitive, and I want you, if possible, not to make the slightest sign that you see any difference."

Lord Rosmead was right, his wife's personal appearance had changed. The once stately, robust figure had shrunken almost beyond recognition, but still there was her rather brusque, sparkling manner of conversation remaining, and I had a most delightful chat over the old, and (I felt certain, in spite of the more exalted position to which her gifted husband had attained) much happier times in the Empire's most delightful colony, New Zealand.

There is little doubt that the strain of those momentous years preceding the Boer War was the cause of that illness to which Lord Rosmead eventually succumbed.

During my many visits to the Antipodes I have enjoyed the hospitality of numerous colonial governors. In Tasmania the tall, portly soldier, Lord Gormanston, entertained me; and while I was staying in Hobart Town I became acquainted with that popular prime minister, Sir Edward Braddon, the brother of the famous novelist.

It came about in this way. I was lecturing on my experiences during the Chino-Jap War. One morning I visited the Tasmanian Legislative Assembly, when, to my astonishment and confusion, the minister proposed the adjournment of the

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House earlier than usual to give members an opportunity to hear Frederic Villiers, the war-correspondent. This proposition was vigorously attacked by the opposition ; it was put to the vote, then came a division. It was an interesting moment for me, seated alone in the strangers' gallery, my presence unknown to the members, awaiting the result. At last came the verdict—

“The Ayes have it.”

I met Sir Edward afterwards at the club, and thanked him for his courtesy. The leader of the opposition, who was in the same room, came up and frankly told me that he was compelled to oppose the adjournment. It was merely a matter of form. “In fact, he said, he knew it would be carried unanimously, and had already booked seats for my lecture for himself and friends.

On my first visit to Sydney I was often the guest of Lord Loftus ; one of the old, courtly type of British ministers, who came straight to the colony from St. Petersburg, where he had acted as H.B.M. ambassador. I remember that he was very proud of a certain breed of fowls which used to lay generously. As the household could not consume all the eggs, his head gardener sold them with other superfluous produce. Of course the socialistic papers were quite bitter about it, accusing the stately nobleman of receiving a princely salary from the people, and competing with, and under-selling them, in farm produce.

The last time I was in Sydney Lord Beauchamp

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inhabited Government House. He did not meet with much popularity when he first arrived. He was young and poetic, and on landing at Albany sent, in the innocence of his heart, a cable of greeting to the colony he had come to preside over; he thought he could not do better than quote Kipling's *Sydney* from *The Seven Seas*, altering the first person to the second—

“ Greeting ! your birth-stain have you turned to good ;
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness ;
The first flush of the Tropics in your blood,
And at your feet Success ! ”

Lord Beauchamp was sadly shocked on arriving at Adelaide to find that the quotation about the birth-stain was not to the palate of the people of New South Wales, who are unnecessarily sensitive about the old convict days; and the South Australians were not long in letting him know how his unfortunate *faux pas* had set their sister colony ablaze with indignation.

Very often when a new governor arrives the secretaries make some fresh arrangements for the benefit, as they think, of the social side of things. This time there was to be some little distinction of this kind between the *habitués* of the governor's more private parties and those not quite so intimate with the Government House *côterie*. Blue and white tickets were sent to the guests. The favoured possessors of the “Whites” were to enter a certain door which gave them precedence over the “Blues,” who were to gain admittance by

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another entrance. A man and his wife who were both invited received, by mistake, a ticket of each colour, and on arriving at the "White" entrance the A.D.C. on duty told them that they could not enter together, for the lady, having a Blue ticket, must present herself at the other entry. The wife indignantly refused to be separated from her husband by such an absurd regulation, and, fixing the young official with a stony glare, said—

"Young man, my husband and I are not a seidlitz-powder!"

One of the most popular governors in the Antipodes was Lord Brassey, and he had a most charming and tactful *personnel*. On the first night of my lecture season in Melbourne he took the chair. My wife, who was of the party, sat beside me; towards the end of the lecture she noticed that the governor was apparently dozing, worn out, possibly, by the exigencies of official duties. One of the A.D.C.'s, Lord Richard Nevill, nudged him in the back just as I was finishing my discourse; His Excellency was on his feet in a second, and delivered his vote of thanks, and a charming little speech, with much vigour.

There was always a placid, somnolent manner about Lord Brassey, but no man kept his eyes open much wider on occasions than he, and the people of Victoria lost a good and generous friend when he retired from his post.

Lord Tennyson, son of the late Poet Laureate,

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presided at my first lecture in Adelaide; and Lord Lamington when I reached Brisbane. In the State of Western Australia there was no "Noble Lord" presiding over the destiny of the colony, but just a simple knight, Sir Gerard Smith, K.C.M.G.; but the people of Western Australia, though less honoured in titular manner than the other States, had an excellent governor in Sir Gerard. He fathered his people like the patriarchs of old. He gave many entertainments in the magnificent ball-room which the Government had built for Her Majesty's representatives. One dance-night the guests had remained much longer than usual, enjoying Sir Gerard's hospitality. It was getting into the small hours, and there was no evidence of a break-up. Twice had he left the supper-room, but there was no sign of a move to their homes by his guests; so the only way that Sir Gerard could intimate that the hour had come when they should go was by a most drastic and efficacious method. He went into the ball-room and began to turn out the electric lights. An excited *aide-de-camp* rushed up to him and said—

"But, sir, there are a number of people yet in the supper-room."

"I know," replied his chief; "but it's quite time they went home to bed, where I am going, and you can just tell them so from me."

The telephone had just been installed in Australia, and was used for all informal invitations

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and for most business. One of the governors of a certain State rang up the minister for agriculture, but the wires must have crossed. After trying for some time to get a coherent answer he lost his temper.

"Look here," he shouted; "is that the damn minister for agriculture?"

The person at the other end of the wire recognized the voice and replied—

"No; it's the damn bishop."

The officer in command of the Commonwealth forces of Australia was Major-General Sir Edward Hutton, who, as Captain Hutton, was the first to organize that excellent fighting corps, the Mounted Infantry, which has done such excellent work in many of our little wars since its inception during the first Egyptian campaign. Hutton was then known by the soubriquet of "curly;" for he was in the habit, when in action, of discarding his helmet and trusting to his short crop of curly hair to keep his head cool. I remember, at Tel-el-Kebir, seeing him with his head exposed to the sweltering rays of the sun, sighting one of Arabi's guns—which he, with a few Highlanders and riflemen, had captured. Such was his magnetic force of character that, in a few moments he had converted his infantry into an excellent gun's crew, and shelled the enemy with disastrous effect as he hastily retired towards Zagazig.

This dramatic incident formed the subject I painted which was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

XVII

AMONG the Australian statesmen I have known are Sir Harry Parkes ; Sir Saul Samuels ; Sir George Frederick Verdon ; Mr. H. Reid ; Sir John Madden ; and Graham Berry. Sir Harry Parkes was, I think, one of the most "homely" of men, as they say in the States ; that is, his looks were far from prepossessing. He was a rough-hewn, shaggy man, all brains, and he knew how to use them. New South Wales owes much to his never-ceasing energy.

Sir George Verdon, who was treasurer for Victoria, told me that one of the most interesting incidents during his term of office was the Russian scare. A certain Russian squadron had left San Francisco. Its destination not having transpired, H.M. Government cabled out : "Prepare for emergencies." The scare in Melbourne was considerable. Guns were furbished up on Queenscliffe, commanding the approach to the harbour, and every means was taken to give the ships, if bellicose, a warm reception. But Verdon, knowing how little could be done to prevent a landing of a hostile force in those days, took the precaution of emptying all the banks of their specie,

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and carted the gold and silver in ox-teams to places of safety in the impenetrable Australian bush. Days and weeks of considerable anxiety passed with the citizens of Melbourne. Anxious ears were strained night and day to catch the distant rumble of cannon, but no hostile fleet arrived. It was simply a piece of Russian bluff, and the bags of precious coin were triumphantly brought back to the banks, luckily without any leakage; even the bushrangers, who were rampant in those days, being patriotic enough to leave that coin alone. Talking about these Gentlemen of the Bush, I came across the amusing chronicler of their misdeeds, "Rolf Boldrewood," Australia's famous novelist; a most interesting, quiet, gentle type of man, so different from the breezy, dare-devil style of his books. His sister, one of the handsomest women in the colony, was the wife of the chief justice and deputy governor-general of New South Wales.

One of the most remarkable men in that colony is Sir James Fairfax, the proprietor of the Sydney *Morning Herald*. When he first befriended me in Australia he was plain Mr. Fairfax, hustling at his journal which he had nursed from its babyhood to become the first paper in the Antipodes. He is, of all men in the colony, most sedate and correct, and by no means of a frivolous character. Yet one day at Government House he found himself in a most equivocal position. A new governor-general (who was the youngest and most indiscreet

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gentleman who probably ever filled that social post) had arrived, and invitations had been sent out for a reception. Two undesirables of the fairer sex had managed to get hold of tickets, and, having no escort and feeling rather nervous, waited till the most respectable and fatherly-looking of the sterner sex passed through into the reception-room. Sir James appeared to be the very man they wanted, and they bustled in front of him as his name was shouted. With his usual courtesy of demeanour he naturally made way for the ladies. Later on one of the new *aides* came up to him and requested him to come and speak with the governor who was very angry and who, to his utter astonishment, suggested that he had chaperoned the ladies in question. Sir James's indignation was speechless, and such that no apologies could mitigate.

Sir Saul Samuels was another New South Wales celebrity, whom I knew very well, and whose hospitality I often enjoyed while I was in the colony. He was a prominent member of the Lower House of Legislature in Sydney, and eventually became the agent-general of the colony in London. His ruddy, amiable face, fringed as with a halo of snow-white hair, and head as bare as a billiard-ball, were for years noted features at municipal banquets and all great national functions throughout the United Kingdom.

The modern Melbourne, or Sydney, young lady

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thinks herself infinitely the superior of her mamma, owing, possibly, to that fond parent having given her better educational advantages. But those who remember Australia of a quarter of a century ago infinitely prefer the older, more simple-minded generation. One dear old lady, a survival of those days, was travelling "home," as they used to call it, to England by a British liner. When her table-steward asked her one morning what she would take next for breakfast she made answer—

"I think I'll 'ave a little 'am, steward."

"Ham, mother," corrected her daughter.

But the old lady was not a meek sufferer. She retorted—

"'Am, I says, and 'am I'll 'ave, you 'ussey."

My wife and some other English ladies visiting Australia were in great distress about the neglect of man's best friend, and they started a movement to provide the dogs of one of the larger capitals with drinking-troughs. The lady of the "'am" incident was kindness itself, and interested everybody on the matter, but at a meeting to discuss the subject she would talk of the dog's "trows;" and, as her daughters were not present, nobody was found rude enough to correct her, and all the English ladies had to talk of "trows" for the rest of the evening.

On the boat in which this good lady travelled to England was a sweet ingenuous man from "up country," who confided to some of the passengers that he was studying etiquette for all he was worth,

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but he always got confused as to which hand ought to hold his knife when eating peas. But even in the old country some gentlemen have occasional trouble with this weapon. I remember hearing that one of the directors, who hailed from Sheffield, of a certain wealthy company of a town near my home in Hampshire, on the occasion of a dinner given to some local magnate by his co-directors, slipped into the dining-room before the meal and felt the edges of the knives.

"I think you'll find them sharp enough, sir," said the head waiter, who knew of his employer's connection with the land of cutlery.

"Sharp enough? Eih, thaats not the trubble, laad. Ah was doubting they moight be too sharp. Ah cuut ma mouth laast toime !"

When last in Sydney I was dined by the Sydney Supper Club. During the dinner a young member of the staff of the *Bulletin*, Mr. V. J. Daley, wrote the following verses, which were recited during the evening and published afterwards in his paper. It is a clever piece of satire, and one of the smartest pieces of work I have come across, considering that it was written between two cigars.

TO MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS

"We hope, dear sir, you will excuse
The Supper Club's disordered muse—
We mostly keep our Bard roped tight,
But somehow he escaped to-night.

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"Glad are we all to meet you here
In our own proper atmosphere
Of smoke, and talk, and lies, and beer !

"A most impertinent member said,
'Sir, did you *never* feel in dread
When round your head the bullets spat,
All in the commissariat—
And you were fighting, fierce and keen,
To save the Empire—and canteen ?'

"And this, good Lord, and this to him
Whose pencil drew the pictures grim
That terrified each Afghan clan,
And paralyzed the fierce Pathan !

"What sent them home in fear and dread ?
'Twas Villiers' pictures,' some one said.
'Our Tommy Atkins, Kipling's pet,
Slays thousands with his bayonet,
But Villiers, with his pencil free,
And pen, as generous as he,
Slays tens of thousands easily.'

"Another said, between two beers,
'Are you a man that nothing fears ?
Or can you, without catch of breath,
Face sudden, sure, disastrous death ?'

"You stood up straight, you stood up square,
You never turned a single hair,
Yourself to your full height you drew—
'I've faced the Supper Club,' said you.

"And what made you so desperate ?
What made you trifle thus with Fate ?
You smiled and stroked your spiked moustache ;
Your voice was like the sound of cash
In hungry times when Trust is dead ;
Yet these were all the words you said—
'Villiersism of the Villierses : So
Lord Palmerston said long ago.'

"The Supper Club says, with a sigh,
Good health, good friend ! Good luck ! Good-bye !'

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Both Melbourne and Sydney have excellent artistic coteries, and in visiting these cities it was always a joy to me to be entertained by the young and talented artists. Victoria and New South Wales have produced—men who have fought their way to excellence, in spite of the little encouragement they have received by the public of either State.

Phil May was working hard when I was in Sydney on that remarkable Australian illustrated weekly, the *Sydney Bulletin*, or, as most colonials call it, the *Australian Bible*, for the faith the people of the Antipodes place in it, and because it is mostly the Sunday reading throughout the colonies. And very crisp reading it is, and its illustrations are certainly second to none of all papers of a kindred nature. I began to know Phil May when, at the World's Fair in Chicago, we would walk together about the grounds to pick up subjects for camera or pencil. He was always keen on the ludicrous, and chuckled immensely over a two-foot notice stuck on a barren slip of land, "Keep off the Grass," for the grass had not yet arrived.

The notices one met with on the show cases in the various sections were characteristic of the countries they represented. In the English section it was—"Please do not touch." The Canadian showed a nearer approach to the hustling country that had no time for superfluous courtesy. It was, curtly, "Do not touch." But Chicago was straight to the point, "Hands off, this is meant for you."



A "WORLD'S FAIR" VISITOR DINING IN CHICAGO.

YOU ARE REQUESTED
NOT TO
TOUCH.

PLEASE DO NOT
HANDLE.

HANDS OFF.

NO ADMITTANCE
EXCEPT ON
BUSINESS.

NO
ADMITTANCE.

KEEP OUT.
THIS IS MEANT FOR YOU

ENGLISH

CANADIAN

AMERICAN

NOTICES IN THE WORLD'S FAIR CHARACTERISTIC OF THEIR RESPECTIVE COUNTRIES

NOTICES IN CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

[To face p. 234.

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Phil May was one who strenuously burnt the candle at both ends, and, like most of his fraternity, was lovable and generous. None of his less fortunate brethren ever wanted a helping hand if he knew that they were hard up. So many of his friends of this description knew of this trait of his that he seldom went home but with his pockets empty, after having started well stocked with the coin of the realm. The thing that puzzled me, as well as most of his friends, was how he could get through so much excellent work when so much time was spent in pleasure; for one would see him of a morning in a broad check riding-suit, with black, patent riding-boots, and a rose in his button-hole, apparently in search of his hack; or surrounded by a legion of admirers at Romano's; or, with beaming face and big cigar, in a fauteuil of the *Empire*. Yet all England was made merry every week over his admirable work, which was turned out regularly, and just as certain in artistic excellence as ever.

He asked me to breakfast one morning with him in Kensington. When I turned up at nine-thirty his man showed me into the studio, where I waited for some time, admiring May's method of work. Every figure was accurately drawn from a model, first of all in blue pencil; then came in his peculiar art of leaving out superfluous lines, working over the blue with pen and ink where the lines only suggested form; thus giving to the whole drawing that wonderful, sketchy, light touch with which all

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his work impressed one. Presently I found May to be in bed with a ghastly headache; he had been at a smoking concert the night previous and had not turned in till the small hours. While I was away getting phenacetin at a neighbouring chemist my breakfast was being cooked. Poor May could not touch any. However the sketch on the easel was to be finished before twelve, so he struggled into his dressing-gown, and, with a wet towel wrapped round his head, finished the drawing; which was, as usual, in spite of his shaking hand, faultless in execution.

One of Phil May's greatest admirers was Sir Francis Burnand, who had, at an early period of his career, captured him for the pages of *Punch*. His simple, unaffected and generous nature especially appealed to the author of *Happy Thoughts*. I was staying at the same house in which Sir Francis was a guest, in the vicinity of Paris le Plage, and walking one morning among the sand dunes I mentioned that the loneliness of the place, and the fringe of woods at the back of the strand, suggested a good place for running a cargo of contraband.

"And there you are," said I, as I saw a boot, heel uppermost, sticking in the sand, "there lies buried the body of one of the smugglers who has been shot in the attempt."

On looking at the boot Burnand smartly replied, "Ah! and his sole has gone aloft."

Another quick-witted reply that I remember

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came from Barry Pain. A few of us were talking about certain lucky individuals who had then been recently made Peers of the Realm. One of the crowd said—

“So-and-so would have got his peerage, too, but for his cursed thirst for liquor. You know a few members of the Upper House asked him to dine, to see what manner of man they were about to admit into their ranks, and what do you think? The fool queered the whole thing by turning up drunk.”

“Of course,” said Barry Pain, “they were indignant with him for anticipating the honour.”

“How?” we asked.

“Why,” replied Pain, “by being as drunk as a lord.”

We were chatting at the time in the lower smoking-room of the Arts Club, in Dover Street, Piccadilly; or, as the street is better known to-day by virtue of its many dress-maker's establishments, “Petticoat Lane.” Seated in the largest and most comfortable of the chairs was a fair, pale-faced youth, apparently just out of his teens. The author of a clever book, recently published, *Fifty Years of Failure*, was about telling us one of his racy experiences, when I chaffingly said—

“Now, be careful what you say before the boy,” pointing to the youth in the big chair.

“Oh,” laughed the raconteur, “it won't hurt him.”

“Don't you know,” said a friend on my right, “who that is?”

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"No."

"He's the author of *Beauty and the Barge*, W. W. Jacobs."

Among the *habitués* of the old Arts Club, when it was located in Hanover Square, was the greatest cartoonist of the past century, the inimitable Pellegrini of *Vanity Fair*. There was something about his men and women extremely ludicrous, but never grotesque, and there was always a remarkable likeness to the person he caricatured. He was never coarse, or vulgar or very unkind in his pictures, and was so artistic in his work that distinguished people who had had the good fortune to be the subject of his humour could never be angry with him, for he seemed to dwell so lovingly on their physical peculiarities. To know the artist was to love him, for he was generous and amiable. He was a pale-faced, dumpling of a man, with large dark, liquid eyes, always smartly dressed, and very proud of his little figure, which, as years went on, quickly lost its proportions, owing to his love of good living. Though his home was in England, and one would think he was almost Anglicized by his long residence in London, he was an Italian to the tips of his fingers with which he would gesticulate fiercely whenever he got excited. I was talking to him about want of exercise and the difficulty in keeping one's "Little Mary" to the proper dimensions consistent with an elegant figure.

"Ah, my dear Villiers," he would sigh, "it is

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not this," and he then patted his waistcoat. "This will come, and it will go. I do not mind it. But, my boy, beware of the flanks. When the sides have no curve, when you lose the waist, like me. Ah! then you may say the time is come; I am getting old."

It was at the Hanover Square club-house I met Sir John Everett Millais, a tall, burly, ruddy type of humanity, and suggestive of the strong, virulent works of art he produced. He had just returned from his fishing up in Scotland, and was full of his adventure with his latest salmon. I remember him offering me some Bird's-Eye tobacco, of which he was very fond. I took it, though I dislike it, for it always burns my tongue; but as an art student I was so enthusiastic over the great painter that I even thought the tobacco must have some virtue in it because he smoked it.

How different in type was his contemporary in art, Lord Leighton. I remember him as a visitor to a little sketching-class held in connection with the old Hogarth Club, when most of the artists in those days wore brown, or black, velvet jackets, flannel shirts, long hair, and soft sombrero hats. Leighton was pale and ascetic in appearance, and had a rather nervous manner. His voice was gentle and sympathetic, and I have heard him speak at the Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner with such pathetic sweetness of his poor and struggling brethren in Art, that he has drawn tears and gold

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from every one in the room who had the pleasure of listening to his charitable appeal.

Nearly all the members of that sketching-club are now associates, or full members, of the Royal Academy. Of the most renowned, I may mention E. J. Gregory, R.A. ; W. Macbeth, A.R.A. ; Hubert von Herkomer, R.A. ; and Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I. The latter, whose head is now closely shaven, and who wears white linen collars of the approved fashion, was in those days one of the typical artists I have already mentioned, with long hair falling well over the shoulders. He also affected the soft Tyrolean shape of hat, velvet jacket and red tie ; and looked much like a superior type of the picturesque Italian organ-grinder of that period.

An artist, contemporary of mine, who really looked well with this style of hair, was Forbes Robertson, the famous actor-manager. I think I have never seen a handsomer type of humanity in the first flush of youth than Robertson as an art student. His clean-cut, classic features ; fine blue eyes and auburn hair, whose golden hue most women would envy ; made a picture, as he sat working in his studio, that a Velasquez would love to have painted. I shall hardly forget his first success as an actor ; he appeared at the *Princess's Theatre* as *Chatelard*, to Mrs. Rouseby's *Queen of Scots*, when his handsome bearing and fine elocution at once gained favour with the public. Like many other young men of the day, he was a great

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follower of Sir Henry Irving and his school; but he is one of the few actors who have survived the peculiar mannerisms of the great master and struck out an individuality for himself. It was a great pleasure to me when, remembering that I had been in many Soudan campaigns, he asked me to arrange the Correspondents' Scene in his excellent production of *The Light that Failed*.

Another fellow-student of mine in those days was Weedon Grossmith, a painter of considerable promise, who also threw up the brush for the more lucrative art of acting, and scored success in his new profession in a very short time. His inimitable brother, George, is one of my oldest friends, and I remember one of his first performances as a drawing-room entertainer at the Polytechnic, long before he took to the regular stage, when as *John Wellington Wells* in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Sorcerer* he inaugurated a splendid career for himself in comic opera. No entertainer has enjoyed more social success than George Grossmith, or better deserved the universal appreciation of the British public for his remarkable talent.

Another entertainer with whom I was well acquainted, and who was more or less a contemporary for many years with Grossmith, was Frederic Maccabe, who used to give an entertainment called *Begone Dull Care*. It was a tremendous success for many years throughout England and the United States, and then suddenly it became dead. The

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fashion for that kind of performance had changed. After many years a reaction came, and George Grossmith left the stage to return to his original entertainment, but Maccabe never came back.

One of the most perfectly artistic entertainers of this kind I have known is that genius in delineation of character, Mr. Albert Chevalier. He is so true an artist that one never tires of listening to him.



ANALYST'S PHOTOGRAPHIC WAR PASS FOR THE
RUSSIAN ARMY, 1877.



REVERSE OF FORBES' WAR PASS.
[To face p. 242.]

XVIII

THE most remarkable personality I have come across was the late Archibald Forbes. He was one of my dearest friends, and I owe much of my success in my profession to his tutelage. As a young artist, fresh from the Royal Academy schools, bent on adventure, with a roving commission for the *Graphic*, I met him early in my career. We chummed together at once, and for three successive campaigns were companions in many adventures. He was a man of grand physique and great courage, and never seemed to know what fatigue was. He was by nature an ideal war-correspondent, for he could do more work, both mentally and physically, on the smallest possible amount of food than any man I have ever met. Amidst the noise and din of battle, and in close proximity to bursting shells, whose dust would sometimes fall upon the paper, I have seen him calmly writing his description of the fight; not taking notes to be worked up afterwards, but actually writing the vivid account that was to be transmitted to the wire, and that work was always good. His one great aim was to get the first and best news home of any fighting that might take

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place, and he never spared himself till this was done. It was a sheer impossibility for any colleague to successfully compete with Forbes, and it was amusing to see the look of discomfort, and almost dread, on the faces of his *confrères* whenever he turned up in their vicinity, for they felt the master-spirit at once; and knew that all their plans of being first off with the news, and the first with it on the wires, was sure to be somehow circumvented by Forbes. I think he never once failed in this from the time when he was first in Paris, during the Franco-German war, and out again. The description of the state of the city, which had been a sealed book to the whole world, was already on the wires to his paper, the *Daily News*, when his rather foolish colleagues chaffed him on turning up a little behind them when they thought fit to enter the city, little knowing that in London the news was already being published that they, with great glee, were about sending off.

There was only one man who nearly succeeded in getting ahead of Forbes, but his discomfiture in the attempt was most humiliating. It was during the Servian campaign, when a correspondent for a rival paper was in the frontier town of Alexinatz, then being attacked by the Turks; Forbes had left for Deligrade with despatches, and was expected back by me hourly. During the day the Turks made a desperate onslaught. The townspeople, frightened to death by the near approach of the ruthless Moslems, evacuated the

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place ; and the correspondent took it for granted that the Turks were forcing their way into the town, and rode off with the news to Belgrade, and wired to London that Alexinatz was fallen, and occupied by the enemy. In the meantime Forbes had passed him on the road, as he hurried back to the beleaguered town, and could not quite make out the evident look of triumph on his colleague's face. Finding that I was the only man left in the place of a non-belligerent character, and that the threatened Turks were still a few miles off, with a fringe of our men between them and the town, Forbes elected to remain in the place, and we lived on the wholesome diet of grapes and black bread for two days and a half, when Forbes thought it was time to prove the inaccuracy and absurdity of his colleague's telegram ; for we were still living in Alexinatz and, therefore, the town could not yet be in the hands of the Turks.

It was on June 23rd—two months after war had been declared between Russia and Turkey—when Forbes and I, seated in a waggon, were caught in the current of advancing Russians swarming towards the Danube. We were blocked in the usual column of heterogeneous vehicles which always accompanies a Russian army on the march—droiskies, caleches, broughams, sutler carts, and ambulances. We had been waiting at least an hour, almost choked with the drift of dust that swept along for miles in the wake of this immense army between the prairie-like Roumanian flats and

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the town of Alexandria. The noontide heat was simply blistering; the yellow dust-covered vehicles and the white uniforms of the troops suggested a tropical climate rather than that which favours a Danubian province. Presently a tall figure with deeply-tanned face; large blue eyes; and yellow beard grey with grime; towering above the dust, turned in our direction, and, on sighting Forbes, threaded his way through the crush towards us.

"What are you doing here?" said he to Forbes.

"We are looking for General Dragamiroff. Can't you tell us where we can find him?"

"Ah!" he replied, "I am not supposed to know where he is, or his division either—but," he continued laughingly, "I can let you know this. If you find Prince Mirsky, you won't be far from the other general. Now Mirsky is in Alexandria."

With this piece of valuable information he touched his cap and hurried away.

Forbes gave a grunt of satisfaction, and, turning to me, said—

"That is perhaps the smartest officer in the Russian service. Do you know, Villiers, that fellow did a wonderful bit of work out in Central Asia but a short time back. The Russians had to enter Khokand to punish certain lawless acts. The force sent was too small for the serious work to be done, for only some twelve hundred Russian horse and foot crossed the frontier. They marched

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on the capital, Namangan, and captured it; then, to their disgust, found they could not hold it, for seven thousand Khokandians began to oppose them. • The Russians had to return. On the retreat the enemy harassed them so sorely that on the third day the infantry had only fifteen cartridges left per man, the cavalry three, and there was a day's march before they could hope for any succour. General Trotsky, in command, resolved on a night attack to help him out of his difficulties, and the chief of his staff, a young colonel of Cossacks, resolved to lead the attacking party himself. He would only take one hundred and fifty Cossacks—you may be sure all picked warriors—for, as he wisely argued, 'If we are wiped out, the loss will not count for much, and that number will be sufficient to check the enemy while the main body retreats in peace.'

"Well, the young staff-officer had his way. First of all he was lucky enough to evade the enemy's outposts; in fact they were all asleep. Then, followed by his one hundred and fifty, he fired his revolver as signal to the little force, who, yelling like fiends, rushed on the enemy, cutting and slashing at everything before them. The surprised camp was at once in a terrible uproar; but it only lasted a quarter of an hour, for the trick was done. The enemy scattered in every direction but in that of the Russians, and in the morning when the victors assembled they discovered forty dead; thirty-seven standards; two thousand turbans; three

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thousand muskets and sabres; and heaps of pots and kettles. But, Villiers, this is not the most amazing part of the adventure. Guess what the Russian roll-call was that morning?"

"Can't," said I.

"No, I bet you couldn't. Why, just one hundred and fifty standing up in their boots, not one sick or sorry, and the man you saw but a moment ago led them. His name is Skobeleff, and don't you forget him, for he will be the central figure of many of your sketches if you see anything of this campaign."

Through this introduction by Forbes I came to know the great Russian general well, and enjoyed his friendship and confidence. He had a wonderful personality and was a born leader of men. His soldiers would follow him anywhere. He had a remarkable belief in the self-sacrifice of youth, and would say—

"I will never have an A.D.C. over twenty-one, for I find that youths from eighteen to that age will eagerly risk their lives for love or war."

He was a man of remarkable military genius, and sometimes would, apparently, have the most extraordinary mad ideas; but they were always carried out in a very sane manner. If he had lived the late Russo-Jap campaign would probably not have been so easy a walk-over for the Japanese. So much was his genius respected and remembered by all military students that whenever the Japs had a bad set-back they averred that the spirit of the

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long dead Russian general, Skobelev, was leading the enemy.

He was the first who saw the necessity in the Russo-Turkish War, owing to the quicker firing of the modern rifle, for his men to throw up cover while deploying, and he invented for this reason the Roumanian spade to which I have already referred.

This spade was the outcome of the terrible experiences Skobelev had gone through early in the war when his men were without any means of hurriedly throwing up cover. For instance, during his attack on the position called the Green Hills, he captured a redoubt, and found its rear face open to a galling fire from the enemy. He knew that he could capture the position whence the fire came if he could get cover for the moment for his troops to concentrate for a rush. Not a moment was to be lost. The dead and dying were piled into a breast-work for the living, who, from this ghastly cover, eventually captured the Turkish works. He never forgot this cruel necessity, and, such was his sensitive temperament, that for days he used to burst into tears whenever he thought of that ghastly expedient.

The general was of a highly superstitious nature, and would only ride a white horse ; I have seen him lead assault after assault on chargers of this colour. We were great friends during the campaign, and I used very often to mess with him. Before his own dinner he would, when opportunity served, order the cooks of the various battalions to be drawn up in front of his tent, each with a sample

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of the company's soup ready for him to taste ; and I have followed him, at his request, down their ranks with a spoon, to see that the men's rations were good. He spoke English with great fluency though he had never been in England. His tall, stalwart figure ; yellow, flowing beard ; rather prominent nose ; and large, blue eyes, suggested the type of a Highlander, and I used often to tell him that at some period his forebears must have been Scotch, and that his name was originally Scobe. This chaff of mine would always put him into a good humour. One day I was talking in this way to him when he said—

“I love you English, especially your fighting qualities, and I long to meet you in battle. Who knows but that this campaign may open out into another in which England will be embroiled? If so,” he continued, “and England and Russia face each other, you come with us, Villiers ; how interesting— it will be for you to be on the other side.”

“But,” I answered, “you know that the ‘thin red line’ has not yet been beaten.”

“Never mind,” said he with great glee ; “if we have to retreat I will see that you are well looked after, never fear.”

“I will think it over,” said I.

This conversation was just after the Russians had made peace at San Stefano, and I was saying farewell to the general. It was the last time I saw him. He was standing outside the little green arbour in which we used to dine in front of his tent.

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He was in his tightly-buttoned, grey overcoat which gave a greater dignity to his tall figure. His yellow beard, tanned face, and grey eyes glowed in the light of the declining sun; the background was the thin smoke of the camp fires, through which a moon glittered. It was a picture I shall never forget.

Forbes' prophecy of the rapid success of Skobelev had come true, for the man who was waving me adieu from that knoll was the accepted hero of the campaign and Russia's greatest general.

Forbes had quite a gift in gauging the capabilities of men in the art of war. When there was considerable controversy regarding whom should be sent out to conduct the Ashantee campaign of 1870, the choice lay between Colonel Garnet Wolseley and that popular hero, Chinese Gordon (whose exploits in command of the "Ever Victorious Army" were still fresh in the memory of the people). Forbes, in an article in the *Daily News*, pointed out that the Red River expedition, the bloodless campaign against Riel three years previously, had brought to the front an officer who had successfully conducted a campaign, beset with almost insurmountable difficulties of transport by land and water, for nearly a thousand miles through an almost unknown region, and he suggested that Colonel Garnet Wolseley was the man to be entrusted with the Ashantee expedition. The letter created no little sensation in military circles. The Duke of Cambridge sent for the famous

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war-correspondent, and during luncheon told Forbes that he was much impressed with the *Daily News* article, for it echoed his own views on the matter. Anyway, Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley was the officer who was selected for the post, and all Britons know what an excellent choice it was. The late General Sir Herbert Stewart and many other officers owe their step on the first rung of the ladder of fame to Forbes' kindly notice in his famous letters of some act of valour or extraordinary zeal in their military duties that would otherwise have passed unrecognized.

Forbes was about as fearless as any man I have met, and yet, like all brave men, he never owned that he was entirely without fear. Many a time I have looked into his strong, masterful face and have seen a glint in those grey eyes which has told me that he felt and knew there was imminent peril. After all, in facing peril with indifference so much depends upon the state of a man's liver; if that organ is sluggish a man has little zest for anything and very little relish for being under fire. Most men in good, healthy condition will behave themselves decently and not run away.

Most courageous—in speech—of all the fire-eating colleagues I have ever met was a witness in a certain libel case, which Baron Brampton, then Sir Henry Hawkins, was judging. To a certain question of the opposing counsel a reply had been made by the witness.

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"Eh," said the judge, "and don't you, when on the battlefield, ever feel fear?"

"No," replied the witness, with a jaunty air; "no, my lord, never."

Hawkins looked at him rather narrowly, and then said—

"I think you had better stand down, sir."

Forbes was always fond of his native Highlands, and when he was not campaigning, or lecturing on his war experiences, he would spend most of his time with his family up on Spey side. I always managed to stay a few weeks with him, visiting his numerous friends and relatives, or fishing on the famous salmon river. It was a pleasure to see the joy of his dear old mother, who was one of the handsomest old ladies I have ever met, whenever her son spent a few days with her and his sisters in Aberdeen; where he, as a youth, graduated at the University, the chapel of which now bears a tablet to his memory erected by his widow.

Forbes, under a rather stern exterior, hid a kind and unselfish nature, and always assisted me in every way in my profession. I informed him one day that I was going to lecture, and asked him to put me through my paces. He grunted assent and told me to call on a certain day. On turning up I found him ill in bed. Though suffering a great deal he would insist upon me staying.

"Well! where's the lecture?" he growled.

"Here it is," said I, as I produced my typewritten manuscript.

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"Give it me," said he, and he immediately threw it into a corner. "Now," he continued, "stand up in the centre of the room and fire away." He sat bolt upright and listened. "Not so very bad," said he when I had finished, "I have to appear at the Young Men's Christian Association next week at Aldersgate; I know I shall be too ill to go. You shall take my place."

I did, and that first appearance was a rehearsal for my *début* at Willis's Rooms, when Viscount Wolseley took the chair.

I think that the greatest triumph Forbes enjoyed when lecturing was when, after the Russo-Turkish war, he was asked to give his experiences at the Royal United Service Institution.

It was proposed to ask the Duke of Cambridge to take the chair, but Forbes suggested his old colonel, who was in command of the 12th Dragoon Guards at the time that Forbes was in that regiment as a trooper. After the lecture, and the usual complimentary vote of thanks for the chairman, Forbes in answering said—

"It is a great pleasure, and a proud moment in my life, to see my colonel this afternoon taking the chair at my lecture, for the last time I stood before him he was not in so pleasant a mood. For then he lectured me and supplemented the discourse by giving me a fortnight's 'C.B.'"

Forbes, when on the platform, resented any one turning up late at the lecture, and he would stop in the middle of his discourse and wait till the

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people were seated. One night in Western Canada he was lecturing to a large house and had already been talking about twenty minutes when three rough-looking men, swathed in furs, came tramping down to the front seats. Forbes stopped his lecture at once and riveted his attention on the men. Of course the large audience turned to look at them also. In a shame-faced, hang-dog manner the three at last seated themselves, and Forbes went on with his subject, but for a long time, till his ire had cooled, kept glaring at his three disturbers. After the lecture was over the audience all left the hall with the exception of the three men who stood waiting for the lecturer. Forbes said to me in recounting the story—

“As I stepped off the platform I doubled my fists behind my back, ready for any onslaught, for the men looked very angry. Presently one came forward and said, ‘You were rather rough on us, Mr. Forbes.’ ‘What do you mean?’ I asked. ‘The three of you were evidently having a glass at the hotel bar over the road when the thought struck you that you would go and hear the lecture, and you disturbed me in this abominable manner.’ ‘No, siree! You are wrong,’ chimed in the trio. ‘The fact is,’ continued the first man, ‘we drove thirty-five miles to come and hear you lecture, and should have been here right on time but that our sleigh broke down after we had done twenty, and we had to tramp the rest.’”

Forbes informed me that at this revelation he

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hardly knew what to do. To have been bearish to enthusiasts of this description was an absolute crime.

"Come," said he to the three, "shake hands, if you will, and come over to the hotel and have some supper, for you must want it after your adventures, and I will tell you that part of the lecture you have missed."

Forbes was never disconcerted by a small audience, and used to say—

"Never mind how small your audience may be, don't forget that they have paid to hear you; it's not their fault that others have not, so always give them of your best."

The smallest "House" he ever had, he told me, was up in his own country one stormy night. Only a solitary man made up the audience. Forbes, at the appointed time, made his appearance on the platform. He looked at the man, and the man returned his gaze.

"Don't you find it chilly down there?" smiled Forbes.

"Yes," returned the man, with a slight shiver.

"Well," continued Forbes, "if you don't mind, let us go to my hotel, and I will tell you all about it over a cigar by the fire," and the lecturer and his audience left the hall arm in arm for the hostelry.

An incident relative to the cool resourcefulness of Forbes was related to me one summer evening while I was passing through Paris. I was seated

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at one of the *cafés*, enjoying my coffee and cigarette, when an Englishman came up to me.

"Are you not Mr. Villiers?" said he.

"That's my name," I smiled.

He said, seating himself by my side, "I am pleased to meet you, for you know my good friend Forbes."

"Ah, he is a remarkable man," I replied.

"Yes," he continued; "I owe my life to him."

"How's that?" I rejoined.

"Well, I will tell you. I met him here in Paris during the Commune. There was a good deal of fighting in the streets at the time, for the Versailles troops were pressing hard upon the Communists. One afternoon, in a street not far from where we are sitting, I was rounded up by a party of rebels and made to work erecting a barricade, when I found another Englishman pressed for the same business; it was Forbes, the war-correspondent. We chummed together at our distasteful work, which we were compelled to do or risk being shot for spies. Presently the barricade was attacked by the Versaillests, and the Communists, after a sharp fight, were driven helter-skelter down the street. Forbes and I ran with them. Presently he shouted, 'Dive into that wine-shop on the left.' I immediately did so, and Forbes, catching hold of me, pushed me through the shop to a back yard, where we found a pump. 'Now,' said he, 'wash your hands quickly and let me have a turn.' After our ablutions he hurried me back into the street. That

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simple incident of washing my hands saved my life, and I always remember it with gratitude."

"I don't quite follow you. Why?" said I.

"We had hardly gained the street before we were roughly arrested by the victorious troops, who would not listen to any explanation, and were hurried along with many other prisoners till we came to a blank wall, where a halt was made. About a dozen of us were made to stand in a line, with our backs to the wall. 'Hands up!' cried the officer in charge. The poor devils who had soiled hands were told to remain. Forbes and I were the only men who were allowed to fall out, for our hands showed no sign of barricade work or soil of powder upon them. Before we realized what had happened the rest were riddled with bullets. It was a ghastly sight. On showing our papers to the officer we were told to go, and we hurried back to the wine-shop, and kept our teeth from chattering with a strong dose of eau-de-vie."

XIX

I HAVE watched the growth of Canada with the greatest interest, for I have seen her far western cities, practically in their swaddling clothes, a collection of log cabins and tin shanties, grow in a few months into townships with palatial buildings of brick and stone. It was my happy privilege to be the guest of Lord Stanley of Preston—now the Earl of Derby—when he was governor-general of the Dominion, on his grand tour of inspection from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which all Canadian viceroys make at least once during their term of office. It was a most enjoyable time for all but one, and that was Lord Stanley himself, who, at every halting place, had to make a speech to the queer crowd assembled to do him honour; a speech that had to show considerable knowledge of the industries of their locality, and the hopes and ambitions of the community. It was no light task this, practically, three thousand miles of speech-making from Quebec to Vancouver. Even the Red Indians intercepted him on the Regina Plains, and would have their share of palaver; but this, I think, the viceroy really enjoyed, for the Indians did most of the talking.

The reception of the vice-regal party by

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the Blackfeet was remarkably interesting. The governor's carriages travelled over the prairies towards a vast horizon without the slightest sign of a living being to be seen anywhere, when, suddenly, a speck of dust seemed to cut the skyline, and then as quickly disappear. Then, before we could speculate whence they came, a squad of mounted Indians in full war-paint were thundering down upon us. With weird war-whoops and cries they surrounded the carriages, forming a rough and picturesque escort. Soon the points of numerous *tepees* broke the horizon, and we presently found that we were in the centre of the Indian encampment.

Crowfoot, the chief of the Blackfeet, was almost Gladstonian in appearance, for he had a face and bearing remarkably like the great Liberal leader, and his speeches were as long and as emphatic as those of our Grand Old Man. His fine, bold eyes had a similar fierce glare in them when he warmed to his work.

His oratory impressed us all for at least half an hour, though we did not understand one word of what he was uttering. We listened spellbound by his earnestness and charm of manner. The interpreter stood up after the great chief had finished, and told us the gist of the speech, which was more or less as follows—

"The chief of the Blackfeet and all his tribe is proud, he say, and glad to meet the great white chief who represents the 'Great Mother' across the water."

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Here the interpreter halted for a moment, and then burst out in a quick, jerky manner—

“He, the chief of the Blackfeet, say he want more flour, he want more pork, he say his people have no too much smoke, and would like more tobacco.”

Yes, the whole of that remarkable oration boiled down to those simple requests.

It seemed to me a splendid lesson to some of our politicians in saving the time of the House by coming down to the “pork and flour” of things at once.

Lady Stanley made some excellent photos *en route*, and printed them herself; it was in the early days of the Kodak cameras, and I remember she had one of them.

Most of the time crossing the plains was spent by the ladies of the vice-regal party on the cow-catcher, where a prettily decorated platform had been rigged up by the engine-driver. The viceroy never missed a meeting, or any function of interest for the welfare of the great Dominion, on that long and eventful journey; and he visited from Toronto to Calgary every industry, from “lumbering” to coal, gold, and silver mining; wheat raising; flour milling; and cattle ranching; and then examined the remarkable engineering feats of the Canadian-Pacific Railway Company through the mountain ranges of British Columbia on to Vancouver, thence to Victoria and Vancouver Island.

In all that journey, lasting several weeks, there was not the slightest accident from start to finish, but on our return from Victoria to Vancouver City

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on the mainland, we met with a set-back of a serious nature. H.M.S. *Amphion* was placed at the service of the vice-regal party, and Captain Hulton, in command, had made all arrangements for a quick and pleasant voyage. Unfortunately, when a few hours out of Victoria a dense opaque fog came on, a fog peculiar to those parts, and almost as impenetrable as a blanket. In spite of this we were still running at a pretty good speed. I was on deck at the time with Lady Stanley and the other ladies of the party, when I suddenly saw, through a slight break in the fog, a huge, rocky headland. I thought then that I had never been so near land but once before, but that was in clear weather, when rounding the North Cape. In another moment I found myself rolling on the deck, and trying to assist the ladies to their feet, while the ship trembled from stem to stern with the shock of the impact as she struck that headland, a horrible, grating sound thrilled all on board, and then the vessel came to a stand-still. The ladies, who had regained their feet, showed remarkable *sang froid*, and one of them said—

“Mr. Villiers, I am so sorry for the captain, aren't you?”

She knew that something had happened of a serious nature to the ship, but thought nothing of her own plight, but only of the possible disgrace of the skipper.

The captain was on the bridge, giving his orders in a quiet, reassuring manner, though the rock we

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had struck had torn a hole in his ship's bottom through which a team of oxen could have drawn a waggon. Sentries were at once stationed at the boats, which were swung out on their davits; collision nets were got ready; and, when we steamed off the rock, placed in position. With our torpedo boat steaming ahead we slowly made our way back to Vancouver Isle, our good ship heeling over perceptibly as the bulkheads went, one after another, through the pressure of the water.

By luncheon time the ship was at an angle which necessitated, though the sea was a dead calm, the wedging of our table-napkins under the soup-plates to keep them level. By dinner-time the ship was heeling so much to starboard that we had to make a wedge with the napkins rolled round the glasses. Only one screw was working, for the starboard fires had to be put out early in the day; and, unfortunately, the gear for the steam pumps had been cut through, so only hand-pumps could be worked.

I had just come on deck, having been, by courtesy of the chief engineer, invited down below to see the damage that had been done. Many of the bolts of the bulkheads were so strained that the water was squirting through the leaks in all directions, and the relays of bluejackets were working with all their might to keep under the rapidly rising waters. This they had to do by the light of candles, for all the electric gear in the ship was *hors-de-combat*. Though the situation

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was uncomfortable, to say the least, it was really worth the experience to watch the admirable conduct of officers and men in the trying position in which they found themselves. Not a voice was lifted in anger. All orders were given and obeyed as if nothing untoward had happened. The fog was still so dense that the torpedo-boat, from which we took our course, steaming a few yards ahead, was sometimes hardly discernible. The stillness was suddenly broken by a rifle-shot; at least, I distinctly heard it, though my fellow-travellers insisted that I must be mistaken, for, it seemed ridiculous to hear a rifle-shot so far out at sea. Nevertheless, I was so certain that it was a shot of that description that I resolved to tell the captain. I was told, when I suggested I should go on the bridge, that I should only disturb him at this trying moment with, probably, a mere fancy; but coming to the conclusion that the slightest thing out of the ordinary should be known in a situation of this kind, I went up to Hulton and reported what I had heard.

"You are sure it was a rifle-shot?" said he.

"Absolutely certain," I replied.

"Thank you, Mr. Villiers; then I know now where we are—just outside the butts at Victoria."

The captain was making for Esquimalt, where there was a possibility of docking and finding the extent of the damage. Before night had set in the fog suddenly lifted, and a glorious full moon lighted us into the Esquimalt harbour not an hour

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too soon, for the lurch of the ship astarboard was such that we could not stand on deck without supporting ourselves by clinging to the ship's gear. The water was almost oozing over the gunwale as she entered the haven of safety.

Lord Stanley was the last of our party to leave the ship, but not before complimenting the captain and his officers on the admirable manner in which they had brought the *Amphion* to a place of safety.

Another Canadian governor-general, from whom I have received much hospitality, while he was in office, is Lord Minto, now viceroy of India. When I was with the Russian army in Bulgaria he, then Lord Melgund, was witnessing the campaign from the Turkish side. The year following I met him at the forcing of the Khyber Pass, and when Arabi gave us trouble in 1882 I came across him again at Tel-el-Kebir.

One of the most enthusiastic Imperialists I have ever met is Colonel G. T. Denison of Toronto. At the age of twenty-seven he was colonel of the Canadian Militia, that heroic body of Loyalists who, in 1776, during the Rebellion (my dear friend Denison would always insist on this interpolation of the fight for American independence), were driven to the north of the American continent, where they have for over a hundred years practically been the mainstay of Imperial interests in the North.

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It is always a delight to me when in Canada to spend a time with this fervid Imperialist (now retired from the army and performing the duties of a magistrate in Toronto) at his home or club. Coming from a family of fighters—for his maternal grandfather was at Waterloo and his paternal grandsire, his father, and his father's brother served in the affair of 1837—he is full of the most interesting anecdotes of the doings of the famous militia in which he first commanded a troop in his seventeenth year. Viscount Wolseley, in his delightful book *The Story of a Soldier's Life*, says of him—

“One of the ablest and, professionally, one of the best-read officers I ever knew is Colonel George Denison of Toronto, who for many years commanded the governor-general of Canada's bodyguard.”

Referring to the Fenian raid across the Canadian border in 1866 and the work Denison's troop did on that occasion, he says further—

“They were just the corps for that work, and he was just the man to command them effectively. I realized at the time that no similar number of regular cavalry could have done that duty as effectively. But he was a man in a thousand, and a born cavalry leader.”

Wolseley's eulogism of him was a sound one, as subsequent events proved. Denison, when not soldiering, practised at the law and though his business was a good one he found time to go in

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for one of the most remarkable military competitions of the time, and carry off the first prize.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia offered prizes, ranging from four thousand to sixteen hundred dollars, for the best work on Cavalry and Military Operations on Horseback, in all ages and countries. The competition was open to officers of all nationalities, and Denison resolved to enter the lists. The work was to be done in two and a half years, and to be written in the Russian language. The way he set about this gigantic enterprise is characteristic of the indomitable pluck and energy of the man. He was able to read only French and English, so he engaged a translator in New York, sent to an agent in London for all books referring to cavalry, and set to work. For two years, beside his own law business, he worked eight hours a day on his cherished theme. He told me that he often heard the town clock chimes at six a.m., having already put in two hours' hard work. In these two years he had waded through seven hundred volumes, mostly in foreign types, and eventually spent the last two months in St. Petersburg. Finally, when the manuscript was translated into Russian by some seventeen copyists, he was one of three out of twenty-three competitors who sent in completed books. He eventually captured the first prize, and his triumph was crowned by a special presentation to the Czar.

After the Fenian raid in 1866 Denison paid

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a visit to England, and on returning to Canada stopped at Moville, in the north of Ireland. Excitement was still rife in the Emerald Isle over the Fenian business, and the authorities were anxious lest Fenian agents from the United States should create trouble. Denison was travelling with his brother Fred, who was afterwards one of Viscount Wolseley's trusted officers in the expedition for the relief of Gordon. Both were wearing the cow-boy wideawake, and the colonel sported a moustache and what is known as a "Charley" or "Imperial." On visiting the fort at Moville they were shown round the place by a soldier who, overhearing the colonel's remarks about the guns, whispered to him in a rich brogue—

"Sure, now, it's from the other side ye be coming."

"What do you mean?" said the colonel.

"Ye come from across the Atlantic?"

"I do," replied Denison.

"I thought it. Ye know more about soldiering than ye pretend. Ye were out wid Meager on the Potomac?"

"I was not," said the colonel, emphatically.

"That's right, sorr, stick to that. It's not safe for ye to let on. Stick to that. It's well I be wishing ye, sorr. God bless ye!"

"And," as Denison laughingly averred, "he warmly shook my hand, and I left for Canada with a Fenian's blessing."

XX

IN all my travels I have never come across a more lovable race than the Irish people, and I have seldom received more kindness from utter strangers than in that charming country. I first visited Ireland during the Cork riots of 1887, and I remember the editor of my paper telling me to be very careful, for I should probably run more risks of getting knocked on the head than when campaigning with armies in the field. I had a most delightfully interesting time with the rioters in Cork city. The mob used to take me in hand, and directly I was known as a stranger in their midst there was a quickly improvised bodyguard of stalwart men with *shillaleghs* placed round me while I was sketching. When the opposing factions hooted and yelled, and a shower of stones and brickbats came our way, one of my guard would say—

“It’s a dint in ye hid ye may be getting from a shtone, but the blackguairds won’t come near ye; we’ll see to that, sorr.”

The next day I would probably be with the opposing forces, when I received just the same kind attention and solicitude for my safety.

I remember, when the great Irish patriot, Charles

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Stuart Parnell, died I went over to Dublin by the same steamer that carried his corpse. It was a very rough night, and I spent most of the time, with three other volunteers, in hanging on to the coffin, which was fixed in a rough wooden crate on the top of one of the hatchways. At one time the framework got loose with the pitch and toss of the vessel and there was a serious possibility, but for our strenuous efforts, of the crate going overboard. When we arrived on the other side thousands lined the quay, in spite of the deluge of rain, watching the landing of the remains of their beloved leader. From the bridge of the steamer I watched the mournful procession file up towards the cemetery, then I landed and hurried towards the burial-ground. When I arrived, the place was packed with people; it seemed utterly hopeless to attempt to get near the grave. Two or three rough-looking men, seeing my anxiety, asked me who I was. I explained that I was an Englishman come all the way from London to make sketches. In a twinkling the word was passed, and I was hustled and pushed forward till at last I stood on the very brink of the trench into which loving hands were gently lowering the coffin.

I was once lecturing in a very disaffected part of the country, a few days after the conviction of the murderers of Fitz-Morris, in the town of Tralee. In fact, I lectured in the Court House, standing on the bench where they received their sentence. I had been engaged early in the season, before the

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Fitz-Morris murder, or probably I should not have ventured to address the people, who were still much agitated over the affair. The landlord of the inn at which I stopped asked me if I had a revolver. I said that I had left it in England, for I had the greatest faith in the hospitality of the Irishman to all non-political visitors and had no fear of my safety. I had come to that part of the country, unfortunately, at a time when ill-feeling ran high against Englishmen, but I was quite willing to place myself in the hands of the people of Tralee. This conversation got about the town, and at night the Court House was packed. I was only disturbed in the middle of the lecture by two priests beating at the doors for admittance to see if the meeting was of a political nature.

Some years after I was invited to lecture in Clonmell. A big mill-owner of the town put me up for the night, and at dinner there were quite a number of people to meet me. We were all very jovial until the end of the feast, when I overheard the hostess whisper to her husband—

“You had better tell Mr. Villiers.”

“Tush!” said he.

“If you don’t,” said she, “I will.”

“Well, if you will insist; but I think it is very foolish.”

“What’s the matter?” said I.

“It’s this. We fear some trouble at the lecture to-night. Tell me, Mr. Villiers, is this the first time you have been in Tipperary?”

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"Why, yes."

"Did ye hear that, my love? Mr. Villiers says that he has niver been here before."

"Ah, sure now, that's a relief."

"What's the trouble? Tell me all about it, I insist," said I.

"Well," continued my host, "for the last two or three weeks the local papers have been drawing the attintion of the public of Clonmel to the fact of your visit here some years ago for the *Graphic*, and that you caricatured the people of Tipperary, holding them up to ridicule and showing the people of England what an unlovely type of men were asking for Home Rule, and the people of the town are mad about it."

"I am sorry," I remarked, "that this absurd story should get about, for it will mean that I shall have no one in the house to-night."

"Pwhat?" cried the host. "Why, man, the house will be crowded. All the tickets could have been sold over and over agin. There will be no room for the people who will want to get in to see the fun."

"What do you mean?" I inquired in surprise.

"Anyhow," continued my host, "I am greatly relieved by what you tell me about this being your first visit to Clonmel. By telling them that, I may be able to save a lot of unpleasantness."

"Now, I remember," I laughed, "it was Paul Renouad, the Frenchman, who made those sketches, and beautiful work it was."

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"Don't tell them that," implored my host. "As it is there has been a great run on stale vigibles for the last three days, and we shall have a warm reception. In fact, my wife thought that it would be better for you not to appear to-night."

"Why didn't you tell me of this earlier?"

"We didn't know your address, and when ye were here we thought that we would not spoil your dinner."

"My dear, good friends," I laughed, "no one will enjoy the fun more than I."

"That's right," cried my host, as he enthusiastically slapped me on the back. "Take another glass of whisky, and come along."

The lecture hall, as my friend expected, was packed from floor to ceiling; I shall hardly forget the sea of upturned faces that met my gaze as I walked on to the dais with my chairman. There was an ugly glint in all those eyes fixed on me as I seated myself on the chair to the left of the platform. There was a dead silence; a nasty ominous, silence, like the appalling calm before a typhoon. The chairman was pale, but he stood before them firm and collected, and began his address—

"Ladies and Gint——"

Then the storm burst. Evidently at a pre-arranged signal the public voice gave vent. Yells, groans and hisses rent the air, followed by the stamping of feet, and thumping of sticks on the floors and benches. My chairman sat down under

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this furious outburst, and we both waited till the noise subsided a little. Then he boldly made a fresh attempt to speak, which was drowned in a similar manner. He still stood confronting the furious outburst. The idea of the audience was to drive me from the platform ; but I had come to stay. When this resolve on my part at last dawned upon them, the noise somewhat subsided, and my chairman was able to shout—

“Shame! Shame! Is this the boasted hospitality of Oirishman to sthrangers?”

Once more the sticks thumped, and the feet stamped, and yells of derision burst from the crowd.*

“I say sthranger,” shouted my host, “for Mr. Villiers assures me that he has niver been here before. I give you me word.”

“Let him speak!” shouted a few ; and at least he was able to go on—

“Mr. Villiers has come to Tipperary for the first toime. He has been lecturing in Belfast, and has come all this way to appear before you to-night.”

The noise had now calmed down into groans, the thumping had left off, and the chairman was able to proceed—

“Surely, ladies and gintlemen, we must not be wanting down South in treating him with similar courtesy to our britheren of the North. Mr. Villiers told me at dinner to-night how he was deloighted, by the picturesque scenery he had passed through, how he admired the beauty of the wimen of this

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country." By this time there was comparative silence. "And," continued he, "also that he was greatly impressed by the accomplishments of the gentlemen. He assured me he has never been to the south of Ireland before; and if he had he could never have drawn those *ugly pictures*," here he winked at me, "of the beautiful people who inhabit it."

At this sally from my chairman the audience laughed and cheered, their menacing attitude at once changed to the greatest good humour, and I was able to go on with my lecture, which was received with much enthusiasm. After the trying ordeal was over, I had quite an ovation before my host was able to tear me away.

Later on, in the city of Cork, I was about to lecture in the Theatre Royal, when, to my consternation, I found that the management had not provided a lantern or operator. It was close on eight o'clock, and the manager asked me to go on and make some excuse.

"No," I replied, "it is your fault, and you must face the music."

The people were clamouring for the curtain to go up. The manager, very pale and nervous, begged me to do something. He could not face the crowd.

"Why?" I asked, with a certain amount of contempt in my voice.

"I attempted to face them once before," he replied, "when Mr. Archibald Forbes was about to

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lecture, and they pelted me with all kinds of nasty things."

"But surely they did not do that unless provoked?"

"When the time came for the lecture, I found that the house was crowded with people who had come to hoot Forbes off the stage, for he had written something uncomplimentary about the south of Ireland in one of his articles, and I went on to try and explain it away; since then it's my nerve I have lost entirely."

I had to go on alone, and, after explaining our difficulty about the lantern, and giving them the option of going or remaining, I went through my lecture without my pictures. After the performance the manager, with tears of joy in his eyes, shook me by the hand, and a few of the audience entertained me at an oyster supper.

During my first season's lecturing in Canada I travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the Canadian-Pacific Railway, taking most towns *en route*. At the very beginning of my tour I had a set-back; my lantern operator fell sick and could not proceed. Knowing that I was in want of some one to show my pictures a young man called upon me at my hotel with the proposition that he should fill the place of my sick lanternist. His name was Koëlle; he was a clerk in the Bank of Montréal and was tired of the sedentary life he was then leading, and ready for any adventure. He was

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a bright, handsome youth, so I engaged him at once, for I could see that he would soon pick up the work, which he did in a few hours. I was so pleased with his powers that I dubbed him "Professor."

His father, having been a missionary in Asia Minor, had sent him a Turkish fez which I suggested he should don, as it would give him a quaint and impressive appearance on our tour. Sometimes he would act as my advance agent and engage the halls. At one period I was up in North-West Manitoba, and, on arriving in the town at which I was to lecture, Koëlle met me as usual on my arrival at the station. I could see at once, by the gravity of his demeanour, there was something on his mind.

"If you don't object," said he, "I think I will no longer sport this headgear."

"Why?" I replied, "surely it's the most becoming and distinctive thing you can wear in these parts. I can assure you that I was getting quite jealous of your popularity, especially with the fairer sex. What is your reason for discarding it?"

"Well, the fact is this," he went on. "I nearly lost a date in this town by that wretched fez. On arriving here I discovered that the hall belonged to the Salvationists, and on calling to make terms I found the place in charge of Captain, Miss——, who at first would not let me have it at any price. 'I can only rent it to Christians,' said she, as she stared at the fez. 'I am a Christian,' said I.

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'Fie!' said she, 'and with that thing on your head. I respect the faith of all nationalities, but renegades I abhor.' 'Nonsense!' I cried, 'I am no Turk, but a Christian.' 'Then take the nasty thing off,' said she, 'and come and pray to show me that you belong to our faith or you can't have this hall.' 'But,' said I, 'the hall is not for me but for Mr. Villiers.' 'Who is he?' said she. 'A war-correspondent,' I replied. 'Ah! Is he one of us?' said she. 'No, I don't think he is, but he's a good Christian all the same.' 'Kneel down, right here, and follow me in prayer,' said she, 'and then probably he can have the hall.' So I knelt, and she kept me pinned by her side for fully fifteen minutes!

Lecturing in the North-West in those days was rough work. I remember Koëlle had engaged a hall in a town at the end of a branch railway for one Monday night, and we found that there were no trains running on the Sunday, and the Monday train would arrive too late for the lecture, so we had to engage a trolley, and, with the assistance of two Indians, we worked the machine loaded with our baggage all day till nightfall, when we put up at a small hamlet near by. The next day we took to a sleigh, but this broke down halfway to our destination, and when we at last arrived, about nine in the evening, I found my audience dispersing and the hall empty; they had waited a full hour and a half for the lecturer who did not arrive. Many had driven thirty miles,

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and could not wait any longer. The only hotel in the place was packed with visitors who had come to hear me, so I got them together in the Common Room and, before a roaring fire, let them have as many war stories as they wished.

Sometimes we would go on sharing terms with a Young Men's Christian Association, who had their own method of advertising which was not always, apparently, satisfactory. In one town in which this had been arranged I arrived rather late, and there was no means of my seeing if the lecture had been properly advertised. Anyway, I observed no bills *en route* from the station. On arriving at the hall I mentioned this to the Lecture Committee of the Institute, and pointed out to them that it was hardly fair to me, for I had not seen an advertisement anywhere.

"Oh," they replied, "we have our own method."

"What's that?" said I.

"We insert handbills in the morning and evening papers for a week."

This, I thought, was a mean way of doing business, and when I got on the platform I was surprised to see the house half full for, owing to the poverty of the advertising, I expected to see only a man and a boy who had strolled in probably because they had seen the door open.

The Committee was quite annoyed at my criticizing their method of advertising and told me so. Having slept over the matter I thought that, after all, I might have done these worthy people an

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injustice. So the next morning on my way to the station I carefully kept my eyes open for some sign of a bill, but there was none. On arriving at the station Koëlle came to me, and, with a solemn face, said—

“Mr. Villiers, you have misjudged these people ; come with me.”

I followed. With a triumphant gesture he pointed to a black-board outside the station layatory on which was written with a piece of chalk—
“Frederic Villiers lectures here to-night.”

The next time I passed over the Canadian-Pacific Railway it was *en route* for Japan, to join the Mikado's army about to invade Manchuria. The second day out from Vancouver, in a flood of genial sunlight, I was walking the deck of the *Empress of China* bound for Yokohama when a little man, rather smartly dressed in flannels, came up to me and introduced himself as a colleague of mine. His large, blue eyes and the curious sweep of his curled moustache seemed familiar, but I could not for a moment place him. He saw my dilemma and came to the rescue.

“My name is Churchill, and I was special correspondent for the *Daily Graphic* in South Africa.”

I am certain he made this admission as a rather good joke, for his eyes sparkled with merriment from under the picturesque folds of a white, flannel basque-bonnet cocked on one side of his head. This was the beginning of many little chats with

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the once leader of the House of Commons ; if not on deck in his cabin, for I found that on some mornings he was obliged to keep his room, as he was suffering from a trouble that developed into transient paralysis, and eventually caused his death. The suddenness with which his mental activity would collapse, after about ten minutes of a most brilliant and interesting conversation, was simply astonishing. He would begin to stutter and flounder for a word, and it was piteous to see him try to rally. About this time would come a gentle tap at the door, and his vigilant medical attendant would enter and make a sign to me that I had better leave.

In spite of his illness he would always turn up on deck smartly groomed. His beard and moustache were especially well attended to. He told me one morning, in confidence, that it was the result of the exertions of his valet who was no ordinary body-servant but one of the most promising young men from a hair-cutting establishment in Bond Street.

"Don't tell my wife about him," he begged, "for she might think it rather an extravagant hobby to tour the world with a special barber."

He was very keen about visiting Burmah, and Lady Randolph asked me to dissuade him from carrying out this idea. He was not strong enough, she urged, to undertake such a journey. I tried to point out to him the discomfort of a tour of that description, and the risk of picking up fever to a man in his condition, but he stood firm on the point of going.

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"For," said he, "I must see how my baby is getting on. You know, Villiers, I gave birth to the idea of annexing that country to the British Empire; it was through my hammering and insistence in the House that the Government were at last induced to take over that slice of country in which you could centre the map of France, and have a large margin to spare."

Sometimes of an evening I would walk the deck with Lady Randolph, and I remember one night when—probably thinking of the uncertainty of her husband's life—she spoke of her two sons, and what they were likely to do when they became men. The younger one seemed to cause her little anxiety, but she was rather exercised in her mind about Winston. Owing to this conversation I have always followed Winston Churchill's career with interest from the period when he first made a hit in journalism, during the Khartum affair, to his exploits in South Africa, and his recent adventures in the House of Commons. He seems to have had an inordinate belief in himself from an early age, and has the faculty of carrying most people with him.

While on board the *Empress of China*, Japanese officers called to the colours, and myself, were practising with our revolvers, in case we might have to pot some Chinese when we got to Manchuria. Lady Randolph, who was a good shot, joined us at shooting at empty beer-bottles slung over the stern of the ship. I took a snapshot of

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her, and afterwards embodied the picture in one of my lectures. Two years later I was lecturing at the University Club in Maddison Square, New York; the platform on which I stood was erected in the dining-room of the club; presently I threw on the portrait of Lady Randolph. To my surprise the whole room stood up and cheered with great enthusiasm, and it was some time before I could proceed with my lecture. When it was over I asked one of the audience—which, by the way, was mostly composed of naval and military officers—what was the matter.

"Don't you know?" said he. "Why, Lady Randolph used to act on that very platform! This house was her father's, and this was the ball-room and theatre, where her people gave amateur theatricals. The property was, in fact, a part of her dowry when she married."

During the Boer war my wife and I visited Lady Randolph, who was then in charge of the American hospital ship, *The Maine*, which was sent out by our American cousins to succour the sick and wounded. The ship was tied up to the quay in Durban, waiting its first contingent of the maimed. When our cards were presented I could see a puzzled look on her face.

"The Mr. Villiers I knew is dead, surely? He was decapitated in a recent campaign," said she.

"One of those little mistakes that will get into the papers," I replied. "You see I still have my head on."

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I reminded her of how we had talked of the future of her sons, and we spoke of Winston, and the strides he had made in journalism, and of the vast possibilities that lay before him.

A day or so later I was travelling up to Colenso with Captain (now Admiral Sir) Percy Scott—that excellent officer who made it possible, by his invention of a certain type of gun-carriage, for the 4·7 guns to be taken up country—the evening after the Spion Kop affair. On arriving at Pietermaritzburg, Winston Churchill and his brother came into our *coupé*; they were both at the time in the Scottish Horse. Winston introduced his brother to me, who at once told me he had heard me lecture before the boys when he was at Harrow, and said he especially remembered that I threw a portrait of his mother on the screen in the act of ~~firing~~ a revolver.

We travelled all night up to Chieveley in Captain Scott's car, and after much talk of the recent fighting, Winston and I chatted about Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. We were arguing a point, when he said—

"I know I am right, for I put it in my book."

He reached for his grip-sack on the rack, and produced his book on Khartum from which he immediately quoted, and, I must admit, his view was a very sound one. He went on reading till we were all nearly asleep. Presently I roused to a decided opinion on another point. I was about

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to clinch it at once by waking Winston, who was by now fast asleep, when his brother said—

“For Heaven’s sake don’t wake him, or we shan’t have any rest at all to-night! He’s got another volume of that book up in the rack!”

If any one were to ask me if I were “superstitious,” I should certainly answer “No.” Yet I am not sure that I have no belief in clairvoyance, for during the South African campaign I came across that which, whatever else one may call it, was certainly a remarkable coincidence. On the voyage out to Australia for a lecture tour the year before the Transvaal war, my wife and I met a charming little woman with whom we struck up a friendship, and we found that she was that remarkable disciple of the occult set in London, Mrs. St. Hill. When war was on the eve of being declared she came to see us at our hotel in Melbourne, and my wife asked her to look at my hands, and read my palms. When she had finished I asked her if she could tell me what was going to happen to me in South Africa. She dropped my hand, and, looking into a corner of the room in a half-dazed sort of way, told me the following—

“You will go to South Africa, but you will not land at Cape Town.”

This, I remonstrated, was unfortunate, because there I must get my official permits for the front.

“That will be all right,” continued she. “You will get your passes and will proceed, but will

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be stopped on the way, and will only be allowed to continue your journey to the front by special favour of the officer in command, to whom you will carry dispatches."

"My dear lady," said I, "it's rather out of a war-correspondent's province to carry dispatches."

"I know nothing about that," she answered, "but you will do so. You will meet the officer who befriended you, whom you have met before, and you will find him driving on the battle-field."

"This can't happen, for generals commanding in the field ride their chargers."

"Well this one won't," she confidently asserted.*

"Never mind him," I said, "let me know about the fighting."

"I can see," she continued, "a mass of men coming out of a mist or gloaming. It's not night nor day, but evidently between lights."

"Are they in open order?" I inquired.

She was still intently looking into the corner of the room.

"No, I can see they are close to one another, *en masse*, and running."

"That's shocking," said I laughingly, "for that looks like a British defeat, dear lady."

"I don't know what it means, but you will see it."

Now this is what happened. We left Sydney on a trooper bound for Cape Town where I intended to land. When we arrived at Algoa Bay, on hearing of General Gatacre's move on to Stormberg

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I immediately left the ship at Port Elizabeth, with the intention of joining him. But when the commandant of the town told me that Lord Methuen was about to relieve Kimberley I changed my mind, and decided to join his command; for to get into Kimberley and be the first to interview Mr. Cecil Rhodes would be a journalistic score. Colonel Fairholme, the commandant, wired to Cape Town and arranged for my passes to be sent on to the junction at De Aar, where I picked them up *en route* to Modder River. Arriving at Orange River the commandant of the station told me that I could not proceed further, for Lord Methuen would not allow any more correspondents to go to the front. This was a grave set-back. However, I was allowed to write to Lord Methuen, who replied, saying—

“Glad to see you; come at once.”

This was on the day before the battle of Magersfontein. A deluge of rain had been falling all day. My train, consisting of munition trucks for Modder River, was to start at eight in the evening. During the afternoon the officer in command of the troops at Orange River asked me, as he could not spare an officer for the purpose, if I would carry important dispatches to deliver to Lord Methuen. I tucked the long, blue envelope in my inner tunic pocket, got into the guard's van, and with a carcass of a sheep for my bed and a sack of potatoes and onions for my pillow, tried to sleep; for the morrow was to be an eventful day.

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I was aroused by the sound of cannon, and found myself at dawn at Modder River station.

I hurried out of the van in the direction of the firing, and was just in time to join the Gordons, who were covering the flank of the remnant of the Highland Brigade that was coming back *en masse* out of the mist. When the sun was up I hunted for the general, and found him directing the battle in a Cape cart, for he had not yet recovered from the wound in the thigh he had recently received in the fight at Modder River, and delivered the dispatches entrusted to me.

It was not until I was returning to spend Christmas with my wife at Port Elizabeth that the mysterious prophecy of Mrs. St. Hill came back to me.

It was at one of Mrs. Edwin Tate's charming At Homes I first met that philanthropist and collector of modern works of art, the late Sir Henry Tate, the donor to the nation of the famous picture-gallery bearing his name. A man of considerable wealth, he devoted a large portion of it to his less fortunate brethren, but in such an unostentatious manner that few but those who benefited by his unselfishness were aware of it. He was a cheery, bright personality, and I was very glad to meet him and his wife one season on Dee Side.

It was at a time when hotel accommodation was probably at its worst in Scotland. There was only the long, narrow, boarding-house dinner-table type of hostelry to be met with in the Highlands. One

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day, at an hotel in Braemar, I saw at the end of one of these long tables the bright faces of Sir Henry and his wife beaming from out the dull line of diners. I at once went over to them.

"Come and sit here," said Sir Henry. "It's my birthday, and I want you to take wine with me."

To this I readily assented, for I was an art student in those days, and my pocket could only run to the wine of the country, and little of that, too. The following evening I again sat next them, and the wine was passed me. Seeing that I was rather shy and reluctant in helping myself Sir Henry whispered—

"It's my wife's birthday, and I want you to take wine with us."

Of course I could not refuse so excellent a toast.

The next night the champagne came round as usual.

"Surely you must know whose birthday it is this time?" said he; "why yours, of course. Anyway," he laughed, "it is sure to be somebody's birthday, and we will, if you don't object, celebrate it."

A short time after this event I was staying with one of Sir Henry's sons-in-law, near Liverpool, a very keen sportsman; a good shot; and a gunner in another sense, for he was colonel of the local artillery. At breakfast one morning he seemed pleased with one among his budget of letters.

"Villiers," said he, "it's my wife's birthday. I have a very excellent father-in-law, and he

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always sends her some little token of his love on the occasion."

"Is it a real birthday?" said I.

My host looked at me in astonishment. Then I related my experience with Sir Henry in the Highlands.

"Ah!" laughed his son-in-law, "this is real enough; look!" and he jerked a cheque over to my side of the table. I noticed that it was made out for £30,000.

Sir Henry's solicitude for the welfare of others has descended to his second son, Edwin, the backbone of the famous house in Mincing Lane. To his munificence the comfortable little village of Silvertown and its institute, where the firm's work-people live in comparative luxury; and that splendid institution, the Battersea Polytechnic (which was opened a few years ago by the King and Queen when Prince and Princess of Wales) owe their existence.

I first met the genial "Carpet Knight," the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Treloar, at one of my own lectures; where he was good enough to take the chair. Kindliness and good humour emanate from every inch of his six-foot-two personality. He made an excellent chairman; his speech was short, witty, and to the point. My wife experienced an incidence of his noted kindness and thoughtfulness; she had a bad cold and the hall was very draughty, so Sir William, during the interval, persuaded her to remain by the fire

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in the snug ante-room behind the platform while I gave the second half of my lecture. The fire needed mending, and while some of us hunted for tongs or shovel, which were conspicuous by their absence, Sir William picked up the scuttle with his own hands and threw on the coals, kicking them into place with the pointed toe of his dress shoes. I believe I afterwards saw him surreptitiously wiping his hands down the sides of the nether garments of his "immaculate evening dress," as the lady novelists call it.

He has a keen sense of humour and does not mind a joke—indeed he often makes one—against himself. He told some of us, I remember, that many of the inhabitants of the semi-suburban town where he has a charming house, go to the city several times a week, but like to imagine they are real, live, country gentlemen.

"But," Sir William said, "the only difference I can see between our 'gentry' and our 'commoners' is that the 'gentry' have their shops in London, and the 'commoners' have them here."

A few years before his death I became acquainted, while living in Hampshire, with the author of *Horses and Stables*, the well-known cavalry officer, Lieut.-General Sir Frederic Fitz-Wygram. He was a great lover of animals, and in the concluding chapters of his exhaustive book on the horse suggests the possibility of an animal soul. He writes—

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"Man has, we believe, a Divine soul, an emanation of the Deity. May not animals have in some way, of which we have no idea (for it has not been revealed to us) what I may term an animal soul—some future existence, some compensation for pain and suffering here on earth, some reward in some future state? . . . The life of the ox, the cow, and the sheep is one of comparative, if not absolute happiness, while the life of the dog is generally happy.

"But the horse seems to be haunted by the demon of labour and fatigue almost from his earliest years, and generally increasing to the hour of his death, to be haunted by a demon whose power to torment seems to increase as the horse becomes older and more worn.

"If any animal deserves a reward for his services to man, and as a compensation for days and weeks and years of abuse; if any animal deserves a tranquil future, a glorious pasturage traversed by never-failing crystal streams of water, surely that must be the horse."

Of the numerous physicians I have met one of the most interesting was the late Sir Andrew Clark; I was seated near him at a dinner given by one of the sons of the late Sir Edward Sieveking in his chambers in Essex Street, Strand. It was a gathering of some of the most distinguished men of medicine in the kingdom, and I was very much interested in their talk. Sir Andrew was a big,

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robust, florid type of humanity, and I looked upon him with much interest because he had treated many of my friends for indigestion or heart trouble; I therefore watched him keenly to see how he would choose his dinner from the sumptuous menu. It was the old story of "Don't do as I do but do as I tell you," for the great authority on the treatment of indigestion went straight through every dish, some nineteen items minus desert, and sampled every kind of wine the assiduous servants brought him. He took liqueurs with his coffee, and sundry whiskies-and-sodas before leaving.

I remember the father of my host telling me a story of a certain Royal personage he was attending for obesity, and the difficulty he had in treating her case.

"I told her," said he, "to start the cure by taking a biscuit and a glass of sherry for her lunch. Some weeks afterwards I called to see how she was getting on, and finding but little change asked if she had rigidly followed my advice about the biscuit and wine."

"Oh yes, Sir Edward," said she, "but of course I have taken my regular luncheon as well."

I was dining with George Alexander at the Garrick one night, and found myself seated next to the famous throat doctor, Sir Morell Mackenzie. On chatting with him regarding the best way to keep the voice strong, as I was then about to lecture, he told me to never cover up the throat,

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and even in the coldest weather not to wear scarf or comforter.

"Why," I cried in astonishment, "I thought I saw you in the hall taking off a most voluminous scarf?"

"Yes," he laughingly replied, "you are quite right; I can't help it. Before I became a specialist on the throat I practised a good deal in the country, and when driving of a night I commenced to cover up my neck, and got into the habit of doing so and have been afraid to leave it off; but my advice is never commence to cover up the throat and you need not fear much voice trouble."

My host that night was the young actor who then played the juvenile lead with Sir Henry Irving, and is now the famous actor-manager. He and his clever wife I met for the first time on Speyside, where they were staying with the late Archibald Forbes at Craigellachie.

I never saw a keener sportsman than Alexander at that time. He would fish all day and come in to dinner deadbeat, with an empty bag; but he stuck to the sport and at last got very good fish. I have often thought over that little trait in his character; the time and energy he would spend over securing a small trout is so like the present painstaking manager, who never misses the smallest detail in the staging of his charming productions.

Among the many eminent surgeons I have known and seen at work are Sir Victor Horsley;

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my old friend of the Russo-Turkish campaign, the late Dr. MacKellar, of St. Thomas'; Charles Ryan, of Melbourne, known by Osman Pasha's troops as the fighting doctor; and Mr. Page, of Newcastle.

Sir Victor Horsley is one of the coolest operators I have seen at work. During the great controversy on vivisection, some fifteen years ago, I visited the pathological section of the University College Hospital, and during the morning witnessed several operations on the brains of monkeys, dogs, and cats. In all cases the animals were under anæsthetics, and showed no signs of suffering. In the afternoon I saw a trepanning operation by Sir Victor, who was then Mr. Horsley, in the theatre of the hospital. After the most dexterous and successful piece of work, before a large and enthusiastic crowd of young students and many grey-bearded surgeons, Sir Victor said to me—

“Do you think, Mr. Villiers, that it would have been possible for me to have relieved that patient from intense agony, and have enabled her to live in comparative comfort for a year or so without the knowledge I have gained by operations on animals similar to those you have witnessed to-day?”

MacKellar was probably the most unruffled operator I have come across while campaigning. I have seen him, after having cut off the leg of a wounded man, to make a good job of it calmly trimming up the stump, while the roof of the hut under which he was operating was being destroyed by the enemy's shell-fire.

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I have come across many dental surgeons in my travels round the world, but the two most remarkable extractors and builders of those most necessary adjuncts to one's comfort, are the great Belasario of Sydney, and the no less famous dentist, Charles Baly of Harley Street. The latter operator has a world-wide *clientèle*. When in the Greek war I met the late Major Biddulph of the Indian Secret Service, who was on furlough, and was putting in time as a correspondent to see some of the fighting.

"Ah," said he one day, while we were present at a battle on the heights at Velestino, "here am I messing about with the Greek army while I have taken 'leave' to have my teeth seen to."

"Who's your man?" said I.

"Oh," said he, "Charles Baly——"

"Yes, I know, of Harley Street," I cried, "the man who gives you an anæsthetic of laughter while he is extracting."

"That's the man," said he. "It's almost a pleasure to have a tooth out by him."

The last time I was under Baly's tender care, and was comfortably seated, he, as usual, said—

"Have you heard the latest?"

"No," said I, as I was just preparing to face the music by catching hold of the sides of the chair, for I now never take gas.

"A cabby was eating sausages in one of the shelters," said he; "another cabby comes in, and, on seeing the dish, says in disgust, 'I wonder as

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'ow yer can stomach those Chicago 'orrors,' and one of yer old pals—a keb 'orse too.' 'Wojjer talking abart,' said the other, 'with yer keb 'orses? Them ere's all right.' 'I know they ain't,' said his friend. 'Why, the misses got some of 'em for me t' other night. There they were, five on 'em on the plate. Wojjer think happened? Why, when I takes hold of the end one the other blooming four moved up!' Now, steady please," said Baly; and before I could get the cabby's shelter and the sausages out of my mind, my trouble was over."

I don't know why I have been more favoured in the matter of good servants than most of my campaigning colleagues, but I think I have never come across an out-and-out bad one. They have all of them been faithful, plucky, and fairly honest, and many have shown the greatest unselfishness and solicitude whenever I have been sick or sorry.

A staunch body-servant was Werewas Khan, a Mussulman who looked after me during the Afghan campaign of 1878-79. Though strictly enjoined by me to remain in camp I always found him by my side whenever there was any fighting going on. I would turn on him with an angry look on these occasions, and use the strongest expletives in his own tongue, but he would only show his two perfect rows of white teeth as his face grimly smiled, and say—

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"The sahib, if he be hurt, may want Werewas."

My two Greek servants were excellent fellows. The one who shared my fortunes in the Wolseley expedition up the Nile had been a sutler with the army till he was found trafficking in bad whisky and had his license stopped. Finding that he could get on well with the natives I took him on as my servant, and found I could not have had a better man for the purpose. He became much attached to me, and was the first out of the *zareeba* to meet the little column of survivors of that bloody fight for the Nile, when the British square, under Sir Charles Wilson, returned from Gubat to pick up the wounded of the Abu-Klea fight. He came running towards us with a wild look in his face and tears in his eyes as I walked forward to meet him. Then, to my humiliation and embarrassment, he threw his arms round me, and, in the fashion of his country, kissed me on both cheeks.

When we returned to Korti he was anxious to go back to Cairo, so I parted with him. Many weeks afterwards, when the army commenced to retire under orders from Mr. Gladstone's Government, I took steamer from Wady Halfa, but was wrecked, and eventually found my way to Dongola with nothing but a shirt, a blanket, and a pair of lawn-tennis shoes. 'I was wandering the streets in this sorry plight when my old servant met me, and once more showed his friendship for me by taking me to some of his *confrères*, who were baking bread for the troops. I never met quite such a

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cut-throat looking lot as these men were, and, indeed, one or two had been fired out of their own country for this very propensity, having taken to the profession of brigandage. Nevertheless, I found them excellent company, and they clothed and fed me for many days; and merry, careless rogues they were. They eventually got me a camel and escorted me along the west bank of the Nile, a twelve days' journey, to Halfa. And all they received in return for their kindness and outlay was a *chit* on my agent in Cairo for the price of the camel, as their sense of hospitality was too much shocked when I offered them more.

Good servants are rather difficult to find when campaigning, and I never engage one who speaks English too well, for he is generally a man who has associated with American or English tourists, who more often than not treat their servants "not wisely, but too well," which makes the English-speaking, foreign servant grasping, dishonest and impudent.

Suspecting a native boatman on the Nile of theft, my *dragoman* decided at once.

"No, sir; he no speak Frankie language; he no steal; he don't know enough."

In Greece, during the late Turko-Greek War, I found a servant who only spoke a little French. Thinking that it would be good practice to air what I knew of that language, I engaged the man. This arrangement worked splendidly in many ways. For instance, when I was irritated and lost my temper I also lost my French tongue, and would let

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Demetri, my servant, have the full benefit of my wrath in the vernacular of my own country. The result was that he would patiently wait till I had finished, and then politely request me to put it into French.

But, after all, Demetri did not try my temper much, for he was a good servant, and on one occasion saved me much inconvenience by bringing up a horse to me, at considerable risk to himself, just at the supreme moment of one of those many Greek panics which ended in a disastrous retreat. However, in return for this act I was happy later in saving the good fellow's life. It came about in this way.

I found myself in rather an invidious position during the Greek War. After the beautiful city of Volo fell into the hands of the Turks I was in the town, cut off from all communication with the Greek army. Here was I, a correspondent with the Greeks, practically in the hands of the Turks. The governor of the city, appointed by the Turkish field-marshal, was Enver Bey. I had been instrumental, together with the British consul, in handing over Volo to the Turks, so I had already become acquainted with him. I resolved, therefore, to appeal to him for my safe conduct into the Greek lines.

"Well," said he, as he handed me a cigarette, "you can go this afternoon. There is a steamer leaving for Athens, and I will permit you to sail in her with your servant."

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"Thanks, your Excellency ; but can you befriend me further ?"

"In what manner?" said the bey.

"I want to know when and where the next fight will take place. You Turks will take the initiative, for the Greeks can now be only on the defensive."

The bey looked at me steadily. I suppose the extreme audacity of the question rather staggered him.

"You are an Englishman," said he, "and I can trust you. All I can tell you is this. Take this steamer I have mentioned to Athens, then get another to Lamia, but don't fail to be at a place called Domokos before Monday noon. Now, Mr. Villiers, good-bye," and he shook me by the hand.

I was certainly astonished myself at the positive impudence of my question. Asking the enemy to give me news of so important a nature while he knew I was about to go to the other side! I don't know what prompted me. These extraordinary things sometimes occur. At all events, I scored by following his advice. Enver Bey was evidently a Turk who knew the old tradition that an Englishman's word is as good as his bond.

I was in Domokos at the exact hour on the Monday, and heard the first gun fired by the Greeks from the old Roman fort dominating the town, at the advance of the Mussulman infantry across the Pharsala plains, which stretched like a calm green sea at my feet.

The story of Domokos is similar to all the

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abortive attempts in those days by the Hellenic troops to stem the Turkish advance.

• Before nightfall a clever feint, at enormous cost, by the Turks on the Greek centre allowed a flanking party to work round their right, threatening to cut their line of retreat. So the old familiar tactics of the Greek leaders were resorted to, and a general retreat commenced. I hurried off to Lamia with the news, and reached that place at one in the morning, only to find the telegraph office closed to all messages. In disgust I threw myself on to the floor of the deserted hotel and tried to sleep. At dawn I prepared to drive to Athens, nearly a three-days' journey; but when I was about to start I found a soldier seated by our coachman, and learnt that the vehicle had been requisitioned to transport the wounded. Demetri remonstrated with a young officer near by on his authority in taking over my carriage in this unapologetic manner, and the officer struck him. Being a soldier in the reserves, my servant could not very well strike back, and the officer, taking advantage of this, commenced to pommel him unmercifully, so I thought it was high time to interfere. I at once threw my arms round his brutal assailant, and held him tight. In the meanwhile my servant, finding himself now unmolested and the officer secure, drew a revolver from his pocket. At once two or three soldiers rushed upon him, and in a short period Demetri was thrown into the common prison and condemned to be shot within the hour.

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It took me that full hour to try and soften the hearts of the authorities to spare my servant's life. At last I was told that it was simply because I represented a great London journal that my servant would be for the time returned to me with my guarantee to deliver him to the authorities if called upon. After all, the "fourth estate" has some power, even in a foreign land. Demetri, when he was released, wept bitterly, and was profuse in his gratitude to me.

"That's all right, but why do you cry?" said I.

I found the cause of his sorrow was that the soldiers had ransacked his pockets and had taken all his coin, a letter from his sweetheart, and, which humiliated him more than anything, had requisitioned his revolver.

This delay over my servant's fate was almost disastrous to my plan of being first in England with my copy. I dropped the idea of getting to Athens by land, and hurried on my bicycle to Stelitza. As I neared the landing-stage of the little port I saw some fifteen troopers about to mount. They were men of the Crown Prince's escort. They had not come to water their horses in the salt sea, that was certain. Far across the bay was a tug making all steam in the direction of Thermopylae. I knew at once who was in that little boat: the Crown Prince. The Turks had gained another big success, and the Hellenic armies were now rallying on their last stronghold.

Luckily, there was a steamer in port about

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to leave for Chalcis, so I climbed on board. At midnight we arrived at the famous gate of the Greek inland sea. A few minutes later I was seated in a fly, driving like mad for Athens.

At three the following afternoon I sighted the Acropolis. At six I was interviewing the prime minister of Greece, for all telegrams were obliged to have his signature before they were permitted to be placed on the wires. He had left the dining-room, and was still swallowing his food as he advanced to me. I held my long telegram in front of him.

"I will read it while I finish my dinner," said he, as he left me with a cigarette and a cup of coffee. Presently he returned.

"This can go if these lines are omitted," and he pointed to those which he had under-pencilled. I struck them out, and then he signed, and in another minute my message was on the wires to the *Standard*.

There was much consternation at the palace at this last disaster to the Greek arms. And the King and Queen were uncertain if the Crown Prince had been killed, for they had as yet received no news from him or his army. On finding that I had arrived, I was sent for to the palace, and I hope I relieved their Majesties' anxiety by my description of the Crown Prince's escort down at Stelitza, and the tug steaming across the bay for Thermopylae.

Among the servants who have served me faithfully and well, and one from whom it gave me a

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heart-ache to part, was a Chinaman. A Mongol with a pigtail, all his own, too, reaching down to his heels. This tail was his delight, and seldom would he let a day pass without getting one of his countrymen to comb out and replait its long strands.

I picked the boy up in a restaurant in Dalny during the recent Russo-Japanese war, where he was acting as waiter in his brother's service. His features were gentle and kind, and unlike the pronounced Mongol type. Cho-san, for that was his name, took charge of me at once. He knew very little English, and what he did was in the "Pidgin" lingo. If I ordered anything Cho-san would say, "All litee, master, Cho-san savvy," and the thing was generally there. If he could not purchase it, or win it by fair means, it was there all the same. It was never a question of theft, but an understanding with his Chinese brethren, who always seem to borrow from one another. If one master was hard up for potatoes, some other master was depleted for a time of his superfluous stock; but no doubt things requisitioned for the moment were paid back later, at least I hope so. Occasionally I would remonstrate at some astonishingly good thing for the table, possibly a portion of gooseberry jam.

"Where did you get that from, Cho-san?"

"My no savvy, you no savvy, all same good chow."

Which meant, "Ask no questions, but take the things the gods have sent you."

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Once I had been away for five days, watching some fighting, and had not seen Cho-san all that time. Turning up at my shanty, weary and hungry, I found him, with his usual smile of welcome on his face, greeting me on the *stoep* of the doorway.

"Chow?" said I.

"Chow have got, master."

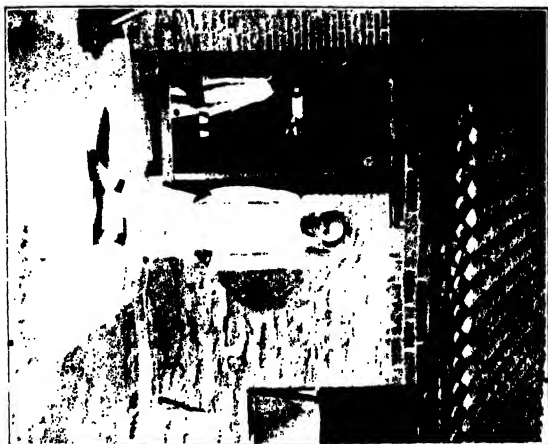
So he had, a piping hot stew, of sorts. Every day and night he must have had his peasant scouts out watching for my return.

During the following day Cho-san told me that the Chinese living in the hut next to mine were indignant at their cat stealing some of my stew. This was the second time Cho-san had caught the animal at the pot, and, as a just punishment for the cat's evil propensities, they were going to kill and eat it. I insisted on the sacrifice not taking place. Cho-san, in his inimitable lingo, argued to me thus—

"Cat all same no good; he catchee one piecee stew two piecee time."

"Never mind," said I; "I must see that 'one piecee cat' all alive in the morning, or I will give them many piecee stick."

I had lost my improvised Alpen-stock while I was away, and Cho-san noticed that I was without this great help with which to negotiate the many almost perpendicular hills in the vicinity of Port Arthur. The loss was a serious one to me, for trees were few and far between in the neighbourhood of the great fortress. I was resting the next



MY BOY CHOO-SUN.



GENERAL BARON NOGI IN HIS GARDEN BEFORE
PORT ARTHUR.

[*To face p. 306.*]

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afternoon in my hut, when I heard some one steal into the room. I feigned sleep, and found that it was Cho-san with a stout new stick, which he had shaped and barked, and he noiselessly placed it by my side so that I should see the treasure on awakening.

After three months of his untiring solicitude for my well-being and comfort I had to part with him on my return to Europe. I paid him his wages and an extra *douceur* for his goodness to me. The boy for the moment left the notes untouched, and, with tears in his eyes, said—

“Master, Cho-san’s heart all same no good.”

With his hand on his breast as if in pain he continued, “If master go Cho-san no eat lice to-night.”

I shook the good fellow by the hand, and hurried away. As the ship was throwing off from the quay at Dalny a dishevelled and panting figure rushed towards the gangway. It was my Chinese servant with a basket of fresh bread, apples, and nuts, which he threw at me as a parting gift.

People may talk about “the heathen Chinese,” and their “ways peculiar,” but I have never met a more gentle, lovable, and loyal soul on God’s earth than that “pagan,” Cho-san.

One of the best English servants I have ever had was my man Jim, a *Sam Weller* type. War had broken out between Servia and Bulgaria in 1886, and I found myself one morning in the Servian capital applying to the War Office for

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the permit necessary to frank me to the front. I thought that there would be little difficulty in getting what I required, for I had been with the Servian army ten years previously in their war with Turkey, and had received from King Milan the order of the Chevalier of the Takova for some little service I had rendered within the Servian lines in preventing an explosion of ammunition. I thought, therefore, that I should be a *personâ grata* with the Servian authorities. But alas! I discovered that neither I, nor my little service a decade before, were remembered; and at that period of 1886 Englishmen and everything Britannic, with the exception of the current coin of the realm, were looked upon with hatred and suspicion.

I gave up the War Office in disgust, and retired to my hotel despondent, but not beaten. Jim, who was a smart little chap, came to my assistance. He had been a jockey in the stables of Prince Batthyany, gravitated from Vienna to Belgrade, and, being well acquainted with the Slav language, was also acting for me as interpreter.

"Mr. Villiers," said he, "I will get you to the front if you will do exactly what I tell you."

"Well," said I, "what is it?"

"Be ready to start to-morrow morning, sir; and I will let you know how I have arranged matters when once we are *en route*. I can tell you no more at present."

I thought I would be discreet, so did not put

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any further questions, for there was something in the little fellow's face which seemed to say, "Leave it to me, sir, and I will put you through."

The next morning we took train for Nisch. My servant had already secured a saloon seat, and my scanty baggage was arranged on the empty one opposite me. As I puffed away at a cigarette, and counted over my belongings, I discovered a carpet-bag which I had not before seen among my kit. It probably belongs to my servant, thought I, and has been placed there for safety. But what a thing to travel with—a most flaring, cabbage-rose pattern carpet-bag, very full of something hard and heavy.

What has Jim got in that bag? I wondered, as I turned it carefully over. Nothing of an edible nature, it was too hard and lumpy for that; and for a similar reason it could not be wearing apparel.

On arrival at Nisch my servant personally took charge of the carpet-bag, and, following a porter, proceeded to the hotel. When I was comfortably seated by the side of the German stove in my bedroom, I questioned Jim about that gaudy grip-sack, which I found was carefully deposited with the rest of my luggage in the room.

"To whom does that frightfully hideous bag belong?" said I.

"It's yours, sir," said the unabashed Jim. "I procured it for you in Belgrade. It's part of our scheme," smiled he.

"Part of our scheme! What scheme?" said I.

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"Why, getting to the front, of course, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me that that ugly, inartistic receptacle, or its contents, has anything to do with me getting to the front? Now, be sensible, Jim. What do you mean? And be quick about it!"

"Look here, sir, you mustn't be angry; but that is really the most important part of my plan."

"Well, let's have the story," I said. "You are doing your best, no doubt, but it seems funny—very funny."

"Well, sir, you must know that recently a lot of coal has been discovered in these here parts. But people, especially foreigners, have been rather shy of investing capital, owing, probably, to the great unrest lately throughout the country, and though one or two mines have been opened, they have been going badly. Anyhow, it struck me that if I turned you into an American, sir, and gave out that you have no end of capital, and were going about searching for coal, there would be little suspicion regarding your real profession if you were occasionally to open that there bag."

"Ah!" said I, jumping up in great glee, "and that wretched bag contains coal? Jim, you are a trump! But supposing we are found out, we shall probably be shot as spies. Never mind, my friend, you have saved the situation, and we must face it."

So we journeyed on, Jim producing the coal-sack whenever the eye of suspicion glanced at us. Thus we were enabled, without arrest, to arrive

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at the front just in the nick of time to see the final fight in the streets of Pirot.

The war, it must be remembered, was a short one. It commenced by King Milan (for no particular reason more than that having a nice little army at his disposal, an aggressive tendency, and a reassuring wink from the Czar of Russia, who hated the ruling Prince of Bulgaria) marching into that country one morning for the purpose of re-adjusting his frontier. The first fight occurred in the Dragoman defile; when, a fog coming on, the forward scouts of Servians fired into their own supports, and the Bulgarians, warned in time by this fusillade, outflanked the Servian advance force, compelling it to retire from whence it came in a much less orderly manner. The Serbs re-crossed their frontier, and were now very much on the defensive. At Pirot they made their last stand, and at the bayonet-point were driven back on Nisch. The king was the first to go, then came the wounded, then followed the army; with the Bulgars hard on their heels; and Prince Alexander of Battenberg would have carried out his threat of eating King Milan's breakfast in Nisch the following morning but for Austrian intervention. ~~So~~ ended the Servo-Bulgar fiasco of 1886.

The winter had begun to set in with all the severity usual in this part of the world. Of a night the thermometer would fall to 40 degrees below zero. The Servian sentries on outpost duty on the snowy uplands of the Balkans were frozen to death

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in appalling numbers. I was, therefore, very pleased to receive a telegram from my paper, requesting me to go to Burmah. This journey assured me of a very grateful change of temperature, so I started at once, and in less than two weeks my pocket thermometer changed from below zero to 106 degrees in the shade. My ingenious servant Jim I had to leave behind, for he had a wife and family in Belgrade, and did not relish the idea of leaving them for so long a period.

I left the Servian capital one morning for Vienna, arriving there just in time for a bath, a dinner, and the express train for Venice. In the city of the Doges I got on board the P. and O. liner, which in those days picked up the mails at Brindisi, and then proceeded with them to Alexandria. Here I had time to drive round the forts, which I had seen knocked about in the bombarding days of June, 1882; and to have luncheon with some old friends at the club. Then I boarded the train for Suez, where I found the Bombay mail steamer in readiness. My object in thus hurrying was, if possible, to catch up with Lord Dufferin, who had been deputed by the British Government to take over officially the Burmese territory recently annexed by us on the deposition of that bloodthirsty monarch, King Theebaw.

I learnt at Suez that, even if I continued my journey without the slightest delay, I should not catch up with the viceroy, and that he would be at

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least four days ahead of me. This was most provoking, but as hitherto I had always been successful in "getting there," I resolved to continue my journey, and chance it. Something might turn up to delay his lordship's departure from Calcutta, and I might yet be in time. In the old days there was much more enjoyment on board Indian mail-steamers than in the present time. Every evening there would be a dance on deck, some youthful sub or young lady fresh from school officiating at the piano. In the Red Sea of nights we would leave our stuffy cabins for the deck, and sleep under the stars; the fairer sex, as a compromise to the feelings of Mrs. Grundy, being barricaded off from the men by a *zareeba* of deck-chairs. Occasional pillow fights would take place between the more frivolous of both sexes, all innocent fun and amusement, and in the early morning tea and coffee were chivalrously handed to the ladies over the fence of deck chairs by the gentlemen, before the former retired for the bath parade.

On arriving at Aden I found, to my great relief, that the viceroy had been delayed, through a slight indisposition, in his journey down country to Calcutta, and therefore would not start ~~for~~ Burmah at the date already appointed.

"Well," I thought, "this is good luck for me, if rather poor for the representative of her Most Gracious Majesty. I may, after all, reach India in time." I had but little anxiety now I felt that my old luck was still standing by me. When we at

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last arrived in Bombay I found that by travelling straight on I should reach the capital on the very morning of the departure of Lord Dufferin for Rangoon. I, therefore, would not wait for the passenger boat, but, by permission of the genial captain, was allowed to be shot down with the letters on to the mail tender. When I arrived at the bottom of that shoot I felt that it was tender but in name!

On landing with the letters I hurried to the railway station, and after sending a telegram to the viceroy's secretary saying that I was coming and wanted, if possible, to go on with the vice-regal party, I was just in the nick of time to catch the mail express for Calcutta. The days and nights were hot on that special, and I arrived in the city partly roasted and somewhat boiled. A stalwart Sikh, in the gorgeous livery of the Indian viceroy's establishment, was awaiting me at the terminus with a large sealed letter. I hurriedly tore open the envelope, and rapidly glanced over its contents. It was short; but anything but sweet. It ran somewhat as follows:—

“His Excellency was unable to take on Mr. Villiers with his party, as he had been compelled to refuse, because of the numerous applications, correspondents, and could make no exception in his case. But if Mr. Villiers travelled to Rangoon by mail steamer, on arriving at that port His Excellency would do all he could to assist him.”

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On the back of the note in pencil was the following :—

“There's a British India leaving an hour before the viceroy—don't miss her.”

I did not. Within an hour myself and kit were safely on board the Diamond Harbour train to meet the little mail steamer bound for Rangoon. It was a curious proceeding to get on board in those days. First of all the passengers were carried, with their baggage—as there was no landing-stage—to small row-boats by stalwart sailors. Then the small craft were rowed out into mid-stream just as the steamer was sighted. On nearing us she slowed down, but never stopped. Ropes were thrown from us to men waiting on her port bow, and we were hitched on to her bulwarks and towed along by her till all the passengers had scrambled on board. Then our baggage was hauled up. The small boats were then ungrappled, and the steamer shot ahead at full speed. Crossing the Bay of Bengal a hurricane cropped up, and for a day and night it was touch-and-go whether we were going under, so terrible was the sea, and so heavily laden was the ship. It was an experience I shall always remember, for the squall came upon us as quick as a flash. From brilliant sunshine a darkness fell upon us like the blackest of nights ; tempestuous seas broke over us from all quarters, and for hours we expected funnel, masts, spars, and all deck gear to be swept into the boiling ocean.

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The viceroy's ship was also delayed by the storm, and I succeeded in landing shortly after her arrival in Rangoon. Here Lord Dufferin kept his word and befriended me, giving me permission to take a berth in the advance guard-ship of the vice-regal flotilla of three, the *Sir William Peel*. I had a most delightful half-hour with the famous diplomatist at his temporary residence in Rangoon, and he was much interested in what I was able to tell him of that second military fiasco of Milan of Servia. I have always a keen remembrance of that calm, impenetrable, rather æsthetic, face, and the grace and charm of manner of Her Majesty's greatest of viceroys.

On the night of my arrival in Rangoon I left by train for Prome, the terminus of the rail on the Irrawaddy. There was a company of Ghorkas on board, a Gatling, and some blue-jackets, in case it was necessary to clear the banks of the river, should dacoits attempt to stop the steamer. Therefore there was a touch of adventure about the journey, as well as novelty in our surroundings. A quaint river is the Irrawaddy, a shallow and uncertain stream, which sometimes necessitated our steamer hugging the shore so closely that one could almost step on land. Indeed, our armed force was absolutely necessary, so easy was it for any desperate men suddenly to attack and board us from the banks, down to which stretched mighty teak forests and sombre, impenetrable jungle. Shafts of dazzling light occasionally

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sprang up from out the dense thicket as graceful pagodas reared their gold-tipped spires to the sun, and the silver tinkle of their temple bells lingered quiveringly on the air for miles after passing their vicinity.

On the afternoon of the second day out we were rounding a sharp turn of the river a short distance from the temple city of Pegram, the "City of Pagodas," when the *Sir William Peel* suddenly stuck mid-stream. We at once reversed engines, but the paddles uselessly churned up the waters. We then threw out anchors, and steadily steamed against them, but without avail. The unfortunate steamer was fairly embedded in a sandbank. There was not the slightest movement forward, only a perceptible lurch to starboard as the sand began to silt up with the strong swirl of the current. We signalled to the viceroy's steamer as she passed us that we could not proceed, and immediately the rear guard-ship was ordered to take up our post. Soon both steamers were lost to sight in the bend of the river and the coming night. I stood on deck dazed with the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen me. Here was I, after travelling straight from the Danube to the Irrawaddy—for China to Peru was nothing of a journey to it—to be thwarted in this unfortunate manner just as my goal was in sight. Oh, misery!

The captain, a genial, good-natured fellow, seeing my state of mind, said—

"Mr. Villiers, you *shall* succeed. I am very

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sorry, and I will do all I can for you. Here, take one of the boats. I will volunteer a crew. If you pay them well they will get you on board the viceroy's ship before to-morrow morning."

For the moment I thought, as they say in America, that the amiable skipper was "talking through his hat." But he told me that it was the custom on the Irrawaddy for all vessels to anchor at sundown. "So," said he, "you will have plenty of time, if your crew pulls well. Give the niggers plenty of rupees, and they will do the trick."

The boat rattled down the davit lines. Two rifles and a few rounds of ammunition were thrown in, in case of an attack by pirates, and we at last pushed off into the darkness, for the great river had turned from molten gold to russet, from russet to purple, and was now a sullen inky black.

I was making myself as comfortable as possible in the stern sheets, when presently my feet began to feel very cold and clammy, and I discovered water rising rapidly from the bottom of the boat. We tried to bale, but the water gained upon us rapidly. It was a case of foundering, or at once getting back to the steamer.

"Five rupees apiece," I stupidly shouted, "if we get back before going to the bottom."

The men seemed to mutter, "No fear, sahib, we are all in the same boat," and they madly pulled at the oars.

The water was oozing over the gunwale as we touched the steamer. So near a shave was it that

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three of my crew saved us from being swamped by jumping clear and clinging to the ship's rigging. I found that the plug was out of the boat, and, in addition to this her ribs had warped, for she had been hanging up in the davits unused for months. She was simply a sieve.

"Well," said the captain, as I stepped on board, "this is a set-back certainly, but you shall still succeed. You shall have my gig. She is decidedly bigger, and will take a larger crew. It's only a question of dollars."

"Oh, hang the dollars! Let me have the crew, there's a good fellow." And in a few minutes I was pushing off once more.

I was still to have trouble before the night was through. The Burman who acted as pilot began to fall asleep, and the boatmen would run us inshore. As this was rather a dangerous proceeding, inasmuch as we might be looted if we were not strong enough to hold our own against the piratical fisherfolk, I stirred the pilot up with the toe of my boot. Then he got sulky, and refused to do duty. This necessitated me placing the muzzle of my revolver to the nape of the old sinner's neck just to steady his nerves; and in this fashion he was kept awake till we sighted the viceroy's craft just in the eye of the dawn.

I stepped on board and reported myself to Lord William Beresford, the military secretary, and the viceroy was pleased to receive me as his guest till we landed at Mandalay. All my vicissitudes had

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been crowned with success. Here was I in Theebaw's city, after journeying twelve thousand miles from east to west practically without stopping, being delivered four and twenty hours before Her Majesty's mails.

The next morning there was a great function up at the palace. Lord Dufferin stood at the foot of the throne whereon, but a few weeks previously, King Theebaw, in all his bloody glory, ordered the decapitation of eighty of his relatives (consisting of his cousins, his sisters, and his aunts, and other connections by the score), as he drank gin toddy and smoked the abnormally large cheroot of the country, supported by his two amiable wives, one of whom, Souperlait, was even a more bloodthirsty monster than Theebaw himself.

In illustrating the historic scene, I had only time to sketch in the head of Lord Dufferin, so the next morning his son, Lord Clandeboye, was good enough to get into his father's vice-regal robes and pose at the foot of the Burmese throne, that I might finish the picture.

I remember, when giving a lecture in England a few years afterwards on my Burmese experiences, in showing this picture my lantern operator made a stupid mistake by throwing it on to the screen upside down. This somewhat annoyed me, for the audience began to titter and laugh. The operator was so paralyzed at his blunder that he still left the picture on the screen. I therefore addressed him in the following severe manner—

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"Do you know, Mr. —, that the gentleman you have treated with so much indignity is the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India? I beg you will readjust His Excellency the Viceroy and relieve him from this most humiliating position."

At this the operator seemed to awaken to the absurdity of the situation, and quickly jerked out the slide; but, to my dismay, when it reappeared Lord Dufferin was exhibited in a recumbent position, for the slide had been put in sideways. The hilarity of the audience was now at its height.

"Ah," I continued, "it is only to be expected after such treatment that His Excellency would be in an exhausted condition, and I think we will now take him away." And I gave the signal for the next picture.

These remarks of mine were not, I am afraid, of the highest form of wit; but when a misadventure of this sort occurs during a lecture I find it better to say something, however idiotic, to keep the audience in good humour while the mistake is rectified.

Bimbashi Stewart, who died in London quite recently, was a remarkable personality in those early Egyptian and Soudan campaigns. He was a brilliant, dashing young officer and—from the first time I met him, when he was simply bimbashi of the Egyptian army of 1882, to a few months before

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his death, when he was lieutenant-colonel—he, apparently, possessed the perennial elegance of youth. He was the beau-ideal of the adventurous knight of the Middle Ages, with his prowess on the field of battle and his gallantry to the fairer sex. After the Egyptian campaigns I lost sight of him for many years, till one morning I came across him on board the Paris-Nice *rapide, en route* to the Riviera. The train was very full; all the sleeping-berths had been taken, and I was wedged in a *coupé* occupied by a large French family. Just before arriving at Avignon, I thought I would stretch myself and get a wash. On entering the lavatory, I found a razor, of English make, on the washstand. “Ah,” I thought, “this can’t belong to any one in my carriage.” Seeing that the lavatory opened into another *coupé* I tried the handle of the door, and finding it unlocked, pushed it; it was obstructed by a number of sacks, and sprawling partly on these and the seat of the carriage lay a figure that seemed to be remarkably familiar to me. At last the eyes of the man opened.

“Is this your razor?” said I.

“Great Scott!” cried he; “why it’s Villiers! Come in. What on earth are you doing here?”

“I am off to the little flare-up between Greece and Turkey. But what are you doing with all these sacks? Surely you haven’t turned post-wallah?”

“Worse than that,” he replied; “I am in the laundry business now. Got married, you see;

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must do something to augment my half-pay, so I'm carrying Her Majesty's washing. I am called a Queen's messenger."

"Ah, I understand now," said I. "So these sacks you have been sleeping on, and guarding so jealously, contain interesting affairs of State. Important despatches, for I see there are also a few for Lord Salisbury."

"Only tobacco," averred my friend, "special blend for the prime minister; and Her Majesty's collars and cuffs. She can't get 'em done to her liking in the Riviera, so I have to go backwards and forwards with all her special washing while she is out here. I don't mind this so much because the sacks are soft to lie on, filled with those things; but in the winter I was travelling with toys; hard, spiky things; Christmas presents from Her Majesty for the children of one of the Russian grand dukes. By Jove! Isn't this Avignon?" cried he, as the train drew up at the station. "Villiers, mind these sacks, there's a good fellow, while I stretch my legs and get a cup of coffee. Count the pieces for Heaven's sake, and keep your eyes on them. The tobacco doesn't so much matter, but if I lose those "frillies" Her Majesty will be awfully huffy and I shall be out of my billet at once."

"Right you are," said I, and for the first time in my very varied career I became Queen's messenger.

At Marseilles I left the radiant bimbashi, standing guard over his charge, while special porters shifted the precious bags. The last time I met

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poor "Bim" Stewart was a few months before his death, during the autumn manoeuvres near Chichester last year; and, though suffering from an internal malady, he was still as bright and full of fun as ever.

One of the smartest youths I have met in my profession is Richard Barry; a lad little over twenty years of age, an Irish-American, born in California. He, like myself, was relegated by the Japanese War Office to join General Baron Nogi's command before Port Arthur during the recent war between Russia and Japan.

He was keen, alert, and anxious to become a war-correspondent though he was absolutely ignorant of the simplest rudiments of the craft, not knowing a common shell from a shrapnel, a counter-scarp from a *chevaux-de-frise*, or a *glacis* from a *marron glacé*. He had left his newspaper office in San Francisco in such a hurry to catch the steamer for Yokohama, that he started on his momentous journey with nothing but what he stood up in, together with a note-book and sheaf of lead pencils.

I took a great fancy to the ingenuous boy at once. He and I shared the vicissitudes of that campaign together, and, with a little coaching, within a month he became one of the brightest of those who chronicled the exciting events of that great siege, and his letters were published in every English-speaking centre throughout the world.

He somewhat reminded me of my own youthful

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days, when, at the age of twenty-four, I—with a couple of shirts, Norfolk-jacket, top-boots and riding-breeches; some red envelopes, a sketch-book and pencils—arrived in Serbia in 1876 to commence my career as Special Artist for the *Graphic*, where I was fortunate enough to meet the man who taught me the art of war-corresponding, my dear friend the late Archibald Forbes.

There is one personality which has loomed large on my horizon, and with which these pages of my reminiscences will be closed. She, like most of her sex, is peaceful or warlike according to her whim. I mean my wife, Louise. When I first met her she came in a most bold manner to sit on my knee and hear stories of my campaigns. As only some seven summers had passed over her head I was afraid her interest in me would not last. However, when I returned at intervals to England I always found she had followed my career with the same keenness, and one day she promised to take a deeper and more personal interest in my life. She has been with me during my later wanderings all round the world, and in my more recent campaigns has acted as my trusted lieutenant at various bases.

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